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THE  
SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

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# THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "Prairie Flower," &c.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PROCESSION.

AMERICA, a land not yet thoroughly explored, and whose immense savannahs and gloomy virgin forests conceal so many mysterious secrets and unknown dramas, sees at this moment all eyes fixed upon her, for every one is eager to know the strange customs of the semi-civilized Indians and semi-savage Europeans who people the vast solitudes of that continent; for in the age of transformation in which we live, they alone have remained stationary, contending inch by inch against the civilization which invades and drives them back on all sides, and guarding with a religious obstinacy the faith, manners, and customs of their fathers—curious manners, full of interest, which require to be studied carefully and closely to be understood.

It is to America, then, that we invite the reader to accompany us. But he need not feel alarmed at the length of the voyage, for he can make it while comfortably seated in his easy-chair by the fireside.

The story we propose to tell has its scene laid at Valparaiso—a Chilian city as regards the soil on which it is built, but English and French, European or American, through the strange composite of its population, which is formed of people from all countries, who have introduced every possible language and brought with them every variety of trade.

Valparaiso! the name echoes in the ear like the soft sweet notes of a love-strain!

Valparaiso! the city of Paradise—the vast depôt of the whole world. A coquettish, smiling, and frolicsome city, slothfully reclining, like a thoughtless Indian maid, at the base of three mountains and at the end of a glorious bay, dipping the tips of her roseate feet in the azure waters of the Pacific, and hiding her broad, brilliant forehead in the tempest-swollen clouds which float along from the crests of the Cordilleras to make her a splendid diadem.

This city, the advanced sentinel of Transatlantic civilization, is the first land which the traveller discovers after doubling Cape Horn, of melancholy and ill-omened memory.

When at sunrise of a fine spring morning a vessel sails round the lighthouse point situated at the extremity of the Playa-Aucha, this charming oasis is perceived, half-veiled by a transparent mist, only allowing the white houses and lofty edifices to be distinguished in a vague and fantastic way that conduces to reverie.

The atmosphere, impregnated with the sharp scents from the beach and the sweet emanations of the trees and flowers, deliciously expands the chest, and in a second causes the mariner, who comes back to life and hope, to forget the three months of suffering and incessant danger, whose long hours have passed for him minute by minute ere he reached this long-desired haven.

On August 25th, 1833, two men were seated in a posada situated in the Calle San Ajostino, and kept by a Frenchman of the name of Crevel, long established in the country, at a table on which stood two glasses and a nearly empty bottle of aguardiente of Pisco, and were eagerly conversing in a low voice about a matter which seemed to interest them in the highest degree.

One of these men, about twenty-five years of age, wore a characteristic costume of the guasos, a name by which the inhabitants of the interior are designated; a wide poncho of lama wool, striped with different brilliant colours, covered his shoulders and surrounded his bare neck with an elegant and strangely-designed Indian embroidery. Long boots of dyed wool were fastened above his knees by silk cords, and armed at the heels with enormous silver spurs, whose wheels, large as saucers, compelled him to walk on tiptoe whenever he felt an inclination to leave his saddle for a moment—which, however, very rarely happened, for the life of a guaso consists in perpetual horse-exercise.

He wore under his poncho a belt containing a pair of pistols, whose heavy butts could be distinguished under the folds each time that a hurried movement on the part of the young man evidenced the fire which he introduced into the conversation.

Between his legs rested a rifle richly damascened with silver, and the carved



boss of a knife-handle peeped out of the top of his right boot.

Lastly, to complete this accoutrement, a splendid Guayaquil straw hat, adorned with an eagle's plume, was lying on a table near the one which he occupied.

In spite of the young man's swarthy face, his long black hair falling in disorder on his shoulders, and the haughtiness of his features, it was easy to recognise by an examination of his features the type of the European under the exterior of the American; his eyes full of vivacity which announced boldness and intelligence, his frank and limpid glance, and his sarcastic lips, surmounted by a fine and coquettishly turned up black moustache, revealed a French origin.

In truth, this individual, who was no other than Leon Delbès, the most daring smuggler on the Chilian coast, was born at Bayonne, which city he left after the loss of an enormous fortune which he inherited from his father, and settled in South America, where in a short time he acquired an immense reputation for skill and courage, which extended from Talcahueno to Copiapo.

His comrade, who appeared to be a man of five-and-thirty years of age, formed the most perfect contrast with him.

He wore the same costume as Delbes, but there the resemblance ended.

He was tall and well built, and his thin, muscular limbs displayed a far from ordinary strength. He had a wide, receding forehead, and his black eyes, close to his long, bent nose, gave him a vague resemblance to a bird of prey. His projecting cheek-bones, his large mouth, lined with white, sharp teeth, and his thin, pinched-up lips, imparted to his face an indescribable expression of cruelty; a forest of greasy hair was imprisoned in a red and yellow silk handkerchief which covered his head and whose points fell on his back. He had an olive complexion, peculiar to individuals of the Indian race to which he belonged.

This man was well known to the inhabitants of Valparaiso, who experienced for him a hatred thoroughly justified by the acts of ferocity of which he had been guilty under various circumstances; and as no one knew his real name, it had grown into a custom to designate him by the name of the Vaquero, owing to his great skill in lassoing wild bulls on the Pampas.

"The fiend twist the necks of those accursed English captains!" the Frenchman exclaimed, as he passionately smote

the table; "it is easy to see that they are heretics."

"Yes," the other replied; "they are thieves—a whole cargo of raw silver, which we had such difficulty in passing, and which cost us the lives of two men."

"It is my fault," Leon continued, with an oath. "I am an ass. We have made a long voyage for nothing, and I ought to have expected it, for with the English it is impossible to gain one's livelihood. I am sure that we should have done our business famously at Copiapo, and we were only eight leagues from there."

"That's true," said the half-breed; "and I cannot think how the mad idea occurred to us of coming, with thirty loaded mules, from Chanocillo to Valparaiso."

"Well, what is done is done, my friend; but we lose one thousand piastres."

"*Va ya pues.* Captain, I promise you that I will make the first Englishman I catch on the sierra pay dearly for our misadventure. I would not give an ochavo for the life of the man who comes within range of my rifle."

"Another glass," said Leon, as he seized the bottle and poured the last of the spirit into the glasses.

"Here's your health," said the half-breed, and raising his glass he emptied it at a draught, and then put it back on the table, heaving a deep sigh.

"Now, Diego of my soul, let us be off, as nothing keeps us here any longer."

"*Carai*, captain, I am ready. I am anxious to reach the mountains, for my health fails me in these poisoned holes which are called towns."

"Where are our lads?"

"Near the Rio Claro, and so well hidden that the fiend himself could not discover them."

"Very good," Leon answered. "Hilloh, Crevel!" he shouted, raising his voice, "come hither."

At this summons the posadero, who was standing at the end of the room, and had not lost a syllable of the conversation between the two smugglers while pretending to be busy with his household duties, advanced with a servile bow.

He was a fellow of about forty years of age, sturdy built, and with a red face. His carbuncled nose did not speak at all in favour of his temperance, and his crafty and hypocritical manners and his foxy eyes rendered him a complete specimen of one of those men branded in the French colonies by the name of BANIAUS, utter scoundrels, who swarm in America, and



who, in the shadow of an almost honest trade, carry on a dozen others which expose them to the scaffold. True fishers in troubled waters, who take with both hands, and are ready for anything if they are well paid.

This worthy landlord was an old acquaintance of the smugglers, who had for a long time been able to appreciate him at his full value, and had employed him successfully in many ugly affairs; hence he came up to them with that low and meaning smile which is always found stereotyped on the ignoble face of these low-class traffickers.

"What do you desire, senores?" he asked, as he respectfully doffed the cotton nightcap of equivocal whiteness which covered his greasy poll.

"To pay you, master rogue," his countryman replied, as he tapped him amicably on the shoulder; "how much do I owe you?"

"Fourteen reals, captain."

"The deuce! you sell your adulterated Pisco rather high."

"Well," said the other, assuming a pious look and raising his eyes to heaven, "the excise dues are so heavy."

"That is true," said Leon; "but you do not pay them."

"Do you think so?" the landlord continued.

"Why, hang it! it was I who sold you the Pisco we have just been drinking, and I remember that you would only pay me——"

"Unnecessary, unnecessary, captain," Crevel exclaimed, quickly; "I will not bargain with a customer like you; give me ten reals and say no more about it."

"Stay; here are six, and that's more than it is worth," the young man said as he felt in a long purse which he drew from his belt and took out several lumps of silver marked with a punch which gave them a monetary value.

"The deuce take the fancy they have in this country of making such money," he continued, after paying the posadero; "a man feels as if he had pebbles in his belt. Come, gossip, our horses."

"What, are you off, senores?"

"Do you suppose we are going to sleep here?"

"It would not be the first time."

"That is possible, but to-day you will have to do without us. I have already asked whether our horses are ready."

"They are at the door, saddled and bridled."

"You have given them something to eat at least?"

"Two trusses of Alfalfa."

"In that case, good-bye."

And, after taking their rifles on their arms, the smugglers left the room. At the door of the inn, two richly harnessed and valuable horses were waiting for them; they lightly leaped into the saddle, and after giving the landlord a parting wave of the hand, went off at a trot in the direction of the Almendral.\*

While riding side by side, Leon and Diego continued to converse about the ill-success of their last operation, so unluckily interrupted by the sudden appearance of custom-house officers who opposed the passage of a string of mules conveying a heavy load of raw silver, which it was intended to smuggle, on account of certain merchants of Santiago, on board English vessels.

A fight began between the officers and the smugglers, and two of the latter fell, to the great annoyance of Leon Delbès, who lost in them the two bravest men of his band. It is a vexatious check; still, as it was certain that regretting would not find a remedy, Leon soon resolved to endure it manfully.

"On my word," he said, all at once, as he threw away the end of his cigarette, which was beginning to burn his fingers, "I am not sorry, after all, that I came to Valparaiso, for it is a pretty town, which deserves a visit every now and then."

"Bah!" the half-breed growled, thrusting out his lips disdainfully. "I prefer the mountains, where at any rate you have elbow-room."

"The mountain has certainly its charm, but——"

"Look out, animal!" Diego interrupted, addressing a fat Genovevan monk who was bird-gazing in the middle of the street.

Before the monk had time to obey this sharp injunction, Diego's horse had hit him so violent a blow in the chest that he fell on his nose five or six paces farther on, amid the laughter of a group of sailors, who, however, we must do them the justice of saying, hastened to pick him up and place him again on his waddling legs.

"What is the matter here?" Leon asked, as he looked around him. "The streets seem to me to be crowded; I

\* A part of Valparaiso situated at the end of the bay, and so called from the great number of almond-trees that grew there.

never saw such animation before. Can it be a festival, do you think?"

"It is possible," Diego answered. "These people of towns are so indolent, that, in order to have an excuse to dispense them from working, they have invented a saint for every day in the year."

"It is true that the Spaniards are religious," Leon muttered, with a smile.

"A beastly race," the half-breed added, between his teeth.

We must observe to the reader that not only did Diego, like all the Indians, cordially detest the Spaniards, the descendants of the old conquerors, but he, moreover, seemed to have vowed, in addition to this old hereditary rancour, a private hatred through motives he alone knew; and this hatred he did not attempt to conceal, and its effect was displayed whenever he found the opportunity.

The remark made by Leon was well founded—a compact crowd occupied the entire length of the street in which they were, and they only advanced with great difficulty; but when they entered the Governor's-square it was impossible for them to take another step, for a countless multitude of people on horseback and foot pressed upon all sides, and a line of troops stationed at regular distances made superhuman efforts to keep back the people, and leave a space of a few yards free in the centre of the square.

At all the windows, richly adorned with carpets and garlands of flowers, were grouped blooming female heads, anxiously gazing in the direction of the cathedral.

Leon and Diego, annoyed at being unable to advance, attempted to turn back, but it was too late; and they were forced to remain, whether they liked it or no, spectators of what was going to take place.

They had not long to wait, however; and few minutes had scarce passed after their arrival ere two cannon-shots were heard. At the same time the bells of all the churches sent their silvery peals into the air, the gates of the cathedral were noisily opened, and a religious chant began, joined in by the whole crowd, who immediately fell on their knees, excepting the horsemen, who contented themselves with taking off their hats.

Ere long a procession marched along majestically in the sight of all.

There was something at once affecting and imposing in the magnificent appearance which the Governor's-square offered at this moment. Beneath a dazzling sky,

illuminated by a burning sun, whose beams glistened and sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and through the crowd kneeling and praying devoutly, the army of Christ moved onwards, marching with a firm and measured step, and singing the exquisite psalms of the Roman litany, accompanied by the thousand voices of the faithful.

Then came the daïs, the crosses and banners embroidered with gold, silver, and precious stones, and statues of male and female saints larger than life, some carved in marble and wood, others sculptured in massive gold or silver, and shining so brightly that it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed on them.

Then came long files of Franciscan, Benedictine, Recollet, Genovevan, and other monks, with their arms folded on their chest, and the cowl pulled over their eyes, singing in a falsetto voice.

Then marched at regular intervals detachments of troops, with their bands at their head, playing military marches.

And after the monasteries came the convents, after the monks the nuns, with their white veils and contemplative demeanour.

The procession had been marching past thus for nearly an hour, and the end could not be seen, when Leon's horse, startled by the movement of several persons who fell back and touched its head, reared, and in spite of the efforts made by its rider to restrain it, broke into formidable leaps; and then, maddened by the shouts of the persons that surrounded it, rushed impetuously forward, driving back the human wall opposed to it, and dashing down everything in its passage.

A frightful tumult broke out in the crowd. Everybody, overcome by terror, tried to fly; and the cries of the females, closely pressed in by all these people, who had only one thought—that of avoiding the mad course of the horse—could be heard all around. Suddenly the horse reached the middle of the procession, at the moment when the nuns of the Purissima Conception were defiling past; and the ladies, forgetting all decorum, fled in every direction, while busily crossing themselves.

One alone, doubtless more timid than her companions, or perhaps more terrified, had remained motionless, looking around her, and not knowing what resolution to form.

The horse advanced upon her with furious leaps.



The nun felt herself lost ; her legs gave way, and she fell on her knees, bending her head as if to receive the mortal stroke.

Leon, despairing of being able to change his horse's direction, or stop it soon enough not to trample the maiden under foot, had a sudden inspiration: driving in both spurs, he lifted the animal with such dexterity that it bounded from the ground, and passed like lightning over the nun without even grazing her.

An universal shout escaped from every throat on seeing the horse, after this exploit, touch the ground, stop suddenly, and tremble in all its limbs.

The crisis was spent, and there was nothing more to fear. Leon left the horse in the hands of Diego, who had joined him with great difficulty, and leaping out of his saddle, ran to raise the fainting maiden.

Before any one had time to approach her, he took her in his arms, and lifted the veil which concealed her face.

The poor girl had been unable to resist the terrible emotion she had undergone ; her eyes were closed, and a deadly pallor covered her features.

She was a delicious creature, scarce fifteen years of age, and her face was ravishing in its elegance and delicacy, through its exquisite purity of outline.

Her complexion, of a dazzling whiteness, had that gilded reflection which the sun of America produces ; long black and silky lashes fringed her downcast eyelids, and admirably designed eyebrows relieved by their dark hue the ivory features of her virgin forehead.

Her lips, which were parted, displayed a double row of small white teeth. Deprived of consciousness as she was, it seemed as if life had entirely withdrawn from this body.

Leon stood motionless with admiration. On feeling the maiden's waist yield upon his arm, an unknown emotion made his heart tremble, and heavy drops of perspiration beaded on his temples.

"What can be the matter with me?" he asked himself, with amazement.

The nun opened her eyes again ; a sudden flush suffused her cheek, and quickly liberating herself from the young man's arms with a gesture full of modesty, she gave him a glance of undefinable meaning.

"Thanks, Signor Caballero," she said, in a soft and tremulous voice ; "I should have been dead without you."

Leon felt troubled by the melodious accents of this voice, and could not find any answer.

The maiden smiled sadly, and raising her hand to her bosom, she quickly pulled out a small bag, which she wore on a ribbon, and offering it to the young man, said—

"Farewell ! farewell for ever !"

"Oh no !" Leon answered, looking around him, as if defying the other nuns, who, now that the danger was past, hurried up to resume their place in the procession ; "not farewell, for we shall meet again."

And, kissing the maiden's hand, he took the scapulary.

The procession had already set out again, and the hymns were resounding once more in the air, as Leon perceived that the nun had returned to her place among her companions, and was going away singing the praises of the Lord.

A hand was heavily laid on the smuggler's shoulder, and he raised his head.

"Well," the half-breed asked him, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh !" Leon answered ; "I love that woman, brother—I love her !"

"Come," Diego said ; "the procession has passed, and we can move now. To horse, and let us be off !"

A few minutes later the two men were galloping along the road to Rio Claro.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

BETWEEN Valparaiso and Rio Claro, half-way to Santiago, stood a delicious country house, belonging to Don Juan de Dios-Souza y Soto-Mayor, a descendant of one of the noblest and richest families in Chili : several of its members have played an important part in the Spanish monarchy.

The Soto-Mayors are counted among the number of the bravest and proudest comrades of Fernando Cortez, Pizarro, and all those heroic adventurers who, confiding in their sword, conquered for Spain those vast and rich countries, the possession of which allowed Philip II. to say at a later date, with truth, that the sun never set on his states.

The Soto-Mayors have spread over the whole of South America ; in Peru, Chili, and Mexico, branches of this powerful family are found, who, after the conquest, settled in these countries, which they have

not quitted since. This has not prevented them, however, from keeping up relations which have ever enabled them to assist each other, and retain under all circumstances their power and their wealth.

A Soto Mayor was for ten years Viceroy of Peru, and in our time we have seen a member of this family prime minister and chief of the cabinet at the court of Spain.

When the American colonies raised the standard of revolt against the Peninsula, Don Juan de Dios, although already aged and father of a family, was one of the first who responded to the appeal of their new country, and ranged themselves under its banner at the head of all the forces and all the servants they could collect.

He had fought the War of Independence as a brave soldier, and had endured courageously, and, before all, philosophically, the numerous privations which he had been compelled to accept.

Appointed a general when Spain, at length constrained to recognise the nationality of her old colonies, gave up the struggle, he retired to one of his estates, a few leagues from Valparaiso, and there he lived in the midst of his family, who loved and respected him, like a country gentleman, resting from his fatigues and awaiting his last hours with the calmness of mind of a man convinced that he has done his duty, and for whom death is a reward rather than a punishment.

Laying aside all political anxieties, devoid of ambition, and possessing an immense fortune, he had devoted himself to the education of his three children, Inès, Maria, and Juanito. Inès and Maria were two maidens whose beauty promised to equal that of their mother, Dona Isabel de Costafuentes. Maria, the younger, according to the custom prevalent in Chilean families, was forced into a convent in order to augment the dowry of her sister Inès, who was nearly sixteen, and only awaited Maria's taking the veil to solemnize her own marriage.

Juanito, the eldest of the three, was five-and-twenty: he was a handsome and worthy young man, who, following his father's example, entered the army, and was serving with the rank of major.

It was eight in the evening, and the whole family, assembled in the garden, were quietly conversing, while enjoying the fresh air after a stifling day.

The weather seemed inclined to be stormy: heavy black clouds coursed athwart the sky, and the hollow moan-

ing of the wind could be heard amid the distant mountains; the moon, half-veiled, only spread a vague and uncertain light, and at times [a splendid flash tore the horizon, illumining the space with a fantastic reflection.

"Holy Virgin!" Inès said, addressing the general, "only see, father, how quickly the flashes succeed each other."

"My dear child," the old gentleman answered affectionately, "if I may believe certain wounds, which are a barometer for me, we shall have a terrible storm to-night, for they cause me intense suffering."

And the general passed his hand along his leg, while the conversation was continued by the rest.

Don Juan de Soto Mayor was at this period sixty-two years of age: he was a man of tall stature, rather thin, whose irreproachable demeanour evidenced dignity and nobility: his grey hair, abundant on the temples, formed a crown round the top of his head, which was bald.

"Oh! I do not like storms," the young lady continued.

"You must say an orison for travellers, Inès."

"Am I to be counted among the number of travellers, senorita?" interrupted a dashing cavalier, dressed in a splendid military uniform, and who, carelessly leaning against an orange-tree, was gazing at Inès with eyes full of love.

"You, Don Pedro; why so?" the latter said eagerly, as she gave a pout of adorable meaning. "You are not travelling."

"That is true, senorita; at least, not at this moment, but——"

"What, Colonel!" Don Juan said, "are you returning to Santiago?"

"Shortly, sir. Ah! you served at a good time, general; you fought, at any rate, while we parade soldiers are fit for nothing now."

"Do not complain, my friend; you have your good moments too, and the war which you wage is at times more cruel than ours."

"Oh!" Inès exclaimed, with a tremor in her voice, "do not feel annoyed, Don Pedro, at your inaction; I fear lest those wicked Indians may begin again at any moment."

"Reassure yourself, Nina, the Araucanos are quiet, and we shall not hear anything of them for a long time; the last lesson they received will render them prudent, I hope."



"May Heaven grant it!" the young lady remarked, as she crossed herself and raised her eyes to heaven; "but I doubt it."

"Come, come," the general exclaimed, gaily, "hold your tongue, little girl, and instead of talking about such serious things, try to be more amiable to the poor colonel, whom you take a pleasure in tormenting."

Inès pretended not to hear the words which her father had just said to her, and turned to her mother, who, seated by her side, was talking to her son in a low voice.

"Mamita," she said, coaxingly, "do you know that I am jealous of you!"

"Why so, Inès?" the good lady asked.

"Because, ever since dinner you have confiscated Juanito, and kept him so closely to you that it has been impossible for me to tease him once the whole evening."

"Have patience, my pet," the young man said, as he rose and leaned over the back of her chair; "you will make up for lost time; besides, we were talking about you."

"About me! Oh, brother, make haste and tell me what you were saying."

And the girl clapped her little childish hands together, while her eyes were lighted up by curiosity.

"Yes," said Don Juanito, maliciously; "we were talking about your approaching marriage with my friend, Colonel Don Pedro Sallazar."

"Fie! you naughty fellow," Inès said, with a mocking smile; "you always try to cause me pain."

While saying these words, the coquette shot a killing glance in the direction of the colonel.

"What! cause you pain!" her brother answered: "is not the marriage arranged?"

"I do not say no."

"Must it not be concluded when our sister Maria has pronounced her vows?"

"Poor Maria!" Inès said, with a sigh, but quickly resumed her usual good spirits.

"That is true; but they are not yet pronounced, as my dear Maria will be with us shortly."

"They will be so within three months at the most."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, lightly, "before then the donkey and its driver will die, as the proverb says."

"My daughter," the general remarked,

gravely, "the colonel holds your word, and what you have just said is wrong."

The girl blushed: two transparent tears sparkled on her long lashes; she rose quickly, and ran to embrace her father.

"Forgive me, father; I am a mad-cap."

Then she turned to the colonel, and offered him her hand.

"And do you also forgive me, Don Pedro? for I did not think of what I was saying."

"That is right," the general exclaimed; "peace is made, and I trust that nothing will disturb it in future."

"Thanks for the kind wish," said the colonel, as he covered with kisses the hand which Inès abandoned to him.

"Oh, oh!" Don Juan remarked, "here is the storm; let us be off."

In fact, the lightning flashed uninterruptedly, and heavy drops of rain began beating on the foliage which the gusts continued to agitate.

All began running toward the house, and were soon collected in the drawing-room.

In Europe it is difficult to form an idea of the magnificence and wealth which American houses contain; for gold and silver, so precious and so rare with us, are profusely employed in Chili, Peru, and the entire southern region.

The description of the room in which the Soto-Mayor family sought refuge will give a sketch of what is called comfort in these countries, with which it is impossible for us to contend, as concerns everything that relates to splendour and veritable luxury.

It was a large octagonal room, containing rosewood furniture inlaid with ebony; the floor was covered with mats of Guayaquil straw of a fabulous price; the locks of the doors and window-fastenings were of massive silver; mirrors of the height of the room reflected the light of the pink wax candles, arranged in gold candelabra enriched with precious stones; and on the white and gold damask covering the space below the looking-glasses hung masterpieces of art signed by the leaders of the Spanish and Italian schools.

On the credence-tables and what-nots, so deliciously carved that they seemed made of lace-work, were arranged China ornaments of exquisite workmanship—trifles created to excite for a moment the pleasure of the eye, and whose manufacture had been a prodigy of patience, per-

fection, and invention. These thousand nothings, on which glistened oriental gems, mother-o'-pearl, ivory, enamel, jasper, and all the products of the mineral kingdom, combined and mingled with fragrant woods, feathers, &c., would of themselves have absorbed an European fortune, owing to their inestimable value.

The lustre of the crystal girandoles, casting multicoloured fires, and the rarest flowers which grew down over enormous Japanese vases, gave a fairylike aspect to the apartment; and yet, of all those who had come there to seek shelter from the bad weather, there was not one who did not consider it quite usual.

The conversation interrupted in the garden had just been recommenced indoors, when a ring of the visitors' bell was heard.

"Who can arrive so late?" the general asked; "I am not expecting anybody."

The door opened, and a servant appeared.

"Mi amo," he said, after bowing respectfully, "two travellers, surprised by the storm, ask leave to take shelter in the house."

At the same time a vivid flash rendered the candles pale, and a tremendous peal of thunder burst forth. The ladies uttered a cry of alarm, and crossed themselves.

"Santa Virgin!" Senora Soto-Mayor exclaimed, "do not receive them, for these strangers might bring us some misfortune."

"Silence, madam," the old gentleman answered; "the house of a Spanish noble must ever be open to the unfortunate."

And he left the room, followed by the domestic. The senora hung her head at her husband's reproach, but being enthralled by superstition, she kept her eyes anxiously fixed on the door through which the strangers would enter. In a few minutes the general re-appeared, conducting Delbès and Diego el Vaquero.

"This house is yours, gentlemen; enter, in Heaven's name!" he said to them, affably.

Leon bowed gracefully to the ladies, then to the two officers, and thanked the general for his cordial reception.

"So long as you deign to honour my poor house with your presence, gentlemen," the latter replied, courteously, "we are entirely at your service; and if it please you to drink maté with us, we shall feel flattered."

"I accept your proposal, sir, with thanks."

Diego contented himself with nodding his head in the affirmative; the general rang, and ordered the maté. A minute later, a butler came in, carrying a massive gold salver, on which were arranged exquisitely carved maté cups, each supplied with an amber tube. In the midst of the cups were a silver coffee-pot full of water, and a sandal-wood box containing the leaves. On golden saucers were piled regalias, and husk and paper cigarettes.

The butler placed the salver on a table to which the company sat down, and he then retired. After this, Senora Soto Mayor prepared the decoction, poured the burning liquid into the cups, and placed them before the guests. Each took the one within reach, and was soon drawing up the maté, while observing deep silence and sitting in a contemplative attitude. The Chilians are very fond of this beverage, which they have borrowed from the Indians, and they display some degree of solemnity when they proceed to drink it.

When the first mouthfuls had been swallowed, the conversation began again. Leon took a husk cigarette from one of the saucers, unrolled it, rubbed the tobacco for a moment in the palm of his hand, then re-made it with the consummate skill of the inhabitants of the country, lit it at the flame of a small gold lamp prepared for the purpose, and, after taking two or three whiffs, politely offered the cigarette to Dona Inès, who accepted it with a gracious smile, and placed it between her rosy lips.

Colonel Don Pedro had not seen the Frenchman's action without a certain twinge of jealousy; but at the moment when he was about to light the cigarette which he held in his hand, Inès offered him the one Leon had given her, and which she had half smoked, saying—

"Shall we change, Don Pedro?"

The colonel gladly accepted the exchange proffered to him, gave his cigarette to the young lady, and took hers, which he smoked with rapture.

Diego, ever since his arrival at the house, had not once opened his lips; his face had grown clouded, and he sat with his eyes fixed on the general, whom he observed askance with an undefinable expression of hatred and passion.

Leon knew not to what he should attribute this silence, and felt alarmed at his comrade's strange behaviour, which

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might be noticed by the company, and produce an unpleasant effect in their minds.

Inès laughed and prattled merrily, and several times in listening to her voice Leon was struck by a vague resemblance to another voice he had heard, though he was unable to call to mind under what circumstances he had done so. Then on scrutinizing Senora Soto-Mayor's features, he thought he could detect a resemblance with some one he knew, but he could not remember who it was.

Believing himself the dupe of an illusion, he had to get rid of the notion of explaining to himself a resemblance which probably only existed in his imagination; then all at once, on hearing a remark that fell from Inès's lips, he turned to recognise an intonation familiar to his ears, which plunged his mind once more into the same perplexity.

"Madre," said Inès to her mother, "Don Pedro informs me that his sister Rosita will take the veil at the convent of the Purissima Conception on the same day as my beloved Maria."

"They are, indeed, of the same age," the senora replied.

Leon started, and could not repress an exclamation.

"What is the matter, Caballero?" the general asked.

"Nothing, general; merely a spark from my cigarette that fell in my poncho," Leon replied, with visible embarrassment.

"The storm is lulling," Diego said, at length emerging from his silence; "and I believe that we can set out again."

"Can you think of such a thing, my guests? Certainly not; the roads are too bad for me to let you depart. Besides, your room is prepared, and your horses are resting in the corral."

Diego was about to refuse, but Leon did not allow him the time.

"Since you wish it, general, we will pass the night beneath your roof."

Diego was obliged to accept. Moreover, in spite of what he stated, the storm, instead of lulling, redoubled its intensity; but it could be seen that the Vaquero obeyed against his will the necessity in which he found himself of remaining, and that he experienced an invincible repugnance in submitting to it.

The evening passed without any further incident, and about ten o'clock, after prayers had been read, at which all the servants were present, they separated.

The general had the two smugglers conducted to their bed-room by a peon,

after kindly wishing them good-night, and making them promise not to leave his house the next morning without wishing him good-bye. Leon and Diego thanked him for the last time, and so soon as they reached their apartment, dismissed the servant, for they were eager to cross-question each other.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CONVENT OF THE PURISSIMA CONCEPTION.

WHATEVER may be asserted to the contrary, a religion frequently undergoes, unconsciously, the atmospheric influences of the country in which it is professed; and while remaining the same fundamentally, the forms vary infinitely, and make it change its aspect according as it penetrates into countries where climates are different.

This may at the first glance appear a paradox; and yet, if our readers will take the trouble to reflect, we doubt not but that they will recognise the justice and truth of our assertion.

In some countries, like Germany and England, where thick fogs brood over the earth at certain periods of the year, the character of the inhabitants is tinged by the state of the gloomy nature that surrounds them. Their ideas assume a morose and mystical hue perfectly in harmony with what they see and feel. They are serious, sad, and severe, positive and material, because fog and cold remind them at every moment that they must think of themselves, take care, and wrestle, so to speak, with the abrupt and implacable nature which allows them no respite. Hence come the egotism and personality, which destroy all the poetry of religion which is so marvellously developed in southern nations.

If we look further back, we shall find the difference even more marked. For this purpose it is only necessary to compare Greek mythology—Paganism, with its smiling images which deified vices and passions, with the gloomy and terrible worship of Odin in Scandinavia, or with that even more sanguinary paid to the god Teutates in the Gaul of olden times, and in the sombre forests of Germany.

Can we deny the influence of the northern ice over the disciples of Odin? Is not the savage majesty of the immense forests which sheltered the priests of

Teutates the principal cause of the mysteries which they celebrated? and lastly, is not the benignity of the Greek mythology explained by the beauty of the sky in which it sprang up, the mildness of the climate, the freshness of the shadows, and the ever renewing charm of its magnificent landscapes?

The Catholic religion, which substituted itself for all the rest, has been, and still is, subjected to the action of the temperature of those countries into which it has penetrated, and which it has fecundated.

In Chili it is, so to speak, entirely external. Its worship is composed of numerous festivals pompously celebrated in churches glittering with light, gold, silver, and precious stones, of interminable processions performed under a rain of flowers, amid clouds of incense which burn uninterruptedly.

In this country, beloved of the sun, religion is full of love; the ardent hearts that populate it do not trouble themselves at all about theological discussions. They love God, the Virgin, and the saints with the adoration, self-denial and impulse which they display in all their actions.

Catholicism is changed with them, though they do not at all suspect it, into a sort of Paganism, which does not account for its existence, although that existence cannot be contested.

Thus they tacitly accord the same power to any saint as to deity; and when the majority of them address their prayer to the Virgin, they do not pray to Mary the mother of our Saviour, but to Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, Nuestra Senora del Carmen, Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, Nuestra Senora del Pilar, Nuestra Senora de Guamatanga, and ten thousand other our ladies.

A Chilean woman will not hesitate to say, with perfect conviction, that she is devoted to Nuestra Senora de la Sierra, because she is far more powerful than Nuestra Senora del Carmen, and so on with the rest.

We remember hearing one day in the church of Nuestra Senora de la Merced, at Pilar, a worthy hacendero praying to God the Father to intercede for him with Nuestra Senora del Pilar, so as to obtain for him a good harvest!

Novenas are kept and masses ordered for the slightest pretext. If a Chilean lady be deserted by her lover, quick a mass to bring him back to her side; if a

man wish to avenge himself on one of his fellow-men, quick a mass that his revenge may be carried out!

There is also another way of insuring the protection of any saint, and that is by making a vow. A young man who wishes his beloved lady to give him a meeting, never fails to pledge himself by a vow addressed to San Francisco or San Antonio to perform some pious deed, if the saint will consent to advise the lady in his favour. And these practices must not be taken for juggling; the people who accomplish them do so in perfect good faith.

Such is the way in which the Catholic religion is understood in South America.

In all the ex-Spanish colonies members of the clergy swarm, and we are not afraid of being taxed with exaggeration when we assert that in Chili they form at least one-fourth of the population. Now, the clergy are composed of an infinite number of monks and nuns of every possible form, species, and colour. Franciscans, Benedictines, Genovevans, Barefooted Carmelites, Brothers of Mercy, Augustines, and many others whose names have escaped us. As will be easily understood, these religious communities, owing to their considerable number, are not paid by the government, whose resources would not nearly suffice for their support. Hence they are compelled to create a thousand trades, each more ingenious than the other, in order to be able to exist.

In these countries—and there will be no difficulty in understanding this—the clergy are excessively tolerant, for the very simple reason that they have need of everybody, and if they committed the mistake of alienating the inhabitants they would die of hunger in a fortnight. It is worth while seeing in Chili the extension given to the trade in indulgences. *Agnus Deis*, scapularies, blessed crosses, and miraculous images; everything has its price, everything is sold. So much for a prayer—so much for a confession—so much for a mass.

A Chilean sets out on a journey, and in order that no accident may happen to him on the road, he has a mass said. If, in spite of this precaution, he is plundered on the high road by the salteadors, he does not fail on his return to go to the monk of whom he ordered the mass, and bitterly complains of his want of efficacy. The monk is accustomed to such recriminations, and knows what to answer.

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"That does not surprise me, my son," the Franciscan, or the Benedictine, or whoever he may be, as the answer is always the same, replies; "what the deuce did you expect to have for a peso? Ah, if you had been willing to pay a half-ounce, we should have had the beadle, the cross, the banner, two choristers, and eight candles, and then most assuredly nothing would have happened to you; but how could you expect the Virgin to put herself out of the way for a peso?"

The Chilian withdraws, convinced that he is in the wrong, and promising not to be niggardly on the next opportunity.

With the exception of the minor trades to which we have alluded, the monks are jolly fellows, smoking, drinking, swearing, and making love as well as a man of the world. It is not uncommon to see in a wine-shop a fat monk with a red face and a cigarette in his mouth, merrily playing the vihuela as dance accompaniment to a loving couple whom he will confess the next morning. Most of the monks carry their knife in their sleeve, and in a quarrel, which is a frequent thing in Chili, use it as well, and with as little remorse as the first comer.

With them religion is a trade by which they make the largest profit possible, and it does not at all compel them to live without the pale of the common existence.

Let us add, too, in concluding this rather lengthy sketch, but which it was necessary to give the reader, in order that by knowing Chilian manners, he might be able to account for the strangest of the incidents which we are about to record, that, in spite of the reproaches which the light conduct of the monks at times deserves—regard being had to the sanctity of the gown they wear—they are not the less an object of respect to all, who, taking compassion on human weaknesses, excuse the man in the priest, and repay tolerance for tolerance.

The convent of the Purissima Concepcion stands at the extremity of the Almendral. It is a vast edifice, entirely built of carved stone, nearly two hundred years old, and was founded by the Spaniards a short time after their arrival in Chili. The whole building is imposing and majestic, like all the Spanish convents; it is almost a small town, for it contains everything which may be useful and agreeable for life—a church, an hospital, a washhouse, a large kitchen garden, a shady and well-laid out park, reserved for the promenades of the nuns, and large

cloisters lined with frescoes, representing scenes from the life of the Virgin, to whom the convent is consecrated. These cloisters, bordered by circular galleries, out of which open the nuns' cells, enclose a sandy courtyard, containing a piece of water and a fountain, whose jet refreshes the air in the midday heat.

The cells are charming retreats, in which nothing that promotes comfort is wanting—a bed, two chairs covered with Cordovan leather, a prie-Dieu, a small toilet table, in the drawer of which you may be certain of finding a looking-glass, and a few sacred pictures, occupy the principal space destined for necessary articles. In one corner of the room is visible, between a guitar and a scourge, a statue of the Virgin, with a wreath of roses on her head and a constantly-burning lamp before her. Such is the furniture which will be found, with but few exceptions, in the cells of the nuns.

The convent of the Conception contains about one hundred and fifty nuns of the order of Mount Carmel, and some sixty novices. In this country of toleration, strict nunneries are rare; the sisters are allowed to go into town and pay or receive visits; the rule is extremely gentle, and with the exception of the offices which they are expected to attend with great punctuality, the nuns, when they have once entered their cells, are almost free to do what they think proper, no one apparently paying any attention to them.

After the incident which we recorded in our first chapter, the procession, momentarily interrupted by the furious attack of Leon's horses, was reorganized as well as it could be; all the persons comprising it returned to their places so soon as the first alarm was over, and two hours after the gates of the Purissima Concepcion closed again upon the long file of nuns engulfed in its walls.

So soon as the crosses, banners, and statues of saints had been deposited with all proper ceremony in their usual places, after a short prayer repeated in community, the ranks were broken, and the nuns began chattering about the strange event which had suddenly interrupted them as they left the cathedral. Several of them were not tired of praising the bold rider who had so cleverly guided his runaway horse, and saved a great misfortune by the skill which he had displayed under the circumstances.

From the midst of a group of about a dozen sisters conversing together, there

came forth two maidens, dressed in the white garb of novices, who, taking each other's arm, walked gently toward the most deserted part of the garden. They must have eagerly desired not to be disturbed in their private conversation, for, selecting the most shaded walk, they took great care to hide themselves from their companions' observation behind the shrubs that formed the borders.

They soon reached a marble seat hidden behind a clump of trees, in front of a basin filled with transparent water, whose completely motionless surface was as smooth as that of a mirror. No better place could have been selected for a confidential conversation; so they sat down, and raised the veil that covered their face.

They were two charming girls, who did not count thirty years between them, and whose delicate profile was gracefully designed under their pure and exquisitely white wimple. The first was Dona Maria de Souza y Soto-Mayor; the other was Dona Rosita Sallazar, sister of the dashing Don Pedro, of whom we have already got a glimpse as affianced husband of Inès.

Dona Maria's face displayed visible traces of emotion. Was it the result of the terror she had felt on seeing herself almost trampled on by the smuggler's horse, or did a cause of which we are ignorant produce the effect which we have just indicated?

The conversation of the young ladies will tell us.

"Well, sister," Rosita asked, "have you recovered from the terror which this morning's event caused you?"

Dona Maria, who seemed absorbed in secret thoughts, started, and hurriedly answered—

"Oh! I am well now, quite well, thank you."

"In what a way you say that, Maria! What is the matter? you are quite pale."

A short silence followed this appeal. The young ladies took each other's hand, and waited to see which would be the first to speak.

Maria and Rosita, who were nearly of the same age, loved each other like sisters. Both novices, and destined to take the veil at the same date, the identity of their position had produced between them an affectionate sympathy which never failed them. They placed in a common stock, with the simple confidence of youth, their hopes and sorrows, their plans and

their dreams—brilliant winged dreams, which the convent walls would pitilessly break. They had no secret from each other, and hence Rosita was grieved by the accent with which Maria had answered her when she asked her how she was. The latter evidently concealed something from her for the first time since she had entered the convent.

"Maria," she said to her, gently, "forgive me if I acted indiscreetly in asking after your dear health; but I feared, on noticing the pallor of your face——"

"Dear Rosita, how kind you are!" Maria interrupted, embracing her companion tenderly; "and how wrong I am. Yes, I am suffering, really; but I know not from what, and it only began just now."

"Oh! accursed be the wicked man, cause of so much terror!" Rosita continued, alluding to Leon the smuggler.

"Oh, silence, Rosita! Speak not so of that cavalier, for he has on his face such a noble expression of courage and goodness that——"

"So you looked at him, sister?" Rosita exclaimed.

"Yes, when I regained my senses and opened my eyes, his were fixed on me."

"What! he dared to raise your veil? But it is a great sin to let a man see your face, and you must confess it to dear Mother Superior; the convent rule demands it."

"I know it, and will conform."

"After all," Rosita continued, with volubility, "as you had fainted, you could not prevent him raising your veil; hence it is not your fault, but that young man's."

"He saved my life!" Maria murmured.

"That is true, and you are bound to feel grateful to him instead of hating him."

"Do you think that I can remember him without sinning?"

"Certainly; is it not natural to remember those who have done us a great service?"

"Yes, yes; you are right," Maria exclaimed, joyfully. "Thanks, sister—thanks, sister: your words do me good, for I was afraid it would be wrong to think of him who saved me."

"On the contrary, sister," Rosita said, with a little doctorial tone which rendered her ravishing, "you know that mother abbess daily repeats to us that ingratitude is one of the most odious vices."

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him my scapulary as a pledge of remembrance."

"What! did you give him that holy object?"

"Oh, poor young man! he seemed so affected, his glance was so full of sorrow and grief——"

While Maria was speaking, Rosita was examining her, and, after the last words, entertained no doubt as to the feelings which animated her friend.

"Maria," she said to her, bending down to her ear, and speaking so low that no other but the one for whom it was meant could hear it—"Maria, you love him, do you not?"

"Alas!" Maria exclaimed, all trembling—"do I know? Oh, silence, for mercy's sake!" she continued, impetuously. "I love him! But who would have taught me to love? A poor creature, hurled within the walls of this convent at the tenderest age, I have up to this day known nought but the slavery in which my entire life must be spent. Excepting you, my kind Rosita, is there a creature in the world that takes an interest in my fate, is happy at my smile, or grieved at my tears? Have I ever known, since the day when reason began to enlighten my heart, the ineffable sweetness of maternal caresses—those caresses which are said to warm the heart, make the sky look blue, the water more limpid, and the sun more brilliant? No; I have ever been alone. My mother, whom I could have loved so dearly—my sister, whom I sought without knowing her, and whose kisses my childish lips yearned for—both shun me and abandon me. I am in their way; they are anxious to get rid of me; and as all the world repulses me, I am given to God!"

A torrent of tears prevented the young lady from continuing. Rosita was terrified by this so true grief, and tried to restore her friend's calmness, while unable to check the tears that stood in her own eyes.

"Maria! why speak thus? it is an offence to God to complain so bitterly of the destiny which He has imposed on us."

"It is because I am suffering extraordinary torture! I know not what I feel, but I fancy that during the last hour the bandage which covered my eyes has suddenly fallen, and allowed them to catch a glimpse of an unknown light. Up to this day I have lived as the birds of the air live, without care for the morrow and

remembrance of yesterday; and in my ignorance of the things which are accomplished outside these walls I could not regret them. I was told: You will be a nun; and I accepted, thinking that it would be easy for me to find happiness wherever my life passed gently and calmly; but now it is no longer possible."

And the maiden's eyes flashed with such a brilliancy that Rosita dared not interrupt her, and listened, checking with difficulty the beating of her own heart.

"Listen, sister!" Maria continued. "I hear an undefinable music in my ears; it is the intoxicating promises which the joys of the world wake in me, which I am forbidden to know, and which my soul has divined. Look! for I saw strange visions pass before my dazzled eyes. They are laughing pictures of an existence of pleasures and joys which flash and revolve around me in an infernal whirlwind. Take care! for I feel within me sensations which horrify me; shudders that traverse my whole being and cause me impossible suffering and pleasure. Oh, when that young man's hand touched mine this morning, I trembled as if I had seized a red-hot iron: when I regained my senses, and felt his breath on my face, I fancied that life was going to abandon me; and when I was obliged to leave him, it seemed to me as if there were an utter darkness around me; I saw nothing more, and was annihilated. His fiery glance cast eternal trouble and desolation into my soul. Yes, I love him: if loving be suffering, I love him! for, on hearing the convent gates close after the procession, a terrible agony contracted my heart, an icy coldness seized upon me, and I felt as if the cold tombstone were falling again on my head."

Overcome by the extreme emotion which held possession of her, the maiden had risen; her face was flushed with a feverish tinge; her eyes flashed fire; her voice had assumed a strange accent of terror and passion; her bosom heaved wildly, and she appeared to be transfigured! Suddenly she burst into sobs, and, hiding her face in her hands, yielded to her despair.

"Poor Maria!" said Rosita, affected by this so simply poignant desolation, and seeking in vain by her caresses to restore calmness, "how she suffers!"

For a long time the two maidens remained seated at the same spot, mingling their tears and sighs. Still a complete

prostration eventually succeeded the frenzy, which had seized on Maria, and she was preparing, on her companion's entreaties, to return to her cell, when several voices, repeating her name, were heard at a short distance from the thicket where she had sought refuge.

"They are seeking us, I think," said Rosita.

"They are calling me," Maria continued; "what can they want with me?"

"Well, beloved sister, we will go and learn."

The two maidens rose, and soon found themselves in the presence of two or three sisters who were looking for them.

"Ah, there you are!" the latter exclaimed; "Holy Mother Superior is asking after you, Maria; and we have been seeking you for the last ten minutes."

"Thanks, sisters," Maria answered; "I will obey the summons of our good mother."

"Be calm," Rosita whispered to her, with some amount of anxiety.

"Fear nothing; I will manage to hide my feelings." And all returned in the direction of the convent.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SMUGGLERS.

THREE years prior to the events which we have just recorded, that is to say, about the month of May, 1830, Diego the Vaquero, who at that period was one of the bravest gauchos on the pampas of Buenos Ayres, was returning to his rancho one evening after a day's hunting, when suddenly, before he could notice it, a magnificent panther, probably pursuing him in the tall grass, leaped, with an enormous bound, on his horse's neck. The animal, startled by this attack, which it was far from expecting, neighed with pain, and reared so violently that it fell back on its master, who had not had time to leap on the ground, but was held down by the weight of his steed.

It was, doubtless, all over with man and horse, when Diego, who, in his desperation, was commending his soul to all the saints in paradise, and reciting, in a choking voice, all the scraps of prayers which he could call to mind, saw a long knife pass between his face and the head of the fœtid brute, whose breath he could feel on his forehead.

The panther burst into a frightful howl,

writhed, vomited a stream of black blood, and after a terrible convulsion, which set all the muscles of his body in action, fell dead by his side.

At the same moment the horse was restored to its trembling feet, and a man helped the Vaquero to rise, while saying, good-humouredly—

"Come, tell me, comrade, do you think of sleeping here, eh?"

Diego rose, and, with an anxious glance around him, felt all his limbs to make sure that they were intact; then, when he felt quite certain that he was perfectly sound and free from any wound, he gave a sigh of satisfaction, devoutly crossed himself, and said to his defender, who, with folded arms and a smile on his lips, had followed all his movements with the utmost interest—

"Thanks, man. Tell me your name, that I may retain it in my heart along with my father's."

"Leon," the other answered.

"Leon," the gaucho repeated; "it is well; my name is Diego; you have saved my life; at present we are brothers, and do with me as you will."

"Thanks," said Leon, affectionately pressing the hard, rugged hand which the half-breed offered him.

"Brother, where is your rancho?"

"I have none," Leon answered, with a cloud of sorrow over his face.

"You have none? what were you doing all alone, then, in the middle of the pampa at this hour of the night?"

The young man hesitated for a moment, and then, regaining his good spirits, replied—

"Well, if I must confess to you, comrade, I was dying of hunger in the most philosophical way in the world: I have eaten nothing for two days."

"Carai," Diego exclaimed; "die of hunger! Come with me, brother; we will not part again; I have some charqui in my rancho. I repeat to you, you have saved my life, and henceforth all must be in common between us. You look like a daring fellow, so remain with me."

From this day Leon and Diego never parted again; and the friendship of these two men grew with time so great that they could not live without one another; but however great was the intimacy existing between them, never had a word been exchanged concerning their past life; and this mutual secret, mutually respected, was the only one that existed between them.

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Diego certainly knew that Leon was a Frenchman, and had also noticed his great aptitude in bodily exercises, his skill as an excellent horseman, and, above all, the depth of his ideas and far from ordinary conceptions.

Recognising of what great use the young man's intellect had been to him in critical moments to get out of a difficulty, Diego regarded him with a species of veneration, and endured his moral superiority without even perceiving it.

With the sublime self-denial of virgin natures whom the narrow civilization of towns has not degraded, he had grown to regard Leon as a being placed on his path by Providence, in order that he might have some one to love; and finding in Leon a perfect reciprocity of friendship, he felt ready to sacrifice to Leon the life which he owed him.

On his side, Leon, captivated by the frank advances which the Vaquero had made him, had gradually come to feel for him a sincere affection, which was evidenced by a deep and unbounded devotion.

A short time after their meeting, Diego communicated to Leon the plan he had of going to Chili, and proposed to him to accompany him. The idle life on the pampas could not suit Leon, who had dreamed of an active and brilliant existence when he set foot on American soil. Gifted with an adventurous and enterprising character, he had left his native land to tempt fortune, and hitherto chance had not favoured his hopes. As nothing, therefore, prevented him from trying whether Chili might not be more lucky, he accepted.

One morning, therefore, the pair, mounted on Indian horses, crossed the pampas, and then, after resting for some days at San Luis de Mendoza, they entered the passes of the Cordilleras, which they got through with great difficulties and dangers of every description, and at length reached their journey's end.

On arriving at Chili, Leon, powerfully supported by Diego, organized the contraband trade on a vast scale, and a few months later fifty men obeyed his orders and those of Diego, whom he made his lieutenant. From this moment Captain Leon Delbès found the mode of life which suited his tastes.

Now that we have explained the nature of the ties which bound the two principal characters of our story, we will resume our narrative at the moment when we left our smugglers in the room which Don

Juan y Soto-Mayor ordered to be got ready for them.

Scarce had the peon left the room ere Leon, after assuring himself that no one could hear his words, walked up to Diego, who was sitting gloomy and silent on a folding chair, and said—

"What is the matter with you to-night? why did you remain so silent? is it that General Soto-Mayor——"

"There is nothing the matter with me," the half-breed sharply interrupted; "but by the way," he added, looking Leon in the face, "you appear yourself to be suffering from extraordinary agitation."

"You are right; but if you wish to learn the cause, confidence for confidence, and tell me what you have on your mind."

"Leon, do not question me on this subject; you are not mistaken; I allow I have been thoughtful and silent ever since I have crossed the threshold of this house; but do not try to penetrate the motive. It is not the time yet to tell you the things which you must know some day. Thanks for the interest you take in my annoyances and my sorrows, but once again I implore you, in the name of our friendship, do not press me."

"Since such is the case, brother, I will refrain from any questions," Leon answered.

"And now, if you please, tell me why I saw you turn pale and tremble when a word that fell from the lips of the Senora Inès, and which I did not catch, struck your ear."

"Brother, do you remember that this morning, after saving from a certain death the novice of the convent of the Purissima Conception, I told you that my heart knew love for the first time in my life?"

"But what is there in common between that girl and Senora Inès?"

"Do you remember also," Leon continued, without answering the Vaquero's observation, "that I swore to see the maiden again, even if I were obliged to lay down my life in satisfying my desire?"

"But again I say——"

"Well, know then, brother, that I have learned her name, and it is Dona Maria y Soto-Mayor."

"What are you saying?"

"And that she is the daughter of our host, Don Juan de Dios-Souza y Soto-Mayor."

"And you love her!" Diego exclaimed.

"Must I repeat it again?" Leon remarked, impetuously.

"Malediction!" said the half-breed.

"Yes, malediction, is it not? for Maria is eternally lost to me; she will take the veil shortly, and the hopes I entertained of being able to drag her out of the walls of that convent are blighted."

"To marry her?" Diego remarked, mockingly. "Nonsense, Leon, my friend; you are mad. What, you, the smuggler, marry a senora, the daughter of a gentleman! No, you cannot suppose such a thing."

"Silence, Diego, silence! for the more that I feel the impossibility of possessing the girl, the more I feel that I love her."

And the young man, crushed by sorrow, fell into a seat by Diego's side.

"And do you believe," the latter continued, after a moment's silence, "that there is no hope of delaying her in taking the veil?"

"How do I know? besides, of what good is it, as you said just now—can I think of the daughter of General Soto-Mayor? No, all is lost!"

"Remember the Spanish proverb—'Nothing is certain but death and the tax-gatherer.'"

For a moment past, the half-breed's face had become animated with a singular expression, which would not have escaped Leon had not the latter been entirely absorbed in the thought of losing her whom he loved.

"What do you mean?" he asked Diego.

"Listen patiently, for the question I am going to ask you is intended to fix an important determination in my mind."

"I am listening," the young man said.

"Do you really love Dona Maria?"

At this question, which might seem at the least inopportune after what Leon had just stated, the latter frowned angrily; but on noticing the half-breed's serious face, he understood that it was not for the purpose of making a jest of his despair that Diego had revived the fire which was burning in his bosom.

"If I do not see her again, I shall die," the young man replied, simply.

"You shall not die, brother, for within a fortnight she will be at your knees."

Leon knew the half-breed, and that he was a man who never promised in vain; hence he did not dare doubt, and merely raised his eyes and questioned him with a look.

"Within a fortnight she will be at your knees," the half-breed slowly repeated; "but till then, not a word, not a

sign of recollection, reproach, impatience, or amazement, but passive obedience."

"Thanks, brother," Leon contented himself with answering, as he held out his hand to Diego, who pressed it in his.

"And now let us sleep, so that to-morrow our foreheads may be less burning, and we may be able to set to work."

Then, putting out the candles, the two men threw themselves on their beds, without exchanging another word, for each was anxious to reflect upon the course he should pursue.

Neither slept: Leon thought of Maria and the means Diego might employ to fulfil the pledge he had made; while Diego had in his head a ready-traced plan whose success appeared to him certain, as it was connected with a far more dangerous affair.

At daybreak they rose, and kneeling down in the middle of the room, took each other by the hand, and devoutly said their prayers. Any one would have been astonished who had overheard what these two men asked of God—the God of mercy and goodness! Their prayer ended, they went down into the garden; the night storm had entirely passed away, the sun was rising in a flood of transparent vapour, and everything announced a magnificent day.

Shortly after their arrival, they perceived the general, who came to meet them with a regular step and a joyous face.

"Well, gentlemen," he shouted to them so soon as he saw them, "how did you pass the night?"

"Excellently, general," Leon replied; "and my friend and myself both thank you sincerely for your kind hospitality."

"At your age a man can sleep anywhere," the general continued, with a pleasant smile. "Oh, youth!" he added, with a sigh of regret, "happy time, which flies, alas! too quickly." Then becoming serious: "As for the slight service which I have had the pleasure of rendering you, you will disoblige me by thanking me for so simple a thing."

After a few more words from him, dictated by politeness, the three men walked round the garden several times, and, to Leon's great surprise, Diego did not allude to their departure; but as the young man did not know the Vaquero's line of conduct as to the prospects which he nursed, he waited.

Don Juan was the first to break the silence.

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"Gentlemen," he said, stopping at the corner of a shady walk, "be good enough, I pray, not to take in ill part what I am about to say—you are smugglers, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," replied Diego, amazed at the old gentleman's perspicuity.

"This discovery does not injure you at all in my opinion," continued the general, who had noticed the look of surprise exchanged by the two friends. "I have frequently had dealings with gentlemen of your profession, and have had always cause to be pleased with them; and I trust that the relations which may be established between us will prove advantageous to both parties."

"Speak, sir."

The Vaquero was all ears, and examined the general with a distrust which the latter did not notice, or feigned not to notice.

"This is the matter, gentlemen. I am obliged, owing to certain family reasons, to undertake a journey to Valdivia, where my brother Don Louis resides; now, your arrival at my house has made me think of making the journey under your escort, and I wished to propose to you, as I shall take Senora y Soto-Mayor and my whole family with me, that you and your men should escort us, leaving it to you to fix the price as you think right."

"General," Leon answered, "you have guessed correctly in regarding us as smugglers; I have the honour of being the captain of a band of fifty men, who know how to put down the customs dues when they are too high; but you are mistaken in supposing that we can accompany you."

"Why so?" the Vaquero eagerly interrupted, on whose features a strange gleam of satisfaction had appeared. "It is true that it is not our habit to undertake business of that nature; but the general has shown himself too hospitable to us to refuse him our assistance. Captain, remember, too, that we have something to do within a few days in the neighbourhood of Valdivia, and hence we shall merely make our journey the sooner, which is a trifle."

"That is true," muttered the captain, whom a glance of Diego's had told that he must accept. "I fancied that I must return to Valparaiso; but what my friend has just said is perfectly correct, so you can dispose of us as you please."

"In that case, gentlemen," said the general, who had only seen in this oppo-

sition on the part of the captain a mode of demanding a large sum, "be good enough to step into my study, and while drinking a glass of Alicante, we will settle money matters."

"We are at your orders."

And all three proceeded to the general's apartments. It was arranged that, instead of bargaining with an arriero, the captain was to supply a dozen mules to carry the baggage, and that they should start the following morning. When this arrangement was made, Leon and Diego asked the general's permission to go and join their men, and give orders for the departure; but he would not consent until they had breakfasted.

They therefore waited, and soon found themselves again in the company of the members of the Soto-Mayor family, as well as of Don Pedro Sallazar, who had decided on spending the night at the country-house before setting out for Santiago. Leon was dying to turn the conversation to the Convent of the Purissima Concepcion, and could have most easily done so by telling the event of the previous day; but he remembered the promise made to Diego, and fearing lest he might commit some folly injurious to his interests, he held his tongue; still he learned, on hearing the talk, that the general's majordomo had started that morning for Valparaiso entrusted with a message for the Senora Dona Maria.

When breakfast was over, the two friends took leave of their hosts, and, after finally arranging the hour for starting, they left the house, and found in the courtyard their horses ready saddled and held by a peon. At the moment of starting, Don Pedro de Sallazar waved his hand to them, and disappeared in the direction of Santiago, accompanied by the general's son.

The two smugglers arrived before mid-day at the spot where their men, somewhat alarmed at their prolonged absence, were encamped. It was a narrow gorge between two lofty mountains, and at a sufficient distance from the beaten road for the band to be safe from any surprise, of which there was not much apprehension, by the way, as in this country smugglers enjoy almost complete impunity, and have only to fear the excessively rare cases of being caught in the act.

The horses were browsing at liberty, and the men, seated round a hearth made of two lumps of stone, were finishing their breakfast of charqui and tortillas. They

were mostly men in the prime of life, whose resolute air sufficiently evidenced the carelessness they felt for every species of danger.

Belonging to all nations, they formed a whole which was not without originality, but each of them, whether he were German or Portuguese, Sicilian or Dutchman, as he found in the existence which he led the charm of an adventurous life studded with perils, pleasures, and emotions, had completely forgotten the name of his country, only to remember the memorable days on which, indulging in his dangerous profession, he had put the custom-house officers to flight, and passed under their very noses bales of merchandize.

Enemies of a yoke and servitude, under whatever form they might appear, they obeyed with rigorous exactness the discipline which Leon Delbès had imposed on them—a discipline which, by the way, allowed them to do whatever they pleased when not actually engaged with their smuggling duties. Some were drunkards, others gamblers, and others libertines; but all ransomed their faults, which they regarded almost as qualities, by a well-tried courage, and a perfect devotion to Leon and Diego.

Their dress varied but slightly from that of their chief: all wore a poncho, which covered their weapons, and the boots of wood-rangers, which, while protecting their legs from the stings of reptiles, left them perfect liberty of motion. Their hats alone might be regarded as the distinctive mark either of their nationality or the difference of their tastes. There were broad-brimmed, pointed, and round hats; every shape came into strange contact there, from the worn silk hat of Europe to that of the American Bolivar.

They uttered a shout of joy on perceiving their chiefs, and, eagerly rising, ran to meet them.

"Good day, gentlemen," Leon said, as he leaped from his horse. "I am rather behind my time, but you must blame the night-storm, which compelled us to halt on the road. Is there any news?"

"None, captain," they answered.

"In that case, listen to me. Ten of you will stay here, and at four o'clock tomorrow morning proceed with twelve mules to the house of Don Juan y Soto-Mayor, and place yourselves at the orders of that gentleman, whom you will accompany to Valdivia."

Diego set about selecting the men whom he thought the best fitted for the expedition; and after he had done so, Leon addressed the others.

"You will start for Valparaiso and await my orders there; you will lodge at Crevel's, in the Calle San Ajostino, and at Dominique the Italian's, at the Al-mendral. Above all," he added, "be prudent, and do not attract attention: amuse yourselves like good fellows, but do not quarrel with the senores, or have any fights with the sailors. You understand me, I suppose?"

"Yes, captain," they all answered.

"Very well. Now I will give each of you five ounces to cover your expenses, and do not forget that I may want you at any moment, and you must be ever ready to obey my summons."

He gave them the money, and after repeating his recommendations, he retired, leaving it to Diego to give the men who were proceeding to Valparaiso the final instructions which they might need. The smugglers removed all traces of their meal, and each of them hurried to saddle his horse. A few minutes later, forty men of the band set out under the guidance of the oldest among them.

Diego watched them start, and then returned to Leon, who was resting from his fatigue on a small turf mound, overshadowed by a magnificent clump of trees. The Vaquero held in his hand the alforjas which he had taken off his horse: he examined the place where Leon was seated, and finding it as he wished, he sat down by his side; then taking out of the bag a clumsily carved earthen pipe, into which he fitted a long stem, he began to strike a light over a small horn box filled with burnt rags, which soon caught fire. When his pipe was lighted, he began smoking silently.

Leon, on seeing these preparations, understood that something important was about to take place between him and Diego, and waited. At the expiration of five minutes, the latter passed him his pipe; Leon drew several puffs and then returned it to him. These preliminaries completed, Diego began to speak.

"Leon, three years have passed since Heaven brought us together on the pampas of Buenos Ayres; since that moment—and I shall never forget it, brother—everything has been in common between us—pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow."

Leon bowed his head in the affirmative, and the half-breed continued:

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"Still, there is one point upon which our mouths have ever remained silent, and it is the one which refers to the life of each of us before that which we now lead together."

Leon looked at him in amazement.

"It is not a want of confidence," Diego hastily added, "but the slight interest we felt in cross-questioning each other, which alone is the cause. Of what use is it to know the past life of a man, if from the day when you first saw him he has not ceased to be honest and loyal; besides, the hours are too short in the pampas for men to dream of asking such questions."

"What are you coming to?" Leon at length asked.

"Listen, brother. I will not question you about what I care little to know, but I wish to tell you something you must know. The moment has arrived to speak; and though the story I have to tell you is gloomy and terrible, I am accomplishing a duty."

"Speak, then," said Leon.

The half-breed passed his hand over his forehead, and for a moment collected his recollections. Leon waited in silence.

(To be continued.)

## THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

"WHAT is the night wind saying  
As it shrieks on the mountain wild,  
Or comes through the forest wailing,  
Like the wail of a weary child?"

(For them the storm has ended,  
The cares, the fears, the strife,  
And the weary hearts have entered  
On the realm of immortal life.)

"Is it that joy or sorrow  
Makes the burden of its lay?  
Bodes it a dark to-morrow,  
Or mourns it a sad to-day?"

It tells of loved ones watching,  
In a far-off cherished home,  
For accents never uttered,  
And steps that never come.

Ah, well may it shriek on the mountain,  
And sob in the lonely vale,  
Till all earth's weary watchers  
Have heard its mournful tale.

It speaks of stormier waters  
That sweep o'er the troubled soul,  
Of all life's fairest visions  
Wreck'd e'er they neared the goal.

A tale of stormy waters,  
Of the rage of angry waves,  
A tale of requiems chanted  
Over unnumber'd graves.

It tells of grief despairing  
As the last, last hopes depart,  
Till we hear the night wind wailing  
The sighs of a breaking heart.

Not graves; ah, speak it gently;  
'Tis only that the deep  
Has lull'd some household's dear one  
To a long and peaceful sleep.

Ah, yes! the wind has voices;  
We learn in sorrow's night  
Too many things never thought of  
In happiness' light.

## A TRIP TO DENMARK.

## VII.

MONUMENTS OF JUEL AND TORDENSKIOLD—DEATH OF FREDERIC VI.—STREET OF COFFINS—  
 BARSEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—THE ROUND TOWER—THE FRUE KIRCHE—UNIVERSITY—  
 BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN—CARNIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF AMÅK—CITY RAMPARTS  
 —LEGEND OF THE BURIED CHILD—GOLDEN HOUSE OF THE KING'S ALCHEMIST—THE  
 GRONLANDGADE.

A FINE autumnal day and a bright sun—we cannot do better than continue our promenade of yesterday; it's such a comfort to have done the town, and to feel at liberty to bend our steps with a free conscience, wherever inclination leads us. Turning down the Gammel Strand, we pause for a moment near the bridge again to admire the Bourse, peeping out from among the rigging of the various cutters anchored in the canal. How picturesque it appears! what a study for an artist! In the mortuary chapel attached to this church are monuments to the two celebrated admirals, Juel and Tordenskiold.

Smaller, and far less imposing, is the medallion, on a painted wooden framework, erected by Frederic VI. to the memory of Tordenskiold. He is the *beau idéal* of northern beauty, with long flowing hair, unpowdered, carelessly gathered together by a riband behind—a splendid specimen of the Scandinavian race. The history of Tordenskiold is too romantic to be passed over, and just such a story as all Englishmen delight in.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there lived at Tronyem a burgo-master, John Wessel by name, with a flourishing family of eighteen children, and straitened means. Twelve were sons, of whom Peter, the tenth in number, and hero of our story, was born in 1691. Hard were the struggles of poor John Wessel and his wife to maintain their numerous olive-branches, and I am afraid young Peter proved himself an ungrateful pickle. His parents apprenticed him to a tailor, but at the end of a few weeks he was dismissed as incorrigible. When our hero had attained the age of thirteen, Frederic IV. paid a visit to Norway. Peter, whose time lay heavy on his hands, made acquaintance with the servants of the king's household; and when the royal *cortège* departed, he suddenly disappeared to re-appear shortly a vagabond and friendless in Copenhagen. The tale of the Norwegian boy who had concealed himself in the hold of a ship came to the ears of the

royal confessor, who, taking compassion on him, employed him as a servant about his person. But Peter had inwardly determined to enter the navy. Nothing daunted, he wrote to the king, and was soon inscribed as an apprentice at the royal wharf.

After several voyages he was so highly praised by his captains, he became midshipman, but still in the merchant service. He is described as a very "Mother Carey's chicken;" his spirits rose with the tempest itself; and, when fear and terror agitated all minds, he alone appeared to derive gratification from the turmoil of the elements. When the war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, as it invariably did some fifty times in the course of each century, Peter demanded permission to enter the royal navy, and was at once appointed to the command of a vessel called the *Worm*, bearing four guns. Endless are the anecdotes related of his daring. On one occasion he met with an English privateer: "If that frigate were Swedish," he exclaimed, "I should take it; but the English have too much practice, and fight too well, for me to hope for an easy conquest." The vessels engaged, and a hard-fought battle ensued, such as always took place, and will take place, when Danes and English meet in naval warfare. "I have no more powder!" cries Tordenskiold; so he sends a flag of truce on board requesting the English captain to lend him some that he might continue the battle; or, if he would not, begging him to come on board and receive the respect due to so gallant an enemy. The Englishman declined, so they drank to each other from their respective vessels; and cheers rose from the Danes as the captains raised their glasses, vociferously returned by the delighted British sailors.

In 1716 Peter exchanged, by a patent of nobility, the plebeian patronymic of Wessel for the higher-sounding appellation of Tordenskiold (or Thundershiold), and was later named admiral.

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After the peace of Frederiksborg he visited Germany; where, at the age of twenty-nine, he was killed in a duel by Colonel Stahl, a card-sharper, who had fleeced one of his countrymen.

We follow the course of the dull, boatless Holm canal, on the opposite side of which rises long, low, high-pitched roofed, yellow buildings, with mysterious black shutters, ever closed—something to do with dockyards and naval stores—to the Royal Opera House. The Opera House is a shapeless building, half-rebuilt, half-pulled down, to be cased with stone or stuccoed some day. I believe Denmark to be the only country where the stage is perfectly respectable; to play or dance at the Royal Opera House, a woman, like Cæsar's wife, must not even be suspected.

We now stand at the entrance of the Kongens Nytorv, or King's New Market (formerly called Hallands Aas), though no market at all is ever held there. In the centre of the market stands the equestrian statue of Christian V., erected in 1688. This statue is allegorical, and requires a key. The horse is trampling on a monster, which was once called Sweden; but as Danes no longer trample on their neighbours, but live in peace and amity, the monster is now styled Vice, or something else. At the bombardment of 1807 a cannon-ball struck the right arm of the statue, since which time the king holds his sceptre downwards.

Passing by the ugly Military High School, about to be removed, we arrived at the Charlottenborg Slot, a building of no great beauty, but interesting, in an historical point of view, to us English; for here resided our Princess Louisa, with her husband, then Crown Prince, and here was born her eldest daughter, Sophia, the beautiful Queen of Sweden.

Proceeding down the Amaliegade, in which we are now located, and which boasts three stripes of flagstones inserted in its *trottoir*, we arrived at the Amalienborg Plads, which might be made one of the prettiest squares of its size in Europe. The original Amalienborg Slot underwent the usual fate of all edifices, royal and plebeian, in Denmark—it was destroyed by fire in 1689, during the performance of an Italian opera. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the representation, as well as the court and all the royal family; a lamp was accidentally overturned, the fire caught the woodwork, and the whole building was soon in a blaze. In the confusion and

crush of the exit nearly three hundred persons perished. The four pretty palaces which replaced the earlier building were built by the families of Schack, Moltke, Brockdorff, and Levetzau, who again sold them, after the conflagration of Christiansborg, 1794, to the royal family, who found themselves without a roof to cover them. One of them is now occupied by her majesty the queen-dowager, the amiable and virtuous widow of Christian VIII.; a second by the Landgrave of Hesse, husband of the Princess Charlotte, and brother to the Duchess of Cambridge; the third was offered to the Prince of Denmark, who does not at present occupy it; while the fourth does duty as the Foreign Office.

On the whole, it is a charming little place; and were not the pavement the most atrocious in all Copenhagen, and the space around the statue of Frederic V., erected to his honour by the merchants of the capital, too confined, I know few of its size equal to it.

In the year 1839 a silent and saddened multitude stood breathless and anxious before the windows of the palace where Frederic VI. lay on his bed of agony. He was much beloved, and a general feeling of sorrow pervaded the whole population, who awaited with anxiety the termination of his sufferings. Suddenly the window is unclosed, the grand marshal appears on the balcony, and, breaking asunder his rod of office, exclaims, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!" Alas for the feebleness of human sentiments! The Prince-Hereditary, now Christian VIII., inhabited the palace which stands on the opposite side of the octagon; *volte face* turned the assembled crowd, and huzzas and cries of joy and enthusiasm greeted the accession of the new monarch to the throne.

And now on to the Langa Linea, passing by the splendid hospital of Frederic V., the gate surmounted by the royal crown and cipher, on which the sparrows hold their court in large numbers, squabbling and fighting for place and precedence like their betters. One part of this hospital is set aside for the higher classes, who can there obtain rooms for a reasonable sum, and are admirably attended, without deranging their own establishments, or, in case of infectious disorders, spreading death and disease among their families and domestics. Leaving the villainous pavement and crossing the quincunx of trees, we arrive at the Lango

Linea, one of the prettiest promenades possessed by any capital in Europe: so fresh is the air, so bright and exhilarating the scene along the banks of the Sound, on some days teeming with ships from all ports and climes. To the left rises the citadel, with its moats and fortifications; you can visit it if you will; it affords a charming walk.

We return again by the Toldboden into the Bredgade, near the centre of which stand to the right, in a vast deserted place, now used as a stone-mason's yard, the ruins of the marble Frederiks Kirke—remaining, and for ever I imagine likely to remain, uncompleted. This church was commenced in the reign of Frederic V., after the splendid designs of Jardin, a French architect. The state could ill afford the erection of so expensive a building, and Struensee stopped the works, actuated, doubtless, by praiseworthy motives of economy; as it was, he only disgusted the public by the dismissal of some hundred workmen, gained the ill-will of the clergy, and the sums of money economized by him were wantonly lavished by Count Brandt in illuminations and court *fêtes* of unwonted splendour and extravagance. The architect, too, was dismissed, unpaid and ungratified, in a manner which caused universal indignation. Struensee was, there is no doubt, beyond his age. On either side of the street leading into the Amalienborg stand two palaces—one the property of Prince Frederic of Hesse, the other of the Prince Hereditary; and higher up, adjoining the British Legation, stands the handsome hotel of Count Schimmelmann. A Saxon by birth, he commenced life as a boatman on the Elbe, plying his trade between Dresden and Hamburg, and rose to be minister to Christian VII., and count of the empire.

If Pompeii can boast her Street of Tombs, Copenhagen can vaunt her Street of Coffins—Adlergade by name. Turn the eye where you will, black funeral cellarets meet the eye; advertisements of "Smukke ligkister" (pretty coffins) to be sold, all ready, or made to measure. Glazed frames expose to view shrouds and grave-clothes, pinked out ready, and stamped in holes, like the broderie Anglaise in a workshop window; from the short petticoat of the little child, to the cravat with flowing bow of the male adult. Let us fly from this scene, and breathe fresh air among the limes and lilacs in the Rosenborg Gardens—not

the old garden it once was, with cropped yew, and gay plat-bandes, fountains, and orange-trees, but a wilderness of trees, affording grateful shade in the summer season.

We have still much to see. I will lead you to the Place of the Gay Brothers (Graabrodrøtorv) where once a monastery stood, long since swept away, and within whose church reposed the infant children of King Christian II., Maximilian and Philip. Queen Elizabeth bore three sons in one year, John the eldest, and these twins. Sigbrit, who was present at the "Barsel" of the queen, and not over particular in her speech, lost her temper at the sight of them, and remarked loudly in the hearing of everybody present, "If the queen goes on in this way, the country will be neither rich nor large enough to support so many Heerkens," which, I believe, in old Dutch, signifies "little gentlemen."

Later on this Place rose the stately palace of the minister Corfitz Ulfeld, son-in-law of Christian IV., razed to the ground at the period of his disgrace, and on the spot a small obelisk was raised, the inscription on which proclaimed "shame and ignominy to the traitor Ulfeld." This monument was again removed (it now lies hid somewhere in the cellars of the Scandinavian Museum), and gave place to a butchers' market. "What a matter-of-fact age we live in!" We next proceed towards the University, by the street in which the post-office is situated. Mark well that corner house—a wine-shop from time immemorial. Here was bred and born the boy Schumacher, son of the proprietor, a wine-vendor, later known throughout Europe as Count Griffenfeld, the minister and adviser of Christian V.

Tacked on to the church of the Trinity, erected by Christian IV. for the University students, the Round Tower stands before us, built by the engineer Steenwinkel of Emden, itself intended for an observatory, though now no longer used as such; and here, previous to the fire of 1728, was preserved the celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, together with his mathematical instruments, brought over from Germany by Prince Ulrik. You gain the summit by a broad spiral staircase, like that of the castle of Amboise—no steps, an inclined plane, along the sides of which are ranged numerous Runic stones, recklessly removed from their original localities. Without inscriptions to tell whence they came, or

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what they signify, they stand dirty, useless, and neglected, but are to be removed to the new gardens of the University Library when completed. Opposite to these Runic stones is the sepulchral slab of Dyveke. Up this spiral staircase Czar Peter is said to have driven four in hand; how he turned at the top is a mystery to me; but so tradition declares.

Continuing our course we arrive at the University; a hideous, monstrous building, whose ugliness is only surpassed by that of the adjoining Church of Our Lady (the Frue Kirke), a building unworthy to contain those exquisite productions of Thorvaldsen, his Christ, the Apostles, and the Kneeling Angel.

The earlier Church of Our Lady was founded—or, at any rate, completed—in the reign of Christian II. A short time before the lofty steeple was finished, a quarrel took place between the master carpenter and his journeyman, who declared himself to be as good a workman as his master. When the ornament was to be placed on the extreme end of the spire, the master carpenter ordered a board to be made fast and laid across. He then went to the end and did what was necessary, leaving his axe behind him. He returned, and ordered his journeyman, if he considered himself equal to him, to go and fetch the axe. The man complied, lost his balance, came down headlong, and was killed. In consequence of this accident the ornaments of the spire were badly fixed, and fell the following year—an omen which, in the superstitious feeling of the age, was regarded to have reference to the future fall of the monarch himself. The Frue Kirke, with the exception of the choir, was destroyed in the fire of 1728, which consumed the university, five churches, the Hôtel de Ville, and 1650 houses. Within its walls took place the coronation of the earlier sovereigns of the House of Oldenburg.

But now for the sad untimely fate of Our Lady's Church. In 1807 three bombs from the hostile battery struck her graceful spire; the whole instantaneously fell with a crash, and the first knowledge of the mischief perpetrated was conveyed to the inhabitants by the shouts and hurrahs which rose—drowning even the roar of the cannon—from those remarkably mischievous specimens of humanity our British sailors.

The first idea of establishing the Uni-

versity of Copenhagen is to be attributed to King Erik the Pomeranian, perhaps at the suggestion of his queen, Philippa. Before this period the Danes studied at Paris, where they had especial colleges for their use. The required sanction was obtained from Pope Martin V., and the Archbishop of Lund, metropolitan, was desired to select a fitting site for its construction. Neither Erik nor his successor, King Christopher, found time or leisure to follow up the idea, and its first inauguration took place in the reign of Christian I., on his return from a visit to Rome in 1474. The Pope then reigning at the Vatican, Sixtus, fourth of that name, renewed the permission. The papal city appears to have been much edified by the humility of the Danish monarch, as well as delighted by the rarity of his gifts, which consisted of dried herrings and codfish, both most valuable for Friday's consumption and the season of Lent, and of a quantity of ermine-skins, at that time most rare productions; indeed, two-thirds of the Holy Conclave were obliged to content themselves with *peau de chat*. The gifts were considered well chosen and acceptable, and Christian returned not only provided with leave to establish a university, but endowed with a "golden rose," a present from the pontiff himself, to say nothing of numberless relics of inestimable value.

The inauguration of the university took place, with great pomp, in the Frue Kirke; the statutes were framed by the Archbishop of Lund; and crowds from Iceland, Norway, and North Germany, as well as Danes without number—bishops, professors, gentlemen, and even ladies, together with the king and queen—in the enthusiasm of the moment inscribed their names as students on the books of the new foundation. The university received protection from King John, as well as from King Christian II., who issued ordinances forbidding the nobles to educate their sons in foreign parts. At the time of the Reformation it fell into decay, and in the year 1538 was almost closed.

James I. of England, on his visit to the university, presented it with a silver cup, the melted remains of which, consumed by the before-mentioned fire of 1728, may still be seen in the Scandinavian Museum.

Without approaching too near—for the building itself is of brick, mutilated, tumbled down, degraded—let us gaze

for one minute on the imposing tower of the church of St. Peter, completed in 1666, in the architecture, not very pure, of the existing period. It has, however, a merit of its own, and rises majestic with its cupola-shaped spire resting on massive golden balls. This church was sadly damaged during the bombardment of 1807, and many years elapsed before it was restored so far as to be available for use.

The bombardment was a painful necessity on the part of the English Government. They had received from the most reliable sources certain information that the Emperor Napoleon, about to occupy Holstein with his army, would, if once master of Zealand, seize the Danish fleet and employ it against our country for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland. The demand made for the deposit of the Danish fleet under our care until the conclusion of the war was peremptorily refused to Lords Gambier and Cathcart: perhaps the terms in which it was made were somewhat galling to the spirit of Danish independence. They were, however, not only refused, but followed up at once by a proclamation on the part of Count Brockdorff, declaring the confiscation of British property, the annulment of debts due to British subjects, and forbidding, as illegal, all correspondence with them. This was not likely to mend matters.

Strange to say, the inhabitants themselves, though threatened for three weeks, could never bring themselves to believe that the bombardment would take place. The first rocket thrown in the town killed a little girl, sitting working at her bedroom window; the second killed her mother, nursing her child at the street door. These missiles seemed to have a particular spite against the female sex. Fires broke out in every direction; the conduct of the pompiers and fire-brigade was admirable, though few, very few, survived to tell the tale. On the second day the inhabitants fled to Christianshavn in the Island of Amak, 100 persons lodging in the same house; 305 houses were consumed by the flames, the cathedral was totally destroyed. On the fourth day, at eleven o'clock, the capitulation of the city was signed by General Peymann, who was afterwards disgraced, deprived of his decorations, and dismissed the Danish service by the petulant Crown Prince, as a reward for his continued brave defence of the capital, and his humanity in prevent-

ing further loss of life, and its entire reduction to ashes by the cannon of the enemy.

Permission must be obtained before visiting the Dockyard and Arsenal. The former is somewhat spacious for the size of the present navy, but there are signs of improvement going on; a new dock of stone has been lately completed, capable of containing a man-of-war of the first magnitude, and now honoured by the occupation of a disabled Russian frigate. In comparison with the dockyards of England and France, there is, of course, little to be seen, but what there is is well arranged, and the work well executed. The arsenal contains a large collection of guns, swords, cutlasses, halberts, &c., from the earliest ages, arranged in chronological order. The similarity of terms used in the two services cannot fail to interest the Englishman: the *jolle baad*—the jolly boat; *aare*—oars; *at ro*—to row; *om bord*—overboard; *mast*, &c.

We leave the dockyard by the gate which leads to the separate town of Christianshavn, founded by Christian IV., on the Island of Amak. Christianshavn has a sad deserted appearance—an air of having seen better days. Many of its houses have in their time been inhabited by people well to do in the world. The palace of the long-since extinct Oriental Company looks degraded and forlorn. It is built of red brick and white stone, and has some architectural pretensions. Christian IV. sent an expedition to the East Indies, under Ove Giedde, a nobleman of ancient family. Giedde negotiated with the King of Tanjore the cession of Tranquebar, where he built a citadel, and formed the only Danish settlement in the East. He returned, after three years' absence, with the treaty engraved upon plates of silver. The church of St. Saviour, designed by Christian IV., was completed during the reign of Christian V. It took three kings to build it. With its external spiral staircase, in the distance it looks well, but, once approach it, an uglier brick edifice, the tower excepted, can scarcely be conceived. The interior is vast and lofty; it contains a splendid organ, richly carved, supported by two elephants. The balustrade which surmounts the gilt-capped marble font is quaint in conception, supported by the white marble figures of small children, crying, laughing, praying—doing, indeed, almost everything that

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little children can do—and, unlike those of Thorwoldsen, most discreetly dressed.

The Island of Amak (Amager), on which we now stand, was, as you have, I dare say, heard, colonized in 1516 by Christian II., who established here a party of Dutch, hoping by their example to encourage the art of horticulture among his subjects. It has been styled with justice the *jardin potager* of Copenhagen; the inhabitants still retain the ancient costume as worn by their Friesland forefathers.

On Shrove Tuesday, up to the days of King Christian V., and maybe later, the Court were accustomed to hold a carnival in the Island of Amak, disguising themselves in the habits of North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short jackets, and large blue capes; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred, they got up into common country waggon, in each a man before and a woman behind, and drove off to a farm-house in the island, and there danced to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, having first partaken of a country dinner off earthen platters and with wooden spoons, all etiquette being laid aside, and little regard paid to majesty or quality. At night they drove home by torchlight, and were entertained at the Comedy, and partook of a grand supper, spending the evening in the same habits, which they never put off till the next day.

Two bridges connect this island with the town of Copenhagen: one leads into the street before the Bourse. But we will cross over the second bridge, and so gain the ramparts, by which the whole city, including Christianshavn, is surrounded.

It is a pleasant stroll on a fine bright morning along the ramparts of the city, laid out with avenues, and commanding the adjacent country. — If the weather is hot, you bend your course under the shade of the thick-planted trees; in cold weather, the sun is always there on the highest embankment, and the wind, too, sometimes.

Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but

the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up: the engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys, and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the bower accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it: from that time the ramparts sunk no more.

Within that heavy-looking old red brick house, with massive stone window-copings, reminding you of the Dutch architecture of William's day, once resided Tycho Brahe, the northern luminary of his century. This almost sole remaining house of historic interest in Copenhagen the Danes have shown the good taste not to destroy. It is converted into an almshouse for aged men and women.

As we continue our ramble, the houses in the streets below appear all windows. I defy the occupiers to wash and dress unseen, they are so overlooked from the heights above, and possess no retreat. Now comes the Rosenborg Slot, with its three weathercocks, which always point in different directions; sometimes, though rarely, a reconciliation is effected between two of them, but it is of short duration.

Look on that little quartier, consisting of twelve streets of toy-box houses, ranged in symmetrical regularity, the domicile and *pépinière* of Denmark's navy, founded by Christian IV., who loved and protected his sailors. Since the reign of that monarch there they dwell, live, and flourish, as the crowds of small boys, fighting, wrestling, and playing in the Gronlandgade, to which we now descend, will fully testify.

## VIII.

CASTLE OF ROSENBORG—THE HORN OF OLDENBORG—MARRIAGE CEREMONIALS OF CHRISTIAN II.—BADGES OF THE ARMED HAND AND GARTER—TRIAL OF CHRISTINA MUNK—FUNERAL OF VIBEKE—RISE AND FALL OF GRIFFENFELD—QUEEN LOUISA OF ENGLAND—JULIANA MARIA—FATE OF CAROLINE MATILDA—HER PORTRAITS—TAPESTRY OF THE RIDDESSAAL—REGALIA—THE SILVER LIONS OF DENMARK.

THE Castle of Rosenberg, built by Christian IV., is of red brick and stone, in the style of Italian Renaissance, grafted on the ancient Gothic of Northern Europe. It is a fine specimen of the period, and is unspoiled by modern improvements either within or without. An idea generally prevails among the English that it was constructed after the designs of Inigo Jones, but of this there is no proof either by plan or record. It is certain that Inigo was attached to the person of Christian IV., who took him over to England on his celebrated visit to his brother-in-law, James I., and then introduced him to the notice of the English sovereign. Rosenberg is now a deserted palace, a *fidei commissum* and museum of the house of Oldenburg. In the last century it formed the first halting-place of the king, who inhabited it for a fortnight in the early spring, previous to continuing the royal progress to Frederiksborg and other residences.

You enter the palace by a long corridor, with richly wrought ceiling adorned with pendants, such as one sometimes meets with in the old country houses in England of the same or of a previous date.

Passing through the audience-chamber, empanelled with pictures by Dutch artists, you come to the room in which Christian IV. died. In this and an adjoining cabinet are preserved the valuables of the sovereign, of anterior date, as well as those of the founder himself.

First on our list comes the celebrated horn of Oldenburg, the work of a German artist, executed about the year 1455, by command of Christian I., whose intention it was, had he succeeded in his office of mediator between the Chapter of Cologne and their archbishop, to have presented it as a votive offering to the shrine of the Magi in that city. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art, of silver gilt, enriched with ornamentations in green and violet enamel, representing scenes illustrative of feudal domestic life in the fifteenth century. An ancient gold ring, enriched with a rough sapphire, once served as the nuptial ring of Elizabeth,

daughter of Philip le Bel of Austria, wife of King Christian II., who certainly, independent of her unlucky lot, underwent as disagreeable an espousal as ever bride was fated to endure; for, on her arrival, Bishop Urne treated the assembly to so long a discourse, that the rain falling heavily—it lasted the greater part of the day—king, queen, and court got wet through, and all their fine clothes and feathers were spoiled.

Curious and rich are the specimens of the jewellery of Christian IV.'s period, especially two bracelets of gold, one enamelled, and set with rubies, at each joint engraved with the cipher of the monarch, surmounted by a crown; the other of equally beautiful workmanship, intermixed with plaited hair, once the property of Anne Catherine of Brandenburg, his queen. But it would be tedious to catalogue the jewelled mirrors, sacramental plate, toys and toilets in gold enamel, glyptics of rock crystal and other precious stones, the properties of these sovereigns. Among them you will observe some badges of the "Armed Hand," a mailed arm in green enamel, enriched with diamonds—a decoration of great beauty, and one which Christian IV. gave only to his especial favourites. It is very rarely seen suspended round the neck even of the numerous worthies, or rather notabilities, for which his long reign was so remarkable. Here, too, are preserved the collar and linen, stained with blood, worn by King Christian in the naval battle of Femern, in which he received twenty-three wounds, and lost his right eye; also the badges of the Garter of the various Danish sovereigns who have been invested with the order—the earliest, from its workmanship, I imagine to be that of King John, who received it from Henry VII.; likewise the robes of the order sent by Queen Elizabeth to Frederick II.—robes which he positively declined to put on, to the great scandal of her ambassador, Lord Willoughby.

It was in the garden of Rosenberg that Christian first assembled his council, as well as his family, his mother-in-law, old Ellen Narsviin, and the children of Chris-

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tina herself, and made known to them the nineteen points on which he thought fit to accuse Christina. As for the proceedings and the accusation made before Christina's mother and her children, no historian has ever been able to make head or tail of it. Everybody spoke at the same time, and the continued exclamations of "Grandmamma," "Your Majesty," "Lady Ellen," interrupting each other, renders the whole affair a confusion; but, when the trial was over, Christina was found "Not guilty."

This acquittal did not, however, serve her much, for she was deprived of her rank of Countess of Slesvig-Holstein, no longer prayed for in the churches, and banished to an old manor-house in Jutland, where she was kept in a sort of imprisonment—iron bars to her windows—with orders for the future to style herself Mrs. Christina, of Boller.

One of the arguments brought up against King Christian at the trial by Corfitz Ulfeld was his connexion with Vibeke Kruse, once tire-woman to Christina. From this period Christian lived entirely with Vibeke, who, though far from beautiful, won his sincere affection by her gentle qualities. No sooner, however, was the king dead, than the Munkites drove her out of the castle, and demanded that she should be charged with "calumny" against their mother; but we hear no more of her until, on the following 6th of May, appears an entry in the journal of Dr. Laurits Jacobsen, the king's confessor:—"This day was the Lady Vibeke's coffin interred in the church outside the north gate of the city."

Among the effects of Frederic III.'s time—whose enamelled cipher brooches, with pendant pearls, are well worthy of notice—are many miniatures of high interest, by an artist named Prieur, a painter of great merit. That of the sovereign himself, 1663, is of great beauty, as well as one of Charles II. of England and the Duchess of Cleveland. Further on, somewhat in the background—as she deserves to be—in a corner, sneaks Mrs. Sophia Moth, mistress of Christian V., the only portrait of her, I believe, extant—a fair-haired, insipid beauty, and one whose fame is not free from reproach for her share in the fall of Griffenfeld. She received, so declare the scandalmongers of the day, sundry sacks of gold as bribes to use her influence with her sovereign in compassing the overthrow of a minister to whom Denmark

owed much. Daughter of the royal physician, she was created Countess of Samso, and was mother of two Gyldenloves, of whom all historians speak well. Molesworth says, "The young gentlemen are handsome and hopeful, and looked upon as necessary ornaments to the crown." On these children Christian V. conferred certain privileges, giving to them and to their descendants the title of excellency, as well as precedence over the rest of the nobility, with an extra fleuron on their coronets, and permission to wear the scarlet liveries, which put the nobles in a passion if it did nothing else.

In an adjoining room is the portrait of Christian V., embroidered in silk by Eleanor Ulfeld during her rigorous captivity at Copenhagen in the Blaataarn, or Blue Tower; around the portrait is worked the following inscription in Danish verse:—"Behold here a king of angelic mind, who governs his people and his country in virtue and piety; behold a great monarch, whose head is worthy to wear for a thousand years all the crowns of the universe."

A miniature of Queen Anne of England and her husband Prince George deserves notice. The portrait of Anne, a gem of beauty, fat, fair, and pretty, with pouting lips and lazy eye, in all the freshness of early youth, gives promise of an indolent disposition easily led. She could be peevish, too, at times. Prince George, admirably wigged, a thorough gentleman; I believe few people have an idea how very handsome Prince George was in his youth—handsome as an animal, with no expression or intellect depicted in his countenance.

Lastly, the enamelled portrait of Griffenfeld, the celebrated minister. His rise, as always occurred in those ages of necromancy, was foretold by an old woman when he was a child in his nurse's arms:—"You hold a golden apple in your hand, my son; take good care not to let it fall." After the death of his father he was taken into the house of Bishop Brochmand, who presented him to King Frederic IV., by whom he was given a pension of 300 dollars to travel. He visited England, and became so esteemed by the learned, that his portrait was placed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where he pursued his studies—"not an uncommon event in those days," says Molesworth. On his return, he became Secretary to Vice-Chancellor Wind. One day, having a letter to deliver to the king's page, he

desired to speak with the king himself, and having succeeded, told Christian his history, and from that day his fortune was made. By his talents he rose to the highest offices in the state, and possessed the entire confidence of the king.

Louis XIV., in speaking of Griffenfeld to the Danish ambassador, is reported to have said—"I cannot refrain from testifying the great esteem in which I hold the great Chancellor of the Danish kingdom, whom I look upon as one of the greatest ministers of Europe." Griffenfeld made the ancient nobles feel his power, and they formed a plot against him, at the head of which was Sophia Moth. The weak king was gained by the conspirators, and Griffenfeld was arrested on unfounded charges. One of the accusations brought against him was that of having endeavoured to get created an English peer. His defence was admirable, but his doom was already sealed; he was condemned to first lose his hand, be decapitated, and broken on the wheel.

The sentence was ordered to be carried into execution on the 11th of June. Griffenfeld lost none of his courage, but received the sacrament. Everything was done to make him feel uncomfortable; in the evening his grave-clothes were brought to the prison, and the following morning his coffin, the outside of which was covered with pitch, and the inside with cotton. When he had tied up his hair (or rather taken off his wig) his escutcheon was broken to pieces by the executioner, who exclaimed, "This is not without cause, but for your bad deeds." Whereupon he replied without hesitation, "What the king has given me he has now taken away." When he had finished praying and given a sign to the executioner to cut off his head, the general-adjutant cried out, "Stop! his Majesty, in his mercy, spares his life; to which Griffenfeld replied, "The mercy is more cruel than the punishment: I have not escaped death, except for a more cruel fate;" and he begged later, through the medium of Count Schack, to enlist as a common soldier. He died at Tronyem, where he had been removed from the castle of Munkholm on account of his serious illness, after a rigorous imprisonment of twenty-one years.

The king missed his talented minister, and one day said at a cabinet council, "Griffenfeld alone knew better what served to the wants of the state than my whole cabinet."

The objects of the time of Frederic IV., though beautiful, are chiefly of local interest. In a small picture commemorative of the coronation of this monarch is represented a negro boy holding by a chain a huge mastiff, the king's favourite dog. It is related that the page had orders to hold the animal during the ceremony; but, dazzled by the splendour of the scene, he stared around forgetful of his charge; suddenly, at the moment when the primate was about to place the crown upon the brow of the king, the dog, fancying some mischief was intended to his master, sprang from his keeper, and to the consternation of those present rushed to the throne, and placing his fore paws on the knees of the sovereign, growled defiance to all the court, displaying his sharp white teeth ready to devour the bishop at the first movement made to continue the ceremony; it required the authority of the king himself to pacify the mastiff, and to induce the officials to proceed with the coronation.

And now with Frederic V. commences an era of peculiar interest to England and the English visitor. The portrait of this monarch we have already commented upon in the halls of the Academy of Soro; but here side by side he hangs with his first queen, Louisa, daughter of George II. of England. Of a noble presence, *nez en l'air*, her head thrown back, her portrait is the *ne plus ultra* of regal dignity; conscious of her birth, as a daughter of England should be, conscious of her beauty as a woman, and perhaps of the admiration she could never fail to command, she stands, beautiful, beneficent in expression, void of all Russian *hauteur* and German *morgue*. I returned twice to gaze upon this portrait, and felt proud to see a princess of our royal stock stand out as a constellation among the coarser specimens of German royalty. "She was as good as she was beautiful," observed the custodian: "even now, and she died in 1757, the peasants will still relate to you anecdotes of her goodness. She gave ten thousand crowns annually out of her pin-money in pensions alone. And to think by what a bad woman she was replaced! It was a sad day for Denmark when she died."

We now turn to the successor of our English princess, Juliana Maria of Brunswick, married to Frederic V. the year after the death of his former queen. In countenance somewhat handsome (and I have seen other portraits far more flatter-

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ing than that of Rosenborg), in expression villanous, of a bad beauty, fine bust, and well-rounded arm, a want of shade about her face, she appears a woman capable of fascinating any man around whom she spreads her toils—for heart she had none—and driving him to perdition in this world and the next; dangerous she looks, and dangerous she proved herself to be. Juliana held no place in her husband's affections.

The story of the intrigues by which she compassed the ruin of our English princess Queen Caroline Matilda, and organized the plot which terminated in the death of Struensee, are too well known to require repetition. But I will quote the account given by Wraxall in his memoirs, 1775, in which year he visited Copenhagen.

"One night at a grand ball at the palace, the queen, after dancing as usual one country dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee for the remainder of the evening: at two o'clock in the morning she retired, followed by him and Count Brandt. The queen dowager and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed; they knelt down beside him and implored him to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by ordering the arrest of those they termed the authors of it. The half-imbecile king at first was most unwilling. Count Rantzau came to the door of her Majesty and knocked; a woman of the bed-chamber was ordered to awake the queen and inform her she was arrested. Caroline, seizing the infant Princess Louise in her

arms, endeavoured to gain the king's apartment, but without success; she was then hurried into a carriage half undressed, and confined like a state prisoner in the castle of Kronborg, from which she was released by the argument of a strong fleet sent from England."

From this period all good feeling between the courts of England and Denmark ended.

But we must visit the Riddersaal, with its richly decorated ceiling and its ancient tapestry, the work of the Brothers Van der Eiken. This tapestry, made about the year 1690, represents the victories of Christian V.; it is of admirable execution.

Within this castle of Rosenborg is contained the regalia of the country, among which appear brilliant and dazzling the jewels of Queen Madalena; she bequeathed them to the country with whose money they had been purchased.

The crown of Christian IV., by Thomas Fiuren of Odense, of gold enamel and jewels, is perhaps the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art in the seventeenth century now extant. It is no longer used, being that of an elected sovereign, open.

Arranged around, stand, or rather crawl, the three colossal silver lions of Denmark. These royal quadrupeds, like our own beefeaters, form part and parcel of all regal ceremonies, joyous or lugubrious. They emigrate to the cathedral church of Roeskilde and accompany the deceased sovereign to his last resting-place, and again appear at Frederiksborg at the coronation of his successor.

## IX.—

ENVIRONS OF COPENHAGEN—BATHS OF MARIENLYST—EL SINORE—THE SO-CALLED HAMLET'S TOMB—THE HAMMER-MILLS—GRAVE OF A SCANDINAVIAN DOG.

A BRIGHT sun and a frosty morning in January induced us to visit the Palace of Frederiksborg, two miles distant from Copenhagen. January is not the month usually selected for roaming through uninhabited houses; but I was anxious to see a portrait of Sophia Madalena, Queen of Sweden, of which Her Majesty the Queen Dowager had spoken to me. How bright the country looks on a fine frosty morning! how bracing the air! It is quite refreshing to quit the city. We

passed by the square reservoirs of the water company, now firmly frozen over, where myriads of small boys in sabots, with satchels on back, were diverting themselves with the pastime of sliding. We then zigzagged off into a cross road, turned off by a butcher's shop—slagtermester in Danish. He lives next door to the carrier, who announces to the public how daily he conveys "parcellan" of all sorts to and from the town. Near the gate of the palace gardens stands an ad-

mirably-executed statue of Frederick VI., the most popular and most beloved monarch that ever sat on the Danish throne. It is said to be an excellent likeness, in the frock-coat, semi-military, in which he walked and talked daily in that very locality—a residence he much loved. The palace is well placed, and commands a splendid view of Copenhagen and its environs. Frederiksborg contains little to repay you for the trouble of wandering through dismantled rooms, beyond a portrait of the late Queen Dowager by Juel, and the full-length of the Queen of Sweden.

The environs of Copenhagen are beautiful; and the drives to the Deer-park, where in summer-time a fair is held, and the so-called Hermitage of Madalena, well repay the trouble. Frederiksdal on the lake, and Lyngby, with its palace of Sorgenfri, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager; the forest of Jægersborg: Charlottenlund, where the fireworks blaze of a summer's eve; the bathing-place of Klampenborg, on the Sound—all form agreeable promenades on an idle day; but there is nothing more to say about them. Blue fresh or blue salt-water (as the case may be), beech-trees, deer, a villa residence—when you have described one, you have said all that is or can be said about them. But the neighbourhood of Lyngby is a Vale of Tempe, and in early May the market-women come into town bearing baskets loaded with the lilac-flowers of the *primula farinosa*, mounted into little nosegays. The steamer to Elsinore will leave you at Bellevue, from which you may visit in a carriage the prettiest sites in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen.

Flytte-dag has at length arrived, and to-day we leave our apartments in the Amaliegade, according to law, clean swept and garnished. It's an awful affair quitting Copenhagen. For the last three days cartloads of furniture have been carried off in succession, gradually reducing us to the strict *nécessaire* of chairs and bedstead. We are, however, at last under way, and embark on board the fast steamboat *Horatio*, which in two hours' time lands us at our destination.

We are now completely established at Marienlyst; somewhat cold, if the truth be told, but where to go at this season of the year becomes a puzzler. Too early to travel, heartily tired of Copenhagen, we were glad of a change, and spring is sure to come some time or other. I must

now give you some description of our present abode, which is situated at a half-hour's distance from the town of Elsinore. The house is of considerable architectural pretensions, built what the French call *à mi-côte*, or, in plain, intelligible English, half-way up the hill, overhung and surrounded by luxuriant woods. The garden in front, with its avenues of clipped limes, forms the public promenade of the natives. Beyond, from our window, we gaze on the dark blue waters of the Sound, ever gay with its numberless shipping, frigates, steamers, and merchantmen.

Marienlyst boasts of a certain historic interest, particularly to us English, for here was founded, early in the fifteenth century, a Carmelite cloister by our English princess Queen Philippa, of whom the Danes think so much, and of whom we, her countrymen, know so little.

The bathing here is excellent, and I have no doubt, when more known (for it is now in its infancy), Marienlyst will become one of the most favourite watering-places of Northern Europe.

We inhabit the *premier*. The *bel étage*—not according to rule, but on account of the view—is on our second; a suite of apartments richly painted and decorated in the style of the last century; medallions of Frederic and Juliana surmount the mirrors—he in all the pride *d'une beauté insolente*, she so handsome you could almost pardon her wickedness in her later days. Here are the dining, reading-rooms, and restaurant. Views of Venice, not quite Canaletti, adorn the walls—pleasant to look upon as old acquaintances, not as works of art. The view from the windows is glorious, and (the palace being built *à mi-côte*) you walk out from thence across a wooden bridge straight into the woods above.

We mount *au second*. A door leads you direct into the woods. You turn to the right, and before passing through the open gate which leads into the forest find yourself in front of a raised mound, once surmounted by a cross (partly fallen), the so-called "Hamlet's Tomb;" no more his place of sepulture than that of Jupiter. Indeed, its origin dates from within the last thirty years. Hans Andersen assured me that, when he was a scholar at Elsinore, it existed not. In the good old times, when the Sound duties still were, and myriads of ships of all nations stopped at Elsinore to pay their dues and be plundered by the inhabitants, each fresh

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English sailor, on his first arrival, demanded to be conducted to the tomb of Hamlet. Now, on the outside of the town, by the Strand Vei, in the garden of a resident merchant, stood and still stands a hoi or barrow, one of the twenty thousand which are scattered so plentifully over the Danish dominions. This barrow, to the great annoyance of its possessor, was settled upon as a fit resting-place for Shakspeare's hero. Worried and tormented by the numerous visitors, who allowed him no peace, he, at his own expense, erected this monument in the public garden of the Marienlyst, caused it to be surmounted by a cross and a half-erased inscription, fixing the date of Hamlet's death the 22nd of October, old style, the year a blank. Admirably, too, it succeeded. The British public were content, and the worthy merchant allowed to smoke his pipe in peace under the grateful shade of his charmillé.

Within the domain of the monastery hard by was founded a hospital for foreign seamen, and in the days of Christian IV. our garden was known by the appellation of "Kronborg's Lundehave," and here the king possessed a "lyst" house, where he loved to pass his leisure hours and drink his wine in company with Mrs. Karen Andersdatter, whose son, Hans Ulrik, one of the Gyldenloves—a distinguished man—became later governor of the castle. As for poor Karen, she grew blear-eyed, had to wear spectacles; so the king married her off to a parson. You will see her portrait at Rosenborg—not the lady with pearls in her hair: she is another, Kirstan Madsdatter, who died suddenly while sitting at a looking-glass, braiding those very ornaments among her golden tresses.

Christian IV., in his journal of May 5th, 1629, notes down: "I Christian IV. went from Frederiksborg to Kronborg. A little boy opened the door by the chimney of the kitchen, out in the garden-house (Kronborg Lundehave); and when I sent to see who was there, there was nobody." Not very alarming, but he was always seeing visions. Here, too, he made his "cure," and took his powder for "epileptic fits." Not that he suffered from them more than you or I. He got drunk, tumbled down like his neighbours, and on his recovery declared it was "epilepsy." No one contradicted His Majesty: it was not etiquette: so he believed it, and betook himself to powders—powders composed of "scrunched malefactors' skulls,"

mingled with some bygone nostrum: the greater the villain, be he hanged or decapitated, the more efficacious the remedy.

Capital punishment still exists in Denmark: none of your new-fangled philanthropic guillotines, but decapitation, as in days of yore, by sword and block; and now, even in the present century, when an execution takes place either in the Island of Amak or Moen, the epileptic stand around the scaffold in crowds, cup in hand, ready to quaff the red blood as it flows from the still quivering body of the malefactor.

Along the coast extends for miles a beechen forest, with walks cut out for the delectation of the visitors: no under-wood—a shady canopy overhead, under which the exhilarating sea-air circulates.

"Visit the Hammer-mills," said Hans Andersen; "it is a charming walk." And who is a better judge of what is picturesque than Hans Andersen? one of nature's poets; none of your taught admirers of the beautiful, blessed or rather cursed with an artistic eye, a bore to everybody. We were not destined to arrive there on our first attempt: we passed the glass manufactory on the seashore—very black it looked, with its smoke curling languidly in the clear atmosphere—and then turned off to gain the road. In this wood you will find a little dog's cemetery—small mounds of earth and heaps of stone, such as a Scandinavian dog should lie under. Danish ladies are apt to be sentimental, but in a *ménagère* fashion, as the following anecdote will show. One day, observing a small tombstone in the Botanical Garden—erected to the memory of a lapdog by a lady of rank, said the gardener—I knelt down and deciphered the inscription, which ran thus—

— "Here lies Giordano, a faithful friend,  
Born at Rome in the 7th year of Pius VI.'s  
pontificate,  
Died at Copenhagen in that remarkable winter  
when sugar was sold at 45 sk. the pound.  
*Requiescat in pace.*

Our walk to the Hammer-mills and the village of Hellebæk did, however, come off two days later, and well it repaid our trouble. Suddenly among the rich woodland scenery you come on a little village, with turning water-mills, gardens, and homesteads of almost Dutch neatness. This is the German colony—the congregation of St. Mary's—established by the celebrated Count Schimmelfmann, in the

last century, for the manufacture of arms.

The village of Hellebæk extends along the sea-shore. A miraculous draught of fishes had been taken two nights before in the nets; every garden, every piece of waste ground, was hung with cod and flounders, split up, drying in the sun. In each cottage window blossom splendid tree carnations; the rose *de la Hol-*

*lande* and the Ardoisée, one mass of flowers.

As we strolled through the woods, the voice of the cuckoo rang shrilly through the air, entirely too devoid of Danish accent. Many naturalists declare that the notes of the singing-birds differ according to the climate in which they dwell. Perhaps I am hard of hearing, for I have never yet found it out.

(*To be continued.*)

## PEARLS FROM THE EAST.

### *Fate.*

Fate like an angry tempest is; mankind  
The feeble straw swept headlong by the  
wind.

### *Poverty and Wealth.*

All else is accident. Poverty is  
Essence. Disease all else: health naught  
save this.

### *Want and Content.*

From *want* springs baseness, honour from  
*content*.

### *The World.*

This world, like to a spouse unchaste and  
base,  
Did ne'er yield joy to those who with  
her wed;  
None on her throne's ascent their foot-  
steps place,  
But feel her trenchant sabre on their  
head.

### *Tyranny.*

O thou, to whom an empire's sway is  
given,  
Wouldst thou be blest? eschew, then,  
tyranny.  
Not by a hundred swords are realms so  
riven,  
As by, if just, one suffering victim's  
sigh.

### *Patience.*

Patience is reason's treasury. We speak  
Of brutes and devils when we name the  
unmeek.

### *A Good Wife.*

A modest, chaste, and an obedient wife  
Lifts her poor husband to a kingly  
throne:  
What though the live-long day with toils  
be rife,  
The solace of his cares at night's his  
own.  
If she be modest, and her words be kind,  
Mark not her beauty, or her want of  
grace;  
The fairest woman, if deformed in mind,  
Will in thy heart's affection find no  
place:  
Dazzling as Eden's beauties to the eye,  
In outward form; foul is her face  
within.  
Better in dungeon, bound with chains,  
to lie,  
Than mark at home a wife of frowning  
mien.  
Better bare feet than pinching shoes.  
The woes  
Of travel are less hard than broils at  
home.  
Contentment's door upon that mansion  
close,  
Whence wrangling women's high-  
pitched voices come.



## THE FORTUNES OF THE VAN ARTEVELDS.

"Rejoice! that the forgotten day,  
When Chivalry was nourish'd—  
When few but friars learn'd to pray,  
And cruel warfare flourish'd—  
When fraud in kings was held quite just,  
Nor falsehood sin was counted—  
Rejoice! such times have pass'd away,  
And mail-clad knights dismounted."

CHATEAUBRIAND has ably remarked that the commercial and manufacturing towns of Flanders were the classic seats of municipal independence, and the cradles of modern European freedom. The foundations of this freedom were laid as far back as the latter part of the eleventh century, when the Flemish nobles, in order to equip themselves for the first Crusade, sold their domains to their vassals, who by that means became enfranchised. Such of them as resided in the towns then proceeded to found municipal governments, electing sheriffs, adopting public seals, and establishing courts of justice. As early as 1180, Earl Baldwin granted to Ghent—then the capital of Flanders, and more populous than any city in France—a charter, in which the following liberal principles were recognised. The preamble recites, that—

"It is conformable to the law of God, and the light of reason, that princes who desire to be honoured and served by their subjects, should consider it, on their part, a duty to respect and maintain inviolate the rights and customs of the latter; and it is with these considerations that, at the desire of my dear and faithful citizens of Ghent, I have assured to them, in manner following, their rights and customs, as well as the freedom of their city."

The first article of the same charter is also worthy of being quoted, and is as follows:—

"The citizens of Ghent owe to their prince fidelity and attachment while he shall treat them conformable to justice and reason, by which mode of acting alone the prince can reign for the advantage of all."

Among all the Flemish towns, Ghent has ever been the most famous for the pertinacity with which its burgesses asserted their rights during the dreary period of the middle ages. Not unfrequently, like the Grecian and Italian States in similar circumstances, they submitted to be ruled with more despotic power by a popular leader of their own choosing, than ever was claimed by their

liege lords the Earls of Flanders. Two of those leaders, Jacques and Philip van Arteveld, father and son, have been the heroes of more than one work of poetry and fiction, while in history they have been branded as rebels, or lauded as patriots, according to the predilections of different writers. What they were we shall leave our readers to judge for themselves; we intend merely to relate a plain, unvarnished tale, to disabuse the minds of those who may still believe in the beauties of chivalry, and illustrate the barbarities of what some still persist in terming the *good* old times—a period when, in the words of Hobbes, we may say, there existed "no arts, no letters, no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

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"He was a man who, highly-gifted, rose,  
By steps of various enterprise—by skill,  
By native vigour—to wide sway, and took  
What his vain rival, having, could not keep,  
His glory shall not cease, though cloth of gold  
Wrap him no more, for not of golden cloth,  
Nor fur, nor miniver, his greatness came,  
Whose fortunes were inborn."

JACQUES VAN ARTEVELD, a citizen of Ghent, obtained by means unknown, at an early age, a post in the household of the Earl of Valois, whose son subsequently became King of France. The young Fleming accompanied his lord on an expedition to the Isle of Rhodes and conducted himself with such courage and discretion that he was advanced to the household of Louis, who shortly after ascended the French throne, and is known in history as Hutin, the Headstrong.

Before the accession of Philip of Valois, Jacques quitted the king's service and returned to Ghent, his great natural abilities improved by experience and knowledge of the world. Both his name and the station he held at the court of France imply that he was of good birth, but his circumstances seem to have been poor, for he married the wealthy widow of a brewer, and carried on the business successfully. He soon rose to be dean or head of the company, or guild, of brewers, and ultimately head of the fifty-three trading guilds of Ghent. In this office he ruled the armed population of the city, and gifted with rare energy, a sure and prompt

intelligence, and lofty eloquence, he became the absolute head of the popular party, and successfully resisted the infringements and exactions of Louis de Nevers, then Earl of Flanders. Louis, unable to cope openly with Jacques, sent an assassin, who attempted to murder him in the council chamber of the trades, at Ghent. The burgesses, indignant at this outrage, threw off the earl's authority, and appointed Arteveld as regent in his place. The other Flemish towns joining Ghent, the earl was compelled to fly into France. By this retreat Arteveld arrived at supreme authority, though he never claimed any higher title than regent in the absence of the earl; even when he coined money it was always in the earl's name. He governed Flanders with wisdom and justice; gave a strong and wise constitution to his country, which the Flemings retained for two hundred years. He increased its commercial prosperity, and proved himself to be an adroit politician, and a bold and sagacious military commander.

At this period, when Jacques was at the height of his power, the death of Louis Hutin inspired Edward III. of England with the ambitious dream of attaching the whole of the French kingdom to his dominions. The Duke of Hainault, Edward's father-in-law, being willing to render him assistance, Edward saw that his best strategy was to attack France, through Flanders, if the Flemings would permit him. He consequently made proposals of forming a political and commercial alliance with Arteveld—the first time, north of the Alps, that a sovereign prince had treated with a leading democrat. England at that time afforded the Flemish manufacturers their principal supply of wool, and Arteveld, for the sake of a favourable commercial treaty, readily met the views of King Edward.

One unforeseen obstacle, however, opposed itself to the complete success of the negotiation—the Flemings having bound themselves to the Pope, under the penalty of excommunication and a forfeit of two million florins, never to take arms against the King of France, could afford Edward no military aid. At the same time they agreed to allow him a free passage to his armies, and such other hospitality and assistance as did not imply the infraction of their bond.

After Edward's first campaign in France, to insure the permanence of the alliance he had formed, he appointed a

general meeting of his supporters to take place at Brussels. Arteveld attended this conference in almost regal pomp, and was received with almost regal distinction. Edward earnestly solicited the Flemings to take arms in his favour, but they urged the same motives for neutrality as they had stated before, namely, their convention with the French king, and their bond to the Pope. Arteveld, however, thought of an expedient which would remove these difficulties. The King of England, he argued, had long contended that he had a right to the throne of France; he was now in arms to assert that right, and the Flemings were satisfied of the justice of his claim. Though, bound by their obligations, they could not aid him as King of England, yet if he assumed the style and title of King of France, and bore the arms of that monarchy quartered with those of England, the objection would be removed, and the people of Flanders could then acknowledge him as their lawful sovereign, and fight his battles without forfeiting the penalty of their bond. Edward agreed to the proposal, solemnly took the title of King of France, and quartered the *fleur-de-lys* with the leopards of England. This, by the way, was the first time the arms of France appeared in the royal escutcheon of England, and they remained in it until the last century.

By indefatigable exertions, Arteveld succeeded in forming an alliance of Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant. A sort of parliament was convened, the representatives of the free communes meeting and deliberating with the nobles: each of these hitherto hostile classes pledging themselves to respect the rights and privileges of the other. This first union of the burghers and the nobles was devised by Arteveld, with the grand and general political views that dignify and ennoble his history.

Arteveld's great object was to form an intimate union of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. He clearly saw the security it would give to either of those small states while surrounded by larger and more powerful realms. The advantages of mutual commerce, the increase of general prosperity, the vigour of united efforts, and the tranquillity insured by confederate power, were all foreseen by his gifted mind. Such a plan, if duly carried out, would have raised up in the north-west of Europe a great commercial and manufacturing state, possessing advantages superior in many respects to any other coun-

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try in Europe, while by its striking contrast with many of the leading institutions of that day, it would have tended greatly to change and improve the social system; and by drawing the preponderance of commerce and power in another direction, would have altered all the political relations of Europe, throughout succeeding times.

A truce having been agreed upon between the kings of England and France, the latter strained every effort to detach the Flemings from their English alliance. Arteveld perceived that he must either hurry forward his wavering countrymen to some irretrievable step in favour of England, or see them ultimately fall back under the yoke, yielding themselves to the same tyranny and exactions as before. The step he meditated was an unselfish one—depriving himself of the high station his talents had acquired. He proposed to yield entirely to the sway of England, and give the sovereignty of Flanders to Edward the Black Prince. But the proposition did not suit the feelings of his countrymen. The burgher councils had too long tasted the sweets of uncontrolled power, to relinquish it even for their own and the general good. As persuasion was unavailing, Arteveld is supposed to have attempted intimidation, with English troops. An opposite party immediately sprang into existence. All the ordinary means of decrying a public man, which have been used for centuries past, and probably will be employed for centuries to come, were turned against the Flemish patriot. He was charged with engrossing the whole power of Flanders, with embezzling the public money, and conveying the proceeds of the taxes to a foreign country, in order to prepare for himself a safe refuge and enormous fortune in England. Day after day the same tale was repeated with aggravating circumstances, and the people receiving it all as truth, wrought themselves into a frenzy of hatred against him. His house was surrounded by a mob of the opposite party; he attempted to address them from a window, but they would not listen to him. Seeing that they were forcing their way into his dwelling, he attempted to take refuge in an adjoining church, but was overtaken and killed by the infuriated crowd. A metal shield, attached to the balcony of a house, near the corner of the Place du Calendre, at Ghent, points out to the passing traveller the place where Arteveld was murdered by his ungrateful countrymen.

That Jacques Van Arteveld was highly gifted by nature, is evident from the effects which his talents produced, in an age when the general state of intellect among the lower classes, and the prejudices and policy of the higher order, were as unfavourable as it is possible to conceive, for the exertions by which he rose. Had his education been equal to his genius, and his means been equal to his designs, it is probable that he would have proved himself one of the greatest men in European history. And now, when we can comprehend his designs but very imperfectly, and are even compelled to deduce his history from hostile sources, we must undoubtedly class him amongst the greatest men of the age in which he lived.

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“Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom  
I wage my war—no nation for my friend,  
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends.  
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords  
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me  
Are knit by their affections. With the poor  
I make my treaty, and the heart of man  
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,  
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,  
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil—  
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon’s darkness—  
I hail you my auxiliaries and allies.”

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD the RUWAERT\* was but a child at the period of his father’s murder. He, too, was born at Ghent, about the same time that Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., gave birth, at the same place, to our famous “John of Ghent, time-honoured Lancaster.” Queen Philippa held Philip Van Arteveld at the font, when he was christened, and thence was given to him his Christian name. As he grew up he devoted himself to literature and angling, and was universally considered by his townsmen to be a mere dreamy scholar, without the requisite energy or ambition to take any part in the troubled waters of political strife.

It will be necessary to state the position of the parties in Ghent previous to Philip being elected Ruwaert.

The great political maxim of the Earls of Flanders was to divide, that they might the more easily govern. Acting on this principle, Louis de Maele, the reigning Earl, gave permission to the citizens of Bruges to cut a canal from the river Lys

\* From the Flemish *ruhe warten*—to watch over the public—a somewhat similar appellation to our word Protector.

to their town. An attempt had previously been made to form this canal; but the inhabitants of Ghent, being unwilling to lose their exclusive right of navigating the Lys, would not permit the work to be carried out. So, to prevent them from interfering a second time, the Earl sent a number of men-at-arms to guard the workmen.

The popular leader in Ghent at that time was one John Lyon. Unwilling to take the initiative, he artfully caused a woman, who had been to Boulogne on a pilgrimage, to seat herself in the market-place, covered with dust, and appearing fatigued after her journey. The townspeople, seeing this woman, asked where she had come from.

"From Bruges," she replied; "and I have seen on my way the greatest curse that can befall the town of Ghent; for there are upwards of five hundred diggers labouring night and day to cut a canal to the Lys; and if they be not stopped, they will get from their town a passage to the river."

The townspeople muttered that such a proceeding could not be borne, and went to inform Lyon, and ask his advice on the matter. He replied—

"Well, gentlemen, if you wish to risk this business, and put an end to it, you must renew an ancient custom that formerly prevailed in this town. I mean, you must first put on white hoods, as a signal of revolt, and then choose a leader, whom every one must look up to and rally round."

White hoods were accordingly made, and Lyon chosen leader. At the head of two thousand men, he marched out of Ghent, and routed the canal-diggers of Bruges. They returned in triumph, but to hear of a fresh cause of dissension with the Earl, who had caused a burgess of Ghent to be arrested, and confined in his prison at Loo. As the people of Ghent had the sole judicial authority over their own citizens, they immediately demanded that the prisoner should be given up to them. But Roger D'Auterm, the Earl's bailiff, said—

"Ha! what a noise this is about a mariner. Were my prisoner ten times richer than he is, I would not release him without orders. I have power to arrest, but none to set free."

A deputation of the citizens was then sent to the Earl, who received them cordially. He, at their request, liberated the prisoner, guaranteed that the men of

Bruges should not have their canal, and only desired on his part, as a proof of the friendship that so happily existed between them, that the people of Ghent would lay aside their odious white hoods. When the deputation returned, and informed their fellow-townsmen what the Earl had said, Lyon got up and addressed the assembly in the following words:—

"My good people, you must know and see clearly, at the present time, the value of these white hoods. Have they not preserved for you, and do they not guard your franchise better than those of black, red, or any other colour. Be assured, and remember I tell you so, that as soon as the white hood shall be laid aside, according to the request which my lord the Earl has made, I will not give three farthings for all your privileges."

In consequence of this speech, the faction of the White-hoods retained their distinctive dress, and, dreading the Earl's vengeance, formed themselves in companies of fifties, and kept themselves in readiness night and day—for, as Lyon said, "it would be better to kill than to be killed."

It must not be supposed that all the people of Ghent belonged to the White-hood party. On the contrary, there were a considerable minority, who sided with the Earl, and they, in conjunction with the Earl's bailiff, formed a plot to surprise the White-hoods, and execute their leaders. Accordingly, D'Auterm, with two hundred men-at-arms, suddenly appeared one day in the market-place, and set up the Earl's banner, as a symbol of his authority. But being badly supported by his party, the bailiff was immediately slain by the White-hoods, and the Earl's banner thrown down in the dirt. The men-at-arms, seeing what had taken place, made no resistance, but quietly left the town.

It appears, from the chronicles of the period, that this last occurrence caused an intense excitement, not only in Flanders, but in other countries. Not that the murder of the bailiff was looked upon as any very great crime. He, indeed, seems to have been scarcely thought of; it was the criminal indignity offered to the Earl's banner that formed the head and front of the offence. The Earl swore he would be revenged. A town meeting was held in Ghent, where Lyon proposed, as he said "it was right to be on good terms with our lord," that twelve citizens should wait on the Earl, and implore forgiveness and peace. The deputation was sent off;

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but, in the meantime, some of the rabble plundered and burned the Earl's favourite country-house, in the neighbourhood of Ghent. He just received tidings of this last insult, as the deputation of burgesses were admitted to his presence. "Ah, wretches!" he exclaimed, "you supplicate my favour sword in hand. I would have acceded to everything, if you had not burned my house. Do you not think there has been sufficient contempt shown me by killing my bailiff, and dishonouring my banner? If my own honour were not concerned, even with your passports, I would cause you all to be beheaded. Quit my presence, and tell those wicked men, your townspeople, there shall be no peace until every man I point out shall be given up to me."

The Earl summoned his knights to assist him in chastising the people of Ghent, and preparations were made for war on both sides. The army of Ghent, to the number of nine or ten thousand men, under the command of John Lyon, marched to Bruges, to compel the people of the latter town to join them. Lyon, "a bold and valiant man, in bright armour, with a white truncheon in his hand, and mounted on a jet-black horse, was a handsome sight," as, followed by his men, he rode into the market-place of Bruges. A formal alliance was then made between the two towns. Lyon made proclamation for all his men to retire to quarters and disarm, without noise, tumult, or dislodging any one, under pain of death. The authorities of Bruges also made proclamation that every householder was to receive, as friendly guests, the people of Ghent, and supply them with provisions at the market price. Two days were thus amicably spent. On the third, Lyon marched to Durme, where he was received with open arms. The principal ladies of the place invited him to a public supper, where he was poisoned, and died in great agony the next day. The Ghent people, greatly disheartened at the death of Lyon, returned home, taking his body with them, which they interred with great honour at the public expense. They then elected four leaders in his place; and, marching to Ypres, Courtray, and Grammont, compelled those towns to make treaties for mutual defence.

The Earl was then at Oudenard, where he was immediately besieged by the men of Ghent, and reduced to such straits, that he applied to the Duke of Burgundy to make peace between him and his

people. To the proposals of the Duke the men of Ghent stated their distress at having been compelled to go to war with their lord; that they would immediately raise the siege and conclude a treaty of peace, without making any other condition than that the Earl should promise to live at Ghent. The Earl promised, and the Ghent people returned to their homes; but the Earl went to live at Bruges. After some time the Ghent men sent twenty-four deputies to entreat the Earl to fulfil his promise of living amongst them. He acceded to their request, came to Ghent and addressed the populace for an hour, from a window; but the sight of the white-hoods making him "melancholy," he stole away from the town, without taking leave of any one. It was well for him that he did so. At the instigation of the Earl, one Oliver D'Auterm, the cousin of the murdered bailiff, seized fifty ships belonging to Ghent, barbarously put out the eyes of their crews, and sent the poor blinded sailors in a crowd to Ghent, with a defiance. The Earl's complicity in the affair being clearly evident, there was no course now left but open war.

The people of Ghent laid in stores of provisions, and each subscribed money and jewels to the common fund. They also sent ambassadors to the King of France, supplicating that he would not take the Earl's part against them, for, they said, their only wish was to live in peace, obedience, and service to their lord; but they could not do so, as he very wickedly oppressed and harassed them. The King of France declined to interfere, and the war commenced by the Earl causing to be executed five hundred of the inhabitants of Ypres, and seven hundred of Bruges, for entering into treaty with Ghent.

The Earl then invited the knights and squires of all nations to take a share in the plunder of Ghent. Several knights, who held possessions by military tenure under the town of Ghent, joined the Earl, and the people plundered and destroyed their houses. This gave the war a complexion of a war of classes, which it subsequently retained. After several skirmishes, the citizens lost a battle and their principal leaders, at Nivelles, the Earl having succeeded in driving them into a church, and then setting fire to it.

In this reverse of fortune there was only one leader left to the Ghent people—a man named Peter de Bois, a rude,

daring soldier, but utterly incapable of managing affairs of state. Feeling his own incapacity, yet not wishing to completely resign the reins of power, he proposed that Philip Van Arteveld should be chosen Ruwaert, out of respect to his father's memory, De Bois considering that he could direct the bookish youth as he pleased. The prosperity of Ghent during the reign of Jacques being proverbial, the people agreed to the proposition, and immediately elected Philip. He, quite unprepared, hesitated at first to accept the honour thus thrust upon him. The wishes of the people, however, prevailed, and Philip became Ruwaert of Ghent.

In the meantime two citizens of influence had met the Earl's council at Harlebecque, and signed a treaty of peace, agreeing to surrender up three hundred citizens of Ghent to the earl's revenge. These men returned to Ghent the day after Philip was elected, and were the next day to state the result of their negotiation to the assembled citizens in the market-place. De Bois, having discovered the nature of the treaty, waited on Philip the evening before to tell him how to act; but he did not find him so easily managed as he suspected. The quiet, bookish, angling youth had, all at once, become a determined man of action. He told De Bois to attend the meeting to-morrow, and to do as he would show him an example.

When the meeting was convened, and the treaty read publicly, Philip, starting up, said:—

"How dare you enter into a treaty to deliver up three hundred citizens of Ghent? We know well, and understand perfectly, that neither of your names are on the proscribed list. You have made your own choice—we shall act for ourselves."

With these words, he immediately stabbed one of the negotiators; and De Bois, following his example, stabbed the other. The court party, at this daring act, were completely intimidated, and the citizens found they had chosen, as Ruwaert, a man of boldness and of action.

The Earl then issued another summons to the nobles, knights, squires, and gentlemen of all nations, to assist him to chastise the base mechanics of Ghent. Walter of Angheim, the earl's son, burning to distinguish himself, took the field, and making a sudden dash at the town of Grammont, then in alliance with Ghent, captured it, and slew, without distinction of age or sex, all the inhabitants who were not

fortunate enough to make their escape. The earl, delighted with this achievement, said, "Fair son, you are a valiant man, and will be a gallant knight, for you have made a handsome commencement."

A few days after, about two hundred men, who had escaped from Grammont, planned an ambush, into which Angheim and his companions fell, when out skirmishing. The massacre of Grammont was avenged. Angheim and all his knights were killed; and when the tidings were brought to the earl, he said:—

"Ah! Walter, Walter, my fair son. How unfortunate hast thou been to be thus cut off in thy youth. I wish every one to know that the Ghent men shall never have peace with me till thy death be avenged a hundredfold."

The Earl, having ravaged all the surrounding country, retired to Bruges, closely investing every passage by which the people of Ghent could obtain provisions. At last all the horrors of famine and pestilence raged in the devoted city, and the unfortunate people daily clamoured to Philip for relief. Mothers laid down their dead children before him in the street, and prayed of him to take compassion on their condition.

Philip appealed to the Bishop of Liege and the Duchess of Brabant to use their influence with the Earl, and it was agreed that twelve deputies from Ghent, and equal numbers from Liege and Brabant, should meet the Earl at Tournay, and beg for peace. Philip was one of the deputies; and when leaving Ghent, men, women, and children fell on their knees before him, and begged, at whatever cost it might be, he would bring them back peace and food. He replied that if his death or banishment would appease the Earl's vengeance, he would willingly surrender himself.

The Earl would not meet the deputies at Tournay, but sent three of his council, who delivered his final determination that he would not make peace until all the inhabitants of Ghent, from the age of fifteen to sixty, excepting priests, submitted to come out of Ghent, bareheaded, in their shirts, and with halters about their necks, two leagues to the plains of Burlesquans, and there meet the Earl, attended by his army; the people, with joined hands, crying for mercy.

Van Arteveld replied, for himself and fellow-deputies, saying—

"We are not commissioned to treat on such terms, by our townsmen, nor do I

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think they will ever accept them. But if the citizens of Ghent, on our return, after being informed of the terms of the Earl, be willing to submit themselves, it shall not be our fault that peace is not made. We give you our best and warmest thanks for the great trouble you have taken in this business."

The deputies immediately returned to Ghent; and, on their approach thither, were met by crowds of the distressed populace crying—

"What news? Dear Van Arteveld, satisfy us. Tell us what you have done, and how you have succeeded?"

Philip rode on in silence, holding down his head; but as the people became more clamorous, he several times stopped his horse and addressed them, saying—

"Get you to your homes, and may God preserve you from harm. To-morrow morning, meet me in the market-place at nine o'clock, and there you shall hear everything."

In the morning, when Arteveld related to the people the only terms on which the Earl would grant peace, the whole assemblage broke out into lamentations and bewailings. After some time, Arteveld cried "silence," and again commenced to address the assemblage.

"You have heard," he said, "all I had to tell you. Lamenting is of no avail; there is no remedy but determined conduct. You all know how we are straitened for food. Yet we have still three modes of action open to our adoption. The first is, to close the gates, retire into the churches, and there die martyrs for liberty. And, whenever our sad tale shall be told, people will say that we died nobly, like Christians and loyal men-at-arms."

"Or, let us march bare-headed and surrender to the Earl; perhaps he may take pity on us. I willingly will offer my head to assuage his anger, and save my fellow-citizens."

"Or, let five thousand of us instantly march and attack the Earl at Bruges. Weakened as we are with famine and disease, we will fight him. If we be slain, we shall die with honour, and the world will say that we valorously maintained our quarrel. If, however, by the mercy of Heaven, we should be victorious, we shall everywhere be considered the most honoured people since the time of the Romans. Now, consider which of these three propositions you will make choice of, for one must be adopted."

"Ah! dear Ruwaert," the people replied, "we put all our confidence in you; what would you advise?"

"I propose that we boldly march in arms against the Earl. We shall find him at Bruges, and when he hears of our coming, his pride will not permit him to remain in the city, but he will sally forth and fight us. If God, in his mercy, grant that we gain the day, our affairs will be instantly retrieved, and we shall be the most respected people in the world. If we be defeated, we shall die honourably, and no doubt the remaining inhabitants of Ghent will be spared."

The people all exclaimed, "We will follow this plan and no other!"

Taking what little provisions could be spared from the common stock—five cart-loads of bread and two of wine—Arteveld, with five thousand men, started for Bruges. The parting between those who marched out and those who remained, was a sad and affecting spectacle. The latter said—

"Good friends, you see what you leave behind; never think of returning unless you can do so victorious, for you will find nothing here. The moment we hear of your defeat, we will set fire to the town, and perish in the flames."

The others exclaimed, "Pray for us! Pray that God will assist you and us!"

This forlorn hope of famine and pestilence-stricken men left Ghent on a Thursday evening, and travelled about three miles on their way, when they encamped for the night. Fortunately, they were able to obtain provisions in the country, and thus leave their scanty store unbroken. The next day they marched fourteen miles, finding food on the way, and at night they encamped in a strong position, flanked by a morass, only three miles from Bruges. The next morning was fine and clear; and being the third of May, was the festival of the Holy Cross, and a grand holiday in Bruges.

As soon as day broke, the army of Ghent confessed themselves and heard mass; and expecting no mercy from man, prayers were publicly offered to God in seven places of their camp. Then sermons followed, in which they were compared to the Jews, whom Pharaoh kept in slavery, and who, by the grace of the Almighty, were delivered and conducted into the promised land, while Pharaoh and his host were swallowed up in the Red Sea. After the sermons, they all assembled round a small eminence, from

which they were addressed by Arteveld. He told them that they might fight boldly, and with a good conscience, as they were justified in appealing to arms, having sought for peace but could not obtain it. He concluded by saying—"Now, you see here all your provisions; divide it among you and eat, for it may be your last meal."

The five thousand men then made a scanty breakfast on the bread and wine they had brought from Ghent. It made but a poor meal for so many, but it refreshed them; and the old chronicler says, that "they found themselves more determined and more active on their feet than if they had eaten more."

The repast being over, the Ghent men set up their *ribadeaux* (poles shod with iron to keep off cavalry), and waited patiently for the enemy. The Earl sallied out with forty thousand men, inhabitants of Bruges and others; but making too precipitate an attack, they were repulsed by the Ghent men, and night coming on, in the confusion the people of Ghent, following up the retreating enemy, got within the wall; and before the morning, had complete possession of Bruges. With great difficulty the Earl made his escape, after being hidden in the house of a poor woman for two days. Philip, on entering Bruges, forbade any of his men to plunder or riot. But from the public stores many hundred cart-loads of food were immediately sent off to the remaining inhabitants of Ghent. All the towns in Flanders, excepting Oudenard, surrendered to the Government of Philip, after this great battle.

Returning to Ghent, the whole population poured out to meet and welcome the man who had saved them from destruction. The Earl fled to Lille, and no one thought of him, as if he had never existed. But Arteveld lived like a prince, kept up

a large establishment, had minstrels to play in his house, and gave dinners and suppers to the ladies of Ghent, as the Earl had formerly done.

The Earl of Flanders then applied to his son-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, the uncle and guardian of Charles VI. of France, then fourteen years of age. The Duke urged the young King to recover Flanders for the Earl, saying:—

"It is not to be suffered that such a set of base, mechanical scoundrels as are now in Flanders, should govern that country; as, in that case, all knighthood and gentility will be destroyed, and thus Christianity will be lost to the world."

Urged by his counsellors, Charles assembled an army to invade Flanders. Philip, having secured all the passes, was prepared to meet him; but the French succeeded in defeating the vigilance of Peter de Bois, and crossed the Lys, near Commines, compelling him to retreat. The main bodies of the two armies soon met at Rosbecque. After a bloody battle, the men of Ghent were utterly overthrown; and the dead body of Philip Van Arteveld was found among the slain. The King of France forgetting that Philip—

"Lacked nothing in sovereignty but the right.  
Nothing in soldiership but good fortune,"—

denied a soldier's burial to his conquered foe. The body was hung upon a tree, that all the army might see it. Yet Philip Van Arteveld did not live in vain. Brave old De Bois threw himself into Ghent, and defended it from the French army, until they were compelled to return to their own country; and the people of Ghent, as we have already said, retained the constitution granted them by Jacques Van Arteveld for upwards of two hundred years.

## MUMMIES.

MUCH doubt exists regarding the derivation of the word *mummy*. Bochart, Menage, Vossius, attributed it to the Arabic noun *mum*, meaning *wax*. Salmasius derives it from *mumia*, a body embalmed and aromatized. The Persian word *mūmiyā*, means bitumen or mineral pitch. Abd-Allatif, an Arabian physician,

describes mummy as a substance flowing from the tops of the mountains, and which, mixing with the water that streamed down, coagulates like mineral pitch.

Many are the opinions relating to the custom of embalming men and various animals in ancient Egypt. By some it



has been considered a superstitious practice; by others, the result of affection. To keep the remains of those we loved upon earth free from the destructive power of death, and preserving in some degree those forms that once flitted before us and around us in all the enjoyments of life, is a natural, one might almost say an instinctive, sentiment;—preserving those fond remains upon earth, exempted from the painful sight of beholding them committed to the earth—earth to earth—for ever! How different must have been the feelings of the relatives of the departed, when leaving the body reposing in the tomb, still preserving the form of its mortal coil—still in the world—where all we loved might be visited and spoken to in the language of affection and regret—how different must have been these feelings when compared to those that compress the respiration and check our utterance, after seeing that body separated from us, and leaving a chasm around us deeper still than the grave. We are, however, to seek in this practice other motives. The wisdom of the theocratic government of ancient Egypt was most admirable, and not founded upon mortal affections and dislikes. The sovereign priesthood had to attend to concerns of greater magnitude. The first inhabitants of Egypt, migrating most probably from the upper regions of Ethiopia, had to colonize an unhealthy region, to struggle with swamps and marshes, and destroy myriads of animals, whose decomposition added to the dangers they had to encounter when settling in such an unhealthy land. Pestilence, no doubt, as in after times, frequently desolated the infant kingdom. Their priests, in whose temples were recorded in mystic legends all the science of the age, must have applied their experience and their judgment to meet the evil, and surmount it, were it possible. The ideas of corruption are closely connected with those of putrescency; and putrescency has ever been considered the chief source and focus of pestilential maladies. To avoid corruption and putrescence, then, became one of the most important hygienic studies; and, like Moses, who had received his early education in Egypt, its priesthood enforced salutary laws as the injunction of the Creator; nor was the task as difficult as it might have proved in a more extensive and more diversified region. The population resided in a land of no very great extent; their climate

did not vary according to prominent topographical circumstances; and the produce of the soil, as regarded alimentary substances, admitted of little variety. Thus it became easy to establish salutary institutions to regulate the mode of living of the obedient people, who looked upon the commands of their sainted legislators as dictates from the eternal throne.

Impressed with the conviction of the immortality of the soul, the Egyptian priesthood imagined, or at any rate endeavoured to persuade the multitude, that the immortal part of our being was retained within its earthly house so long as the corporeal form could be preserved entire, and if (which is most probable) they believed in the resurrection of the soul either in its human form or that of some other animal, this doctrine may be easily accounted for as founded upon reason, and grateful to the sensitive feelings.

Amongst other prophylactic means to resist epidemic diseases the embalming of the dead must naturally have occurred to the sacred college as one of the most effectual means of checking or preventing contagion. Not only was man submitted to this process, but every animal, domestic or obnoxious, was equally preserved. It may be said, if destruction was rendered a prudent step, why were not these bodies consumed by fire? The reason appears to me obvious. It was necessary to check the consumption of animal food; therefore were various animals considered sacred, and not allowed to be immolated for the use of the multitude; other animals were considered noxious, and as such their use was forbidden. Religion thus stamped them with the irrevocable dye of holiness or corruption. Mystic characters were traced upon their remains. The sanctity of these animals sometimes varied in different districts, and the ibis was venerated where the serpent was disregarded. When we contemplate the thousands of crocodiles in the caverns of Samoun, the myriads of the ibis in the desert of Hermopolis, Antinoë, Memphis; when we behold even the eggs that were destined to perpetuate their race thus preserved—had not these animals been thus respected, they would have become the food of the inhabitants, and both from their abundance and their unwholesome qualities, have added to the frequent scourges that desolated the land.

Here again we find that this anomaly was unavoidable: those myriads of animals, from the nature of the climate and

the soil, would have increased to such numbers as to overrun the land. What was to be done? Had they been considered edible, most unquestionably they would have been devoured as food; it therefore became necessary to destroy and embalm them: this destruction was no doubt inculcated as a religious duty; otherwise, how should we find, even to the present day, such numbers of these creatures, preserved through the lapse of ages, with their very eggs—another proof that even their incubation was checked. Placed between the desolate desert and the sea, numerous must have been the races of animals who sought refuge in this wondrous region; and, as Lagasque observes in the Necropolis of Alexandria and Memphis, at Arsinoë, Charaounah, Achmin, Beni-Hacan, Samoun, Hermopolis, Thebes, and in innumerable hypogean monuments, we find the remains of thousands—nay of millions—of ibises, crocodiles, cats, rats, dogs, jackals, wolves, monkeys, serpents, nay, fishes of various kinds. Passalacqua found at Thebes numbers of birds, rats, mice, toads, adders, beetles and flies, all embalmed together. Nay, Herodotus informs us that the animals considered sacred in one city were held in abhorrence in others, a difference of opinion that not unfrequently occasioned bitter hostilities. Thus the Ombites fought with the Tentyrites on account of the sparrowhawks, and the Cynopolitans waged war with the Oxyrhynchites from disputes about dogs and pikes. These schisms no doubt arose from priestly ambition, each temple claiming its especial shrine of adoration, for whatever might have been the original motive that led to those theological practices, there is no doubt but all these animals were to a certain degree typical of the good and evil propensities of the various deities, as manifested in their several habits, whence they were selected as the symbols and attributes of the sovereign powers. Abbé Banier endeavours to prove that the bull was the symbol of Osiris and Isis, and that these divinities were themselves symbolic of the sun and moon. Thus the worship of the bull, Mnévis and Apis. The inhabitants of Mendes adored the god Pan, and worshipped him under the figure of a goat, and Mercury is represented with the head of a dog, the most intelligent of animals. Thus in time people lost sight of the origin of the worship, and transferred their adoration to the symbols.

The priesthood of Egypt sought not their power in terror, but in affection and gratitude. They strove to convince the people that they were their true friends and real benefactors; their sole study was their welfare, their greatest pride the nation's prosperity. Gratitude appears to be the sentiment they most sought to inculcate. The serpent was held in veneration, because it destroyed noxious vermin; the ibis was respected from the same motive; the crocodile for the protection it afforded their navigable waters; yet, by one of those strange anomalies that we find in most mythological *reveries*, animals were held sacred, although they constantly destroyed other sacred creatures; and while the crocodile was worshipped, the ichneumons that destroyed its eggs were also entitled to respect. Such was the value of the remains of departed relatives and friends, that their embalmed bodies were often pledged for large sums—the more readily advanced, since their redemption was considered a sacred duty. Thus do we find worldly regulations, bearing the sanctity of a theologic seal. Then again, how mighty must have been the hierarchy from whose doctrines emanated the Pharaonic splendour of their stupendous monuments—works of art that attracted the notice and the admiration of all the civilized part of the globe, whose travellers while they flocked to view their magnificence, were taught to cultivate the sciences and arts which the priesthood professed, smatterings of which those visitors proudly carried back as a precious gift to their country. Moreover what occupation must have been afforded to the people and to their numerous captives, whom they continually dreaded, from the apprehension that in their constant wars their prisoners might join their enemies—a circumstance fully proved in Holy Writ, where we find, in Exodus i. 10, that the Hebrews were oppressed, “lest when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies and fight against us.”

This overwhelming power, most fortunately wise and humane, was maintained by every artifice that ingenuity could devise. Egypt has justly been denominated the *Alma Mater* of superstition, since we have every reason to suppose that with much less wisdom and learning every successive hierarchy has sought by similar means to retain an equal sway. In Egypt this influence must have been amazing;

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they held the first rank after the sovereign, whom they assisted in the performance of all his public duties, were present in all his councils, and directed his judgment from the lessons which were laid down for his conduct in the sacred records. All the judges and principal officers of state were also selected in the priesthood; their number must also have been very considerable, since we find them classed as chief priests or pontiffs, and inferior priests of various grades belonging to the sacred deities, prophets, judges, hierophants, magistrates, hierogrammats, or sacred scribes; Basilicogrammats, or royal scribes; Sphragistæ, whose office it was to examine the victims, and to put a seal of approbation on them before the sacrifice. Hierostoli, who had access to the Adytum, to clothe the statues of the gods; doctors, embalmers; hierophori, or the bearers of sacred emblems; pterophori, or bearers of the fans carried before the gods; præcones, or pastophori, bearers of the holy images and keepers of the sacred animals; hierolaotomi, or masons of the priestly order, besides innumerable painters, sculptors, sprinklers of holy water, and flappers to drive away the flies.

Kings were chiefly selected from the priestly order, and when they had been members of the military class, they were obliged to enter a sacerdotal college before they could ascend the throne; even then they were only allowed to be attended by the children of families belonging to the priesthood.

If such was the influence of priests, that of the priestesses were not the less powerful. The Pellices or Pallacides of Amun, filled offices of the highest importance, and not unfrequently queens and princesses prided themselves in performing their duties. The subdivision of the female attendants of the temples was also sanctified, and they were chiefly selected in the families of priests. If we are to believe the Grecian accounts, these holy women were not remarkable for their chastity; their indiscretions, however, were confined to their own circle. These assertions have been by no means general, nor is it probable that a class of men who affected so much purity, and observed such a rigid abstinence to obtain the character of sanctity to which their power was due, would have exposed themselves to the results of such an improvident mode of living.

My view of the origin of embalming

both men and animals is borne out by another striking circumstance. The moment the practice of embalming the bodies of men and animals ceased in Egypt, pestilence appeared. At the period when Christianity was introduced into Egypt, the new religion had to encounter many obstacles in overcoming the obstinate prejudices of the ancient creed. During the four first centuries of its propagation, the ancient customs were persevered in; at last the cross triumphed and was enthroned, and the practice of embalming was abolished. In 356, St. Anthony, upon his death-bed anathematized it as sacrilegious; his last injunction, according to St. Athanasius, his historian, had such an effect that an injudicious zeal prevailed in Rome, in Constantinople, and other large cities, and led to the practice of inhuming bodies in churches and cemeteries, notwithstanding the prohibition of the magistracy. While the dead were interred in towns or their vicinity, in dwelling-houses and gardens, the remains of animals were scattered abroad to become part of the soil, and thus this most dangerous innovation hurried on the development of the most dangerous of diseases. In 542, under Justinian, Egypt was avoided as the focus of pestilence. It would be difficult to point out the exact period when the custom of embalming fell into disuse, but it had ceased to be practised at the time when pestilence burst forth over the land in all its irresistible horrors. The coincidence was too remarkable not to have been noticed.

It is certainly true that the plague had visited Egypt at former periods, recorded in holy writ, when we know not to what extent the preparation of mummies might have been carried, although we find that Jacob was embalmed by physicians; but when we consider the topography of Egypt, presenting a vast plain exposed to a yearly inundation, its soil preserved for centuries from the admixture of animal substances, but of a sudden changed into a mass of corrupted bodies of men and animals, acted upon by heat and moisture—when the inhumation of man was neglected, and the offals of beasts and reptiles accumulated in pestilential heaps—we may easily imagine what a luxuriant field was submitted to the scythe of death.

The Egyptians had, no doubt, introduced the practice of embalming the dead from Ethiopia, a country abounding in

various gums which served them to preserve the remains of their relatives. The transparency of these substances had induced some travellers to assert that the bodies were imbedded in glass, like insects found in amber. De Pau and many other writers have exposed the absurdity of such a report, since it is more than probable that glass was scarcely, if at all known amongst them. The Persians enveloped their dead in wax, and the Scythians sewed them up in skins.

While the foresight and wisdom of the Egyptian sacerdoty was thus distinguished by hygienic institutions, their interests were not neglected; and the art of embalming, which they monopolized with every other branch of learning, tended not a little to add to their emoluments. Every dead body was their property. Herodotus tells us that if the corpse of an Egyptian or a stranger was found in the Nile, or cast upon its banks, the priests alone had the power to touch it, and afford it a sepulture. This interesting, although not very veracious author, gives the following account of the process:—There are in Egypt a particular class of people whose sole business consists in embalming bodies. When a corpse is shown them they exhibit models of mummies depicted upon wood. These models are of three kinds, and vary in prices. The bargain being concluded, the embalmers commence their labours. The brains are first extracted through the nose with a crooked iron instrument; an incision is then made in the side of the body with a sharpened Ethiopian stone, through which the viscera are drawn. These are cleansed out, washed in palm wine, and then strewed with pulverized aromatic substances. The abdomen is stuffed with powdered myrrha, cinnamon, and other perfumes, but without incense. After these manipulations the body is sewn up, and salted with natrum for seventy days. This period elapsed, the corpse is again washed, and swaddled up with rollers of linen covered with gum, which the Egyptians commonly use instead of glue. The relations, after this operation, carry home the body and place it in a wooden case resembling the human form, afterwards locking it up in chambers destined for the purpose, and placing it upright against the wall. This is the most expensive process. The next is more economical:—Syringes are filled with unctuous fluid extracted from the cedar; this liquor is thrown into the body

through an incision performed in the side, and is of such a nature that it gradually corrodes and destroys the viscera; after the body has been duly salted, nothing then remains but the bones and skin, which this substance does not affect.

Diodorus Siculus gives an account somewhat similar, but adds some curious particulars. The first class of funerals cost a silver talent, the second twenty minæ, and the third scarcely anything. The embalmers divide their labours into various offices. The first, or the scrivener, points out the part of the body on the left side where the incision is to be made. The next operator is the incisor, who uses for the purpose a sharp Ethiopian pebble; the viscera are then drawn out, with the exception of the heart and kidneys, and the body is then washed with palm wine and aromatics. The corpse is afterwards inuncted with the gum of cedar and strewed with myrrha, cinnamon, and various spices. It is ultimately returned to the family of the deceased in such preservation that the eyebrows and eyelids are uninjured, and the countenance preserves the character that distinguished it during life.

Porphyrius informs us that the embalmers, after having extracted the intestines, exposed them to the sun, putting up a prayer to that luminary, and declaring that if the deceased had ever been guilty of any act of gluttony, the intestines alone were guilty, and they were therefore cast into the Nile. Plutarch alludes to a similar ceremony. The *incisor* appears to have been considered a degraded being, for Diodorus tells us that, after the operation he was pursued by the relations of the defunct, and pelted with stones, as having polluted the remains of the dead.

These accounts of the ancients have been warmly impugned by modern antiquaries, who maintained that the various substances stated to have been made use of in the process of embalming, did not possess the qualities attributed to them, especially the liquor called *cedria*, drawn from the cedar-tree. Rouyer, a member of the Egyptian commission of sciences and arts, corroborates in a great measure the accounts of ancient historians; and, in a very interesting paper on the subject, we find that the bones of the nose are destroyed in some mummies, but left intact in others; a circumstance that would lead us to think that on such occasions the brain was left in the cranium. The

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opening in the side did not appear to have been sewn up, but the lips of the incision merely brought into apposition. He divides mummies into those in which tanno-balsamic substances had been introduced, and those that had merely been salted. The first species were found stuffed either with aromatic resinous substances, or asphaltum and pure bitumen. These resinous substances emitted no odour, but when cast into the fire, a thick smoke arose and a strong aroma became evident. The mummies thus preserved were light, dry, and fragile; preserved their teeth, their hair, and eyebrows. Some of them had been gilded all over; in others, the gold had only been applied to the face, the hands, and the feet, and other parts. This practice of gilding was so general, that it does not warrant the belief that it was only the remains of the illustrious and wealthy that were thus ornamented. These mummies, so long as they were kept in a dry place, were unaltered, but were soon decomposed, and emitted an unpleasant effluvium when exposed to atmospheric moisture. The mummies thus prepared were of an olive colour, while those preserved with bituminous substances were of a reddish tinge; the integuments hard and shining as if varnished. The features were not altered, and the cavities were filled with a black, hard, and inodorous resinous substance. The ingredients thus employed were similar to the bitumen of Judæa; most of them were gilded.

Other mummies were found without any lateral incision, when most probably the intestines were drawn out through the rectum. These cavities were filled with the substance termed by historians, *Pissasphaltos*. In the mummies merely cured with salt, when this ingredient is abundant, the features are obliterated, the surface of the body having been smeared with bitumen. These mummies, which of course are the remains of the poorer classes, are the most common. They are heavy, hard, and black, and shed an unpleasant odour. They boast of no gilding; only the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the nails had frequently been decorated with a red tinge, most probably by the application of the *henne*. These were the mummies which were sold by the Arabs in former times for medicinal purposes. The process of embalming appears to have con-

sisted simply in extracting the viscera, or destroying them by some corrosive injection; dissolving the mucous and fatty matter by the long application of natrum, and finally in desiccating the corpse by exposure to air or stoving.

Mummies have been also found in the Canary Islands, where they were named by the Guanchi *xaros*. They were light, dry, of a yellow colour, shedding a slight aroma, and carefully enclosed in goat-skins. The operation was also performed with a sharpened Ethiopian stone, called *tabona*. Humboldt found numerous mummies in Mexico, where desiccated bodies have not unfrequently been seen in the open air.

Certain soils appear to possess a preservative quality, without any apparent preparation having been made use of. In the catacombs of Bordeaux and Toulouse, these dried bodies may be seen, the hair and eyebrows still intact; but they are dark and shrivelled, and it does not appear that the contents of the cavities had been extracted or heeded, the process of desiccation being general. The miraculous conservation of bodies recorded by Calmet in his History of Vampires, was nothing more than instances of a similar preservation.

Various experiments have proved that the progress of chemistry has been so great, that we might equal the Egyptians in the preparation of mummies, if ever such an absurd practice were introduced.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries mummies formed one of the ordinary drugs found in apothecaries' shops, and as considerable sums were expended in its purchase as had been laid out upon the *besoards* of various rare animals. It became a lucrative branch of trade to the Jews. The demand not being easily supplied from the vigilance of the Egyptian Government, various frauds were introduced. So powerful were the supposed qualities of mummies, that Francis I. always carried a small parcel of it about him mixed with rhubarb. Lord Bacon tells us that mummy has great force in stanching of blood. Boyle assures us that it is one of the useful medicines commended and given for falls and bruises. The Arabs to this day make use of mummy powder mixed up with bitters. This preparation is called *mantey*, and is esteemed a sovereign remedy for bruises.

## LADY LORME.

## CHAPTER I.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

TWENTY miles from Rugby—I will not say in what direction—the road suddenly breaks out of the deep shade of the pine-tree wood, through which it has for some distance been modestly contented to run in obscurity, and turns boldly away to the left.

It widens, too, considerably; and is altogether, from its superior state of macadamization, a more imposing road than it has been during its passage through the black pines. But though the improvement in its appearance strikes one the moment one leaves the shade of the trees in the rear, its good qualities do not come to a climax till it nears the massive iron gates and the turret-shaped lodge which mark the entrance into a gentleman's grounds.

The gates are old, strong, and surmounted with a row of grinning mastiffs' heads; the turret-shaped lodge has a hue of brown commingled with its red, that tells of no modern erection. The trees—nearly stripped of their leaves on that late October afternoon, on which we see the place first—bear witness, with all the mighty eloquence of their grand, old, lofty tops and knotted massive trunks, to the antiquity of Combhurst, the name of the fine family mansion and estate of Sir Robert Lorme, Baronet.

The avenue is long, long enough that is, to speak well for the size of the estate which could afford to give so much of itself up in avenue, and yet not long enough to make a pedestrian stranger rave at the distance from the turret-shaped lodge to the dark, grey, turret-guarded house itself.

Combhurst might have claimed to be called a castle without a particle of ridicule attaching to the claim; but it expressed in its *title* no such dignity, though it did fully and well in its appearance. A real old castle it looked; and had armed men sprang into view on its battlements, a flag waved from its topmost turret, and men in armour clanked across its paved courtyard, I doubt if a nineteenth-century observer would have felt a momentary throb of surprise.

But Combhurst, far from affording such a mediæval spectacle, sent out from its

wide portals on this autumnal day a far fairer one. A lady and gentleman, attired in the orthodox costume of the period, came out, accompanied by a bounding, yelping troop of dogs, and skirting the paved courtyard, they gained the avenue, up and down which they walked for upwards of an hour; and meanwhile the day was dying.

The lady was about nineteen or twenty, and though the hat shaded her face, and the long cloth paletôt her figure, it could be seen at a glance that both were rarely moulded. A proud, determined step—a proud, frank, fair, generous face—bright, rippling, chestnut hair, with a tinge of gold, where the ripples came, and almost black shades in other places—rather above the middle height, even putting that at the extreme, slenderly and gracefully formed, and gifted with a voice like a full-toned bell, rich and clear;—all this could be seen and heard as Miss Lorme raised her dark, trailing linsey from the damp, leafy ground, with one hand, and placing the other on her companion's arm, earnestly interrogated him as to his opinion about something.

He was a man seven or eight years her senior, this companion of hers, whose opinion she sought to learn so earnestly. A fine, dark, handsome man, with a polished, graceful bearing, that was never effeminate and never put on apparently, and that yet could on occasion be exchanged in a moment for a fierce, impetuous ferocity, that it was ill work to raise. Lord Evesham had led a wild, irregular life abroad for many years, men said; but now he was come home to be good, and to marry Audrey Lorme, who loved him with an affection that forbade her attaching any credit to the tales some of her friends had told to his disadvantage.

"No, don't go yet, Fred," she pleaded, as she saw him surreptitiously looking at his watch. "Evesham is only nine miles distant; and what is nine miles to Cock Robin? Even if you will not do as I wish you, stay and dine with us, and see this bride my brother is bringing home in such an extraordinary manner."

"Cock Robin isn't used to your Warwickshire roads, you see, Audrey; and to tell the truth, Cock Robin's master has done pleasanter things during his past career than ride at night through a con-



founded wood that appears to have been originally designed for the express convenience of those who covet their neighbours' goods, and are not particular as to the means they take to get them. Every other step is on to a boulder, too, it seems to me, and the intermediate one is a rock; and those are things that don't agree with Cock Robin. So I think I shall be off while the daylight lasts, and leave the paying my respects to Lady Lorme for a few days."

"What a long speech, Fred; and what an unsatisfactory one! It means that you won't stay."

"Exactly; better without me to-night, my darling, believe me. Robert doesn't bring his bride home under such remarkably brilliant auspices that he need care to have other eyes than his own witness her first interview with his sister."

"Robert—Robert has been *mad*, I think," said Audrey Lorme, turning her face, now flushed into crimson, towards her lover. "Fancy a Lorme giving any one occasion to speak as you have just spoken!"

"Oh! a maniac, decidedly!" said Lord Evesham, shrugging his shoulders; "every fellow is who goes and marries from the ranks—who doesn't know who he's marrying, in fact——"

"Ah! *that*, perhaps," interrupted Miss Lorme, hastily; "but when you say marrying 'from the ranks,' you imply marrying some totally illiterate and uneducated person; and that, until I have personal evidence to the contrary, I will never believe that Robert has done."

"Well, I tell you what it is, Audrey," said Lord Evesham, clasping very kindly the little hand that lay upon his arm, "you are too fond of your brother to make it necessary that I should say it, but still I will: remember it won't be for long, so, for your own sake, give as warm a greeting to, and make things as pleasant for Lady Lorme as may be."

"You mean well, and you are always kind, Fred," said the lady of his love, somewhat more haughtily than she had ever spoken to him before; "but if you think that if I find Lady Lorme a little ignorant nonentity, I shall patronise her; or a great, strong-minded, arrogant woman, I shall kneel down and do homage to her, you are mistaken."

"I do not think you will find her either the one or the other, Audrey. Excuse me, I can't help laughing; the vision you

have conjured up of a possible 'my lady' is so amusing."

"Why do you not think I shall find her like either the one or the other object my imagination has conceived, Fred?"

"Because—oh, half-a-dozen reasons occur to me, if I only liked to give them; but one or two will be sufficient for sensible Audrey. One is, that ladies invariably conceive something erroneous relative to the appearance of their unknown sisters; another and better one is, that Robert must have had some rarely fair excuse for making such—an ass of himself!"

"Yes," said the girl, "*that*, after all the talking about it, is what the matter resolves itself into. That *my brother*, Sir Robert Lorme, has been weak and foolish, it's hard to bear, Fred—harder than you think. Robert, who was so lofty-minded, so honourable, so *sensible*, so staid—Robert, whom I loved as a brother and respected as a father—Robert, to have let himself be tricked into a private marriage with a girl whose antecedents he either abstains from giving me, or does not know himself! I am hurt in my love for my brother as well as in my pride for our name, Fred; and it's useless even for *you* to argue against it."

"Look here! now, do be reasonable," said Lord Evesham, impatiently. "Do you think I should not take fire soon enough if I thought for one moment Robert had married a woman with anything more against her than being beneath him in rank? I should insist quickly enough, if I thought he had done worse than a weak thing, on your giving me the right to remove you from the shadow of a shade even. But I don't doubt his moral circumspection in the least; I only doubt his worldly wisdom. But I shall leave you now, Audrey, for I am detaining you from dressing, to receive the bride, for no good end. We'll go in, if you please, and ring for my horse. I shall call in a day or two to pay my devoirs to my lady."

"Why not to-morrow, Fred?"

"To-morrow I shall go up to town. By-the-bye, can I bring you anything? Wouldn't you like to have some trifle to offer as a bridal-gift?"

Miss Lorme laughed.

"You are determined that I shall not fail outwardly in all that is due to Sir Robert Lorme's bride from Sir Robert Lorme's sister. Well, Fred, I love you the more for defending his dignity, though I may have seemed to take it ungraciously.

Yes, bring me a brooch or a pair of earrings. I leave the choice to you."

"Why not a bracelet?" he asked, carelessly, as he took his note-book out and prepared to jot down the commission.

"Well, a bracelet; perhaps it would be better; yes, let it be a bracelet," said Audrey, with a woman's ready acquiescence in whatever is proposed by the man she loves. "Here's Cock Robin; I must go and speak to him," she added, as the groom led Lord Evesham's horse round.

And then Cock Robin's head was caressed and his praises were sounded for a few minutes, and then Lord Evesham mounted and rode away, leaving Audrey watching him till a turn in the avenue hid him from sight.

"Dear Fred!" she murmured to herself, as she re-entered the house; "how fond he is of Robert, to be sure!" and then she sat herself down on a sofa in the drawing-room, and thought very kindly of the brother who was that evening going to bring home an unknown and unwelcome bride.

Presently the daylight died out completely, and she sprang to her feet and rang for her maid and a candle, saying, "Fred is right; I must go and dress; for the best reception than can be given her is due from me to Lady Lorme."

Ordinarily Miss Lorme's *toilette* was a matter of not the slightest difficulty to her. She was one of those specially gifted people who look well in anything, or almost anything; added to this, though fastidious, she was not fussy; so, as I have just stated, ordinarily her *toilette* was not a matter of the slightest difficulty to her.

But to-day Lucy, her maid, found her not capricious, but undecided—uncomfortably undecided. She did not wish to be either too richly or too simply attired. Had her brother been about to bring home the bride Sir Robert Lorme ought to have brought, Miss Lorme would have experienced no misgivings on the subject of the dress befitting the occasion. As it was, she had many. Supposing Lady Lorme should prove to be a humble-minded, commonplace individual, who should show herself to have been unequal to the task of having provided herself with a trousseau worthy of her sudden exaltation, in that case splendour and elegance on the part of Miss Lorme would make not only my lady but my lord uncomfortable. On the

other hand, too simple a dress would make too low an appreciation of the affair altogether for Audrey to tolerate the idea of it long.

"I tell you what it is, Lucy," she said at last, "I'll wear that low green silk with a black lace Zouave jacket; it's not at all remarkable in any way, and it's a favourite of Sir Robert's;" and when she was arrayed in it, had any possible readers of these pages been there to see, they would have owned that after all Miss Lorme had made a wise selection.

Even dressing in a state of indecision was better than sitting alone in the drawing-room, as she found herself doing soon, waiting for the advent of the travellers. It was all lighted up brilliantly, and the fire leapt up in cheerful spasmodic blazes, and flowers bloomed freshly in hanging baskets and in vases on the side-tables, but Miss Lorme had never found the room dull or unpleasant to sit in alone as she did on this evening.

"They were to be here by this time," she said, aloud, in her impatience, as the clock on the mantelpiece marked the half-hour after six: "dining at seven, Lady Lorme will hardly have time to take off her bonnet. Robert should have named a later hour to spare his bride embarrassment."

And as she said it, a carriage drove up to the door.

Miss Lorme rose to her feet, and as she did so her eyes fell on her own form reflected at full length in a glass before her. Little vain as she was, she could not avoid seeing that she was beautiful, in a grand proud style that might strike discouragement into the heart of the new-comer, if she was indeed, as Lord Evesham had suggested, "raised from the ranks;" and in the same moment that she saw this, she took the resolution of going out into the hall to meet and greet them less stiffly, more warmly and cordially than be waiting in the drawing-room.

She went out quickly, and there was a confusion of tongues and a rush of cold air in the hall, and then she was clasped round the waist and kissed by her brother.

"Robert, my dear Robert, I'm delighted to see you back, and this is——"

She stopped in utter surprise as a lady came daintily forward, with little languishing steps, whose hand Sir Robert took in an almost devotional manner, saying, as he did so—

"This is my dear Leonie, Audrey;

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this is your new sister; you must love each other for my sake at first—you will soon have to do it on even better grounds."

And as Miss Lorme bent down to kiss the stranger's white rounded cheek, the stranger said, in a charming, sweet, exquisitely modulated voice, that had a touch of some kind of accent about it that rendered it doubly *piquant*, "I have no doubt we shall get on excellently; will some one show me to my room?"

Audrey need not have feared overpowering Lady Lorme by the richness of her attire, or the dignity of her presence, that was very evident. On the contrary, Audrey acknowledged to herself that she was considerably overpowered by the apparition before her.

All that Sir Robert "had condescended,"—as his sister had phrased it in her anger—to tell her about the lady he had married with such velocity was, that she was a music mistress, and that he had fallen in love with her from seeing her come to the house of the friend with whom he was staying in town for a fortnight, to teach crotchets and quavers to one of the friend's daughters. He had sought her impulsively, made her an offer, found her rather superior to his preconceived ideas of an angel, and married her by license privately at an old church in the city. From such folly, as Lord Evesham had said, Audrey might have guessed he had a "a rarely fair" excuse, and so he had.

The lady who had come forward with dainty, gliding steps, was shorter by a head than Audrey Lorme. Her face was marvellously fair, with that peculiar tint of wild rose-leaf fairness that is generally found united with blue eyes and golden hair; but the eyes that gleamed brightly in Lady Lorme's most lovely face were cut out of dark grey velvet—soft, lustrous, shining, dark-grey velvet; and the hair that was banded back smoothly, just leaving the tips of her white jewel-laden ears visible, was black as a raven's wing.

Her face was oval; the delicate lines of it were as softly yet as clearly and decidedly defined as those of an egg. The shape of her nose, chin, and mouth was of the truest, purest order of beauty; the form of the rounded cheek could not have been improved had Phidias himself been set to the task. It was indeed a singularly lovely face, and startling as it was in its beauty, it was still more start-

ling in expression. You looked at the brow, and saw sorrow; and you looked at the mouth in the same instant, and saw scorn, and you darted an interrogatory glance at the eyes, and, lo and behold! you were baffled entirely, for they gleamed forth nothing clearer to read than satirical observation. And all in a moment as Audrey saw this in her sister-in-law's face, it changed to a tender sweetness, and then with a gliding step she followed her own maid up to her own room.

"Rather an extravagant travelling dress, even for the wife of a rich baronet," thought Audrey Lorme, as she walked into the drawing-room again followed by her brother; and well she might think so, for my lady was robed in dark-blue velvet—dress and cloak alike; "and I needn't oppress myself with putting her diffidence at ease," she added to herself, as she gained the sofa from which she had started to welcome them, "for I see plainly enough that Lady Lorme is quite equal to the position."

"Well, Robert," she said, aloud, as he came and stood before her, "what have you to say for yourself? Surprises are over in life for me now Sir Robert Lorme has made a secret and romantic marriage."

She said it all laughingly, but many a true word is spoken in jest.

"Say for myself?" he replied, taking her hands in his, and looking down into her face affectionately, "you have seen her, therefore no excuses are needed. But tell me, Audrey, what do you think of my wife?"

## CHAPTER II.

### LADY LORME KEEPS DINNER WAITING.

THE question asked at the close of the last chapter is perhaps the most embarrassing that the tongue of man can frame. You may think a man's wife detestable, but when he, with a touching reliance on her charms, asks you what you think of her, you cannot tell him so—at least if you do he will hate you, and think your taste vilely bad into the bargain.

It is not all bridegrooms who are weak enough to catechise the rest of the world as to its opinion on the individual member selected by him to share his name and fortunes; if he does ask, and his male friends can with any semblance of truth, they get out of their strait neatly by

clapping him on the shoulder heartily, and telling him that, "by Jove! he's a lucky fellow." But ladies cannot utter this speech in the order of things, and would not if they could, so their case is hard when asked in the first bloom of matrimonial enthusiasm by friend or relative what they "think of his wife."

Audrey experienced all these difficulties at which I have hinted in their full force. Lady Lorme and Lady Lorme's blue velvet costume had been before her eyes too short a time for her to come to a proper decision as to their respective merits; the short vision she had enjoyed had, to use a nautical phrase, flabbergasted her altogether. She felt that if she was candid she should not be kind, and that if she was kind she could not be candid. She thought for a moment of Lady Lorme's graceful beauty and Lady Lorme's aptitude for marrying advantageously out of hand; she thought of the sorrow on her brow, and the satire in her eyes, and the sudden change in both the moment she saw they were seen. She knew her brother was impatiently awaiting the verdict he had asked for from her lips, and she rushed at her fence bravely.

"I think her the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life, Robert, dear, and I've no doubt I shall think her all that you do in a very short time—there's the dinner-bell, it will hurry her dreadfully I am afraid."

Miss Lorme had been mistress of Combhurst a long time, and as she thought of Lady Lorme being hurried by the clanging bell the hostess rose superior to the sister. "I will send and hear, or go and hear, when she will be ready, shall I, Robert?"

"Perhaps I had better go," said Sir Robert, hastily; he had had the benefit of a fortnight's travelling experience with my lady, and he knew some of her idiosyncrasies better than Audrey could be supposed to do. As he left the room the bell ceased ringing to Audrey's momentary surprise.

A feeling of annoyance that still she could hardly define crept over Miss Lorme as her brother's footsteps died away. "Poor dear, noble-hearted fellow, she'll make a slave of him," she muttered to herself. "Fred was right; she is utterly different to everything I had imagined; I wish she would come down, there is something about her that makes me long to see more of her."

But Miss Lorme was not destined to

see more of her new sister-in-law just directly, for at this juncture of her thoughts a footman came in with subdued and seething wrath in his face and manner to announce that "My lady had sent down word for the bell to stop, and the dinner to be put off till eight."

"Upon my word," said Audrey, as soon as the man was out of the room and hearing, "she gives her orders, does Lady Lorme, with a freedom and graceful determination to assert her rights at once, that speaks well for her feminine adaptability for any niche she may be required to fill; there will be no severe strain on my exertions, I perceive, to make her feel quite at home." And then Miss Lorme looked about for something to while away the time until Lady Lorme should be good enough to allow her to eat her dinner, and, as might be expected, did not succeed in finding anything that would do it. It is very disagreeable to have the reins taken out of your hands by a stranger before you have time to offer to give them up. Miss Lorme took to turning over her *carte de visite* album, and found that every one looked ugly; that failing to amuse, she made Mephistopheles, her white skye terrier, retrieve the sofa cushion; but for all that Meph was a lively and inspiring companion when well roused, that hour lagged in the drawing-room at Combhurst.

And how, meanwhile, was it speeding upstairs in my lady's dressing-room? Lady Lorme had ordered a hot bath immediately on gaining her own room, and now after having taken it and being considerably refreshed thereby, she was sitting to have her hair dressed before a large cheval glass, talking at intervals to her husband, who was in the adjoining bedroom, through the open door.

Lady Lorme's maid, Dickson, had only been in her possession—I mean service—since her marriage; the time was short, and Dickson not thoroughly broken in to her work yet. In various odd numbers of the penny novels she had occasionally perused with devouring interest, Dickson had read of eyes flashing; she had believed that they might do so in the enchanted world in which George Reynolds and others of that ilk dwelt, but she had scarcely credited that orbs did anything of the kind in the realms in which she lived and moved and had her being. But now standing before the glass in which her mistress's face was clearly revealed, she had her doubts set at rest at once



and for ever. Lady Lorme's maid let the brush slip in its passage over the silky tresses, and Lady Lorme's eyes flashed up like great black diamonds on the surface of the glass. "Do that again and you go to-morrow morning," she said, in her pretty, piquant tones that were so witching and beautiful; and then she turned round and caught the wrist of her astounded abigail with a grip you had deemed it impossible such a tiny, white, blue-veined hand could give.

"What were you saying, Robert, she then asked aloud of her husband, who forthwith repeated a remark he had made when the brush was slipping or about to slip, viz., that "Audrey had probably put dinner off for half an hour, but hadn't she better make haste now?"

"I have sent down word about dinner, Robert; it never occurred to me to consult Miss Lorme about it. I hope you will forgive the omission."

"My dear Leonie, 'forgive;' what a word! You will find neither Audrey nor me tenacious about anything you do, or do not do."

"How beneficent of the future Lady Evesham," said the fair bride, laughing; "your sister is not so handsome as you had led me to believe her, Robert; when she came out into the hall she looked as if she had been sitting too near a roasting fire."

"Audrey always colours a good deal from excitement," said Sir Robert, sauntering in and leaning against the door, while he watched the final touches being put to the pale pink moire antique in which his wife was now arrayed.

"Ah, that was it, then, probably," said my lady, holding out her tiny, exquisitely-rounded white arm for a cameo bracelet to be clasped upon it. "All the blood of the Lormes was in her face as she came out to view the intruder. I wonder what she expected to see? a milkmaid who would drop her a curtsy, and say, By your leave, miss, judging from her look of anything but gratified surprise when she saw *me*."

"Audrey was what every one must be, enchanted with you."

"She told you so?"

"Well, not in so many words, but I know her manner better than you do, and I saw it at once. I—may I offer you my arm, my dear Leonie?"

"To go down? No, not yet; I want to look at my rooms; besides, I hate going down to a drawing-room with no-

body in it. I shall keep the drawing-room to amuse myself with after dinner; now you shall make a little tour of inspection with me, and hear my opinion of the arrangements that have been made for your wife. In the first place, the furniture of this room is old, scrubby, and unbecoming. *Green!* who ever heard of having green for a lady's dressing-room? can't I, *may* I not have other colour, Robert?"

She, that velvet-eyed Venus in pink *moire*, had her arms clasped caressingly over one of his, as she asked the question. He looked down at her with such deep, hearty love and admiration, that she loosed her hold, and asked suddenly for another bracelet; "she was like a dog with only one ear," she said, laughing. Was it that the young bride was too bashful to stand unmoved beneath the admiring gaze of her lord, even?

"My dear Leonie, as if you were not sure that your wishes shall be law with me. Consult nothing but your own taste, and then you may be sure that I shall be pleased."

My lady was standing now before the fire with one little daintily *bottined* foot poised upon the fender. As her husband finished speaking she called him to come nearer, and when he came close to her, and put one arm round a waist slender as the now famous one which the Empress of Austria has achieved, she asked—

"Tell me the name and title of the man your sister Audrey is going to marry again, please, Robert. I have a very bad memory for things that only concern other people, and I have forgotten it; but she will think us both indifferent, and all sorts of dreadful things, if I betray ignorance on the point."

"Frederick Austin Compton, Lord Evesham of Evesham, and half a dozen other places. He's one of the nicest fellows in the world; I wish he had been here to-night; I forgot to ask Audrey about him."

"Yes, I wish he had," replied the lady; "I shall be glad when the terrible ordeal of being shown to the only two people likely to be prejudiced against me, and to prejudice *you* against me, is over. When are they to be married?"

"In December." (Sir Robert elected to ignore the other part of her sentence.)

"Oh, indeed; so soon? Well, now, Robert, if you like, I will go down to dinner."

And Sir Robert Lorme *did* like; for,

devotedly attached as he was to his young and lovely wife, he had felt the pangs of that unæsthetical thing yclept hunger pretty sharply during the last quarter of an hour.

Beaming with smiles, and looking ten times more lovely than she had done an hour before in the hall and the blue velvet, Lady Lorme came in now to the presence of the considerably discomfited Audrey, and inflicted another palpable suspense upon her.

"Ah! I am so grieved to have kept you waiting," she began, imploringly, quitting her husband's arm and gaining his sister's side with a gliding rapidity of motion that had something fairy-like and unearthly about it; "but what could I do, worn out and ill as I felt from the effects of the shaking railway-carriage to which we were condemned to-day? You will forgive me—say you will forgive me, and I will never forget my duty as hostess again so shockingly."

Audrey, so soon going to be the mistress of stately Evesham, and "half a dozen other places," as her brother had said, could well afford to laugh at this determined arrogating to herself of the rights of hostessship on the part of the diplomatic Venus whom she despaired of ever finding out—*i.e.*, "understanding," but whose *métier* she fancied it now seemed to be to will to please by a flattering rule that should alternately "bother and beguile." Of course Audrey accorded a most affectionate forgiveness for the *inhospitality* shown, and they sat down to dinner on social roses, with the thorns all carefully nipped off, or, at least, put out of sight.

Rumours of "my lady" being a promoted "teacher" had been wafted down in some wonderful way to Comhurst, therefore the way in which she raised with her jewelled hand the jewelled eye-glass, and glanced through it round the dining-room, the walls of which were hung with fly-blown portraits of departed Lormes, was much derided by those sticklers for *caste*, the denizens of the servants' hall.

"They might ha' been the mud under her feet, through which she've trodden many and many a time I make no doubt, and through which, the Lord be willin', she'll tread again, by the way she turned them eyes of hers upon them, and then *they* wasn't a lookin'; but *I* see it plain as plain, she dropped her eyes with the self-same look on Miss Audrey."

"Ah, get 'long, do," said Mrs. Wilson,

the old housekeeper, "don't come any of your rubbidge talk here, John Povers. As if the master, bless his heart, would have brought a lady home who'd go for to drop her eyes on *Miss Audrey* unseenly—'taint likely."

"Well, I shouldn't 'a' thought it likely, but I see her do it," said John, solemnly.

Later in the evening Lady Lorme was good enough to enact a new part.

She was seated on a low velvet chair, enthroned on one side of the fireplace, and Sir Robert was doing homage over the back of it, after the manner of bridegrooms. "Are you not tired of work?" she asked of Audrey, who had been assiduously stitching a riding-collar all the evening.

"No," Audrey answered, "not at all."

"I wish you would play something to me—or, stay, I will play something to *you*, if you'll let me use your piano till my own arrives." She rose as she spoke, and was advancing to the instrument, when Meph's recumbent form met her view.

"Pretty boy," she said, waking him with a little kick, "nice dog!"

Meph protested with a deep rumbling growl against the kick, at the same time wagging his tail in acknowledgment of the polite language.

"Horrid temper he seems," said Lady Lorme, emphatically; and as she spoke, she inserted the point of her slipper into the hapless Skye's side again.

"Oh, no, he's not a bad-tempered dog, poor old pet," remonstrated Audrey, but the growl that rumbled forth in even deeper tones than before seemed to contradict her. To be roused from his evening nap, and kicked by a stranger, it was more than had ever been asked or expected of Meph before. As Lady Lorme was advancing her foot for a parting salute, Meph sprang up and seized it with an angry yap.

Once more, had Dickson been in the room, would she have had ocular demonstration as to the flashing of eyes. My lady bent down, and before her husband could interfere, she had choked the dog off; with one little white hand she held him down with a strength against which he vainly struggled, and with the other she belaboured him until his howls of rage and pain brought a passionately indignant remonstrance from the lips of his mistress. Then Lady Lorme quitted her hold, and the dog slunk away—beaten.



"Did you know that Lady Lorme reckoned dog-taming amongst the list of her accomplishments, Robert?" said Audrey, when the tumult was over. "Believe me, I feared for *your* fingers," she continued, "for you had teased him into such a passion as he has never been in since I have had him."

"Sir Robert does not know half my accomplishments yet, Miss Lorme; he'll learn them in time, though, I've no doubt. Meanwhile, mark how thoroughly your dog is subdued in our first round. If we ever have another it will end in the death of one of us; which one do you think it will be?"

"My dearest Leonie, don't jest so," interposed Sir Robert; "play me something, *anything*—or, stay, play me the piece you were playing when I came into the room, and saw you for the first time."

"Why, *that*," said my lady, "was an exercise that I was teaching General Airey's stupid daughter to play! Teaching—strange, isn't it, Miss Lorme?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE LEPRECHAUN RUSHES HIS FENCES.

ALL the neighbourhood came to look at—or perhaps I ought to phrase it as they did, and say to call on her in a few days, and if wishes had power to blast prosperity, my lady's career would have been withered up at once. Sir Robert Lorme had been an eligible man in that county side too long for it not to quiver with rage and hate to the soles of its daintiest Balmorals when he dared to marry in haste—a stranger.

What dinners had been given to him by fond mothers, capable, in their unselfish love for their rapidly-maturing "eldest," of causing the junior members of the family to subsist upon cold mutton till pastoral pleasures, from their association with sheep, became odious to them. What sumptuous silks had Rugby tradespeople weekly supplied on the strength of the report of Sir Robert Lorme's attentions to various young ladies! What dozens of fair wrists had been flayed, and fingers crippled for awhile, through amateurish attempts to do for him at archery meetings! What debts had been contracted by yielding papas under their wives' representations that "it *must* come to a point soon, and then they could retrench till"—till such time as a baronet appeared

on the surface again, to be hooked for the next daughter. And now the end of all these things was, that he had gone up to London, and married a—a *nobody*.

They all came prepared to crush her when they heard that Lady Lorme was at home—came prepared to put her down and make her husband feel sorry that he had perpetrated such a mistake. But hardly had they been a moment in her presence before they were glad to hoist the white flag, and cry, from the bottom of their souls, "quarter."

She was merciless in making them all feel that she did not acknowledge their superiority; she was terribly at her ease before them; their hearts bled to perceive that she was just a little bored. One or two of them took her on the topic of music, hoping that a consciousness of the "reports they had heard" would humble her a little. But she baffled them here completely, with her *piquant* voice just a trifle elevated that all the room might hear, she detailed some of her experiences as a teacher of music in the families of upstarts, in little accented telling sentences, that were bewitchingly effective. Then a grandiose woman, the Countess of Corbyn, daughter of a duke and wife of an earl, tried her lofty hand at putting her in her proper place, by a series of allusion-phrases to the very high and mighty stratum of society in which dukes daughters do dwell; but Lady Corbyn held her daggers when she found, as she did presently, that she had been simply making the running for the baronet's lady, and that the soil she had been wont to farm with such *éclat* was taken out of her hands and tilled in a far superior manner by this new-school acquaintance.

And all the while Lady Lorme was suave and charming to a degree; she made every one of her guests uncomfortable, but she made them so in the most polished style; they all hated her, but they could discover no flaw, no blot on the faultless surface she offered to their view.

Miss Lorme felt rather dull in these days, for Lord Evesham found business in London which detained him on and on indefinitely, and Sir Robert was always on duty with his bride.

When a man of thirty-seven gives the reins of his heart, head, and understanding into female hands, he does it entirely, and never thinks of attempting to get the bit between his teeth. Lady Lorme

ruled her husband with a rod of iron, and he liked it, and thought it sweet.

There were great doings at Combhurst soon. She disliked going out to people's dreary houses, she said, but she gave dinners and bails at her own lavishly. And masculine Warwickshire bent the knee in adoration before her, and won nothing in return for its service but the tips of her dainty fingers, and level glances of something that would have been scorn if the smile on the lips had not seemed to contradict it, from the grey velvet eyes. And in the midst of it all November was born and nearly buried, and Lord Evesham came back with the bracelet.

Miss Lorme retained her own room and her own habits undisturbed, for they were not too congenial these sisters, though they kissed each other on the cheek, and called each other dear; and it was to Audrey's room, which she didn't call her boudoir, that Lord Evesham turned his steps when he came over to pay his long-deferred *devoirs* to my lady.

Lord Evesham's business had been tedious and wearing; that Audrey declared she could see at once, for he looked pale, and wan, and weary.

"What had it been about?" she asked, "estates, or settlements, or anything that she could understand, connected with business?"

Audrey had a kind of undeveloped notion that when a man was about to marry, the "settling up" and turning over a new leaf might be a troublesome proceeding.

He explained matters as clearly and succinctly as a man ever can or will explain matters to a woman, however near and dear she may be to him. He had been bothered and worried, he said; looking over old estate-deeds was dry work; lawyers in office hours were dry beings; but all that sort of thing was over now, and he only hoped Lorme would think he had acted as it behoved him to act in his position.

This was all very well: no expectant bridegroom could be expected to say more. To Audrey he was all that a man about to marry a woman in a fortnight should be to that woman: the chivalrous devotion of the lover was already tinged with the more sober and deeper respect of the husband. He seemed, in fact, to love Miss Lorme very dearly, and to lean upon her in a measure.

"And, by-the-by, I have not thought of it before, how do you like your sister-in-

law?" he asked, suddenly, when their interview in Miss Lorme's room had lasted for about half an hour.

"Fred, she's incomprehensible, utterly incomprehensible to me."

Miss Lorme rose as she said it, and pensively balanced her right foot on the fender, and her hands in her waistcoat pockets.

"Why?—what is there extraordinary about her?"

"Oh, nothing extraordinary in an *outré* sense; she is perfection in appearance and manners; she never fails in her 'part,' and—putting her determination to rule absolutely in the house out of court—she is all that a sister-in-law should be."

"And how as to her as a wife?"

"Well, I own I am bewildered, Fred; if she adored Robert she would behave exactly as she does behave, and yet——"

"And yet what, Audrey?"

"I do not think she does adore him. Perhaps the expecting such a thing as adoration may seem extravagant, and the speaking of it at all absurd; but it will not seem so to you after an hour's observance of my lady's manners and customs. She kneels down before Robert's chair, and bends her graceful head down when she's asking for a trifle sometimes; and she'll sit on the ground at his feet, and she'll walk with him half-way down the avenue of a morning when he's going to ride over the land; and she'll plod with her mites of delicately-kidded feet over ploughed fields with him, and nurse one of his sick pointers, and never rest for an instant while he is out of the house; and yet for all that I doubt the depth of her love for him."

"God of heaven!" cried Lord Evesham, hastily starting to his feet; "what more would you have her do?—she does all this, does she?—it's sickening, absolutely sickening to hear it."

"You won't say so when you have seen her, Fred: you will think then that if it's genuine my lady's is the most graceful affection that anybody ever evinced for anybody else yet in the world. But I often see her eyes when she does not happen to know that their sheeny velvet glances are visible to me, and they have taught me to doubt her affection for my brother, and to believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls."

"How so?"

"There's a double look in them; they are the loveliest eyes in the world, Fred,



you will acknowledge *that*, even if I wickedly prejudice you against her: some Eastern queen has looked like my lady does on a serpent about to sting her; and the serpent has looked back with the *other* glance that lives in Lady Lorme's eyes upon the Eastern queen."

"In fact," said Lord Evesham, laughing, "she's a combination of Cleopatra and the asp, according to your account. Come on, I am getting anxious to be introduced to Lady Lorme."

They left Audrey's room, and walked through the hall and into drawing and dining-rooms without finding her; and then they looked in the library, and she wasn't there; and then Audrey gaily continuing the search—for she was in exuberant spirits naturally enough at Evesham's return—went upstairs and in my lady's chamber she found Dickson ready with the information that "my lady had gone out to ride with Sir Robert."

"She has gone out to try the Leprechaun colt, Fred, I find; I forgot it before, but I remember now that Robert planned a surprise for her this morning—the gift of the nicest horse in his stable he considers it; you know the Leprechaun?"

"Isn't he that good-looking brown with a white off fore-leg?"

"Yes; he has only lately come home from the breaker's, and I fancy Robert intended him for me, for he is perfectly trained for a lady. But the other day Lady Lorme began the subject of riding, and from her tone Robert as well as I discovered that she had more than a *penchant* for it; he told me after that he should give her the Leprechaun."

"She will look splendid on horseback," said Lord Evesham eagerly; "let us go out and see them come up the avenue."

"How do *you* know how she will look?"

"I can judge pretty well from your description of her," he answered, rather testily. "Ugly women look well on horseback generally—pretty ones divine."

"We shall see them very well from this window, Fred," said Miss Lorme, going to it. "I don't relish the idea of going out in the cold to get a passing glimpse—for that is all we should get by going into the avenue. Lady Lorme is too good a judge of effect to suffer a hasty introduction; she would not pull up."

"Audrey," said Lord Evesham, suddenly coming up close behind and smoothing her chestnut hair with a caressing

softness that is strangely pleasant to a woman from the hand of the man she loves—"Audrey, I think I shall let Evesham for a time; I dislike English life and the English climate, and if you have no objection to the plan, I should rather go abroad for a few years."

"Anywhere with you," said the girl, cordially and fondly; "you will find me willing to live wherever you like, Fred. But isn't this rather a sudden resolution?"

No, he said, he had been thinking of it for some time. And then there was a silence, a happy silence on the girl's part, for she was following out the train of thought his proposition had aroused. "A life abroad," in the sunny South probably, with the man she loved; no, Audrey asked for nothing better, nothing brighter, nothing happier than this.

They came after a time, slinging up the avenue at a sharp trot, and Lord Evesham's prophecy was right. Lady Lorme did look splendid. At the first glance you could tell that the square seat and the light hand were not superficially gained things.

"Fred," Audrey exclaimed, admiringly, as Lady Lorme reined up sharply, and leant forward, patting the brown colt's neck, "my brother's wife is fairer than the fairest dream of woman that anybody can ever have had; isn't she superb?"

"Yes, she's rather pretty," said Lord Evesham, hesitatingly.

Lady Lorme in her hat and habit never for an instant lost sight of her tender delicacy—her *piquant* reliance on her husband—her thousand little feminine airs and graces. Some women rush into Amazonianisms as soon as they doff crinoline and a bonnet, and hold their whips under their arms in a way they would die rather than hold their parasols. They step, too, more determinately very often, and speak louder when in a horsey atmosphere, and altogether try to unsex themselves a little—just enough to correspond with their costume. But Lady Lorme knew better. She rode magnificently; she mounted well, she sat well, she handled his mouth well, and she rode judiciously; and with all this she was the thorough lady still. She did not become a diluted jockey the moment she touched the saddle, though the most casual observer could see at once that she was perfectly at home there.

She came into the room where Lord Evesham stood awaiting his introduction to her with his back to the window—

came in with her gliding grace of motion, and the wild rose blooming brightly in her most lovely face; and when she had advanced a yard or two into the room, she paused and looked at him.

With a strange look for a young hostess to give a stranger guest—especially when that guest is a gentleman on the brink of matrimony with her own sister-in-law—it was a glance of thrilling interrogation, and yet of most biting scorn, that went out of those dark-grey velvet eyes, and fastened itself on the countenance of the man to whom she presently bowed with her sweetest grace, and offered her hand in the most gracious manner, and welcomed to her “husband’s house as her husband’s future brother.”

Sudden as the glance had been, and suddenly as the glance had been quelled, one had seen it who would have given a year of her life *not* to have seen it. Had not that look shown knowledge of Lord Evesham in other days? With the proud, fearless honesty of her nature and her race, she resolved upon hearing the truth at once.

“You have known Lord Evesham before, though, I imagine, Leonie,” she said; “I need not have introduced you.”

“You are mistaken, then, in your imaginings,” said Lady Lorme, coolly. “I never saw Lord Evesham before to-day.”

“What, then,” thought Audrey, “could that fell glance of hers mean?”

She sat down to luncheon in her habit, taking her hat off, and throwing it down on a chair behind her, and proving satisfactorily by the perfect organization of her glossy tresses, that she was not one of that unfortunate and unpleasant race who always come in towed from a ride. And she was more graceful and feminine in the tight, plain, dark-cloth body and sleeves than any other woman could have been with all her feminine paraphernalia of silks and laces and ribbons about her. Sir Robert Lorme felt that she was so, and Sir Robert Lorme looked his triumph at the undoubted success his brilliant, beautiful bride was achieving before his fastidious friend.

As for the fastidious friend, his late business trials told upon him more and more as the luncheon went on: his paleness became pallor, and his weariness dejection.

“I want Leonie to let me give her another horse,” said Sir Robert, after a time, in allusion to the Leprechaun; “not

but what she rides him admirably; but she means to course with me, and the Leprechaun rushes his fences rather wildly.”

“A horse that does that is a bad mount for a lady,” opined Lord Evesham. “You had better agree to a change, Lady Lorme; a horse who rushes things wildly will never wait for a safe lead, and is apt, into the bargain, to get other horses into mischief.”

Lady Lorme’s eyes were fixed on her plate while he was speaking, but she raised them when he concluded, and—could Audrey be mistaken a second time—there was the self-same glance that had been in them when she first caught sight of Lord Evesham.

“I will bear what you say in mind, believe me, I will be very careful, and if I promise *that*, I am sure Robert will let me keep the horse; in fact, what you have said about his being ‘dangerous’ to other horses will effectually prevent *my* being rash at all, for I shall only ride with my husband.”

Admirable young matron!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LADY LORME TAKES THE BRACELET, AND LORD EVESHAM AT A DISADVANTAGE.

LADY LORME did not generally linger long over the luncheon-table; to say the truth, her ladyship found a family party tedious, and so, on ordinary occasions, was glad enough to get out of the way of their discovering that she did find it so, hastily. But to-day she lingered in the dining-room long after the last succulent morsel had been despatched—lingered, too, not unwillingly, but with an evident determination to stay as long as the rest did.

It was very aggravating, for she wanted them out of the room; but both Sir Robert and his sister showed an inclination to remain where they were, also. Sir Robert had opened a topic he loved with his far from apparently enthusiastic brother-elect. This topic was hunting; the nobleman who had hunted the fox-hounds for many years was just dead, and it was a great question in the county whether or not Lord Evesham could be persuaded into taking them. Sir Robert, in numerous conversations with many of his neighbours, had so far presumed on



his approaching relationship with Lord Evesham, as to hold out great hopes that he *would* take them, and to be very sanguine altogether as to the superior way in which "Evesham would hunt them, and keep up the whole thing, if he did take them."

"There's a capital site for the kennel over at Evesham," he continued, "and it will be keeping up the character of the hunt better than if it's allowed to subside into a mere subscription pack."

"But I don't think I shall be much at Evesham for some years to come," said Lord Evesham, when Sir Robert had wound up with this eloquent appeal.

"Not be much at Evesham? what on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Sir Robert. "Not be much at Evesham! *I* cannot part with Audrey," said my lady.

"I mean exactly what I say," said Lord Evesham, answering Sir Robert, and allowing his hostess's speech to pass unnoticed. "I wish to live abroad, and Audrey is willing to live abroad; so the end of it is that abroad we shall live for some time to come: you had better take the pack yourself, Robert."

"Ah! it is not the pack I am thinking of now," said Sir Robert, getting up and crossing over to his sister. "Audrey, dear," he continued, bending down and kissing her on the forehead, "I needn't tell you how sorry I am that Fred and you have come to this conclusion. I little thought that when that day we have all been looking forward to as such a happy one *did* arrive, that I should give my sister away literally."

"Don't say that, Robert; neither time nor distance can estrange *us*; we shall meet often, I hope; and Leonie," she continued, turning to the lustrous face that was bent attentively upon all three, "*you* like the continent, I know; you must persuade Robert to leave his dear old Combhurst sometimes, and come and see us; will you?"

"Yes," Lady Lorme said, "when they were married she had no doubt that Robert and herself would frequently give themselves the felicity of going to gaze on their happiness."

This being one of those speeches which are unanswerable, conversation flagged, and presently Lady Lorme rose and proposed an adjournment.

Audrey and Lord Evesham were going out in Audrey's pony-carriage; Sir Robert followed his sister out of the room

when the latter left it, saying she would go and dress, so for one moment the hostess and her guest were alone in the room. He paused at the door, for he, too, had meditated a hasty exit apparently—paused, and held the door open, with a haughty inclination of his head to the lady in indication of his desire that she would pass out before him.

"So, my lord," she said, stopping suddenly when she was close to him, "you will not remain at Evesham; I had hoped to have you for a neighbour."

She had laid her hand on the one of his that was holding the door open—laid it on with a gentle pleading clasp at first, but as she concluded her sentence she tightened it to a strong grasp, and at the same time pushed the door from his hold and shut it.

He shook her off, apologized for his roughness instantaneously, and attempted to pass her.

"Wont you let me speak to you for a moment?" she asked, as he opened the door, and again she laid that firm little white hand of hers on his arm.

"Not for one moment, Lady Lorme," he answered, and

"Oh, you coward!" was her comment on his refusal.

Lady Lorme went along through the hall, and up the wide staircase, with her face unruffled, her lips smiling, despite her angry words. Went along hall and staircase and corridor, and into her own room; and when she reached it and found it empty, she dropped the unruffled look, and the smile, and the regard for appearances, and the gliding pace of motion, and sprang to the sofa, with her hands clutching at her glossy dark hair, and buried her face in the cushions, and gave vent to a stormily spasmodic burst of execrations and ejaculations for a few minutes.

The room was completely metamorphosed. When a bride on the night of her arrival in her adoring husband's halls finds fault with the fittings-up of those portions specially dedicated to herself, the chances are considerably in favour of those things with which she has found fault being speedily removed. Lady Lorme's dressing-room was now worthy of the honour of being the casket for so fair a jewel as herself.

It was a turret-room, and its walls and toilette-table, its couch and easy-chairs, were all draped with rich crimson silk; all its appointments, too, were ruby,

Bohemian glass, and silver, and scentless flowers of gorgeous hue bloomed luxuriantly in its solitary window. Therefore, as far as outward appearances went, all was *couleur de rose*.

Ah, these "outward appearances!" how vilely mockingly deceptive they are. How often, when the physical path is over Turkey carpets and polished boards, is the mental and moral one over ice of the thinnest and ways of the thorniest. How hollow, what seems substantial! How wicked, what shows to the world as virtuous! How Godless your Sunday pietist! How glitter may dazzle the eyes of the casual observer to the weight of the cross of iron that is borne on some uncomplaining breast! How poverty brightens up, and makes the best of itself! How hate decks itself in the garb of loving-kindness; how envy swears it is only gentle tender interest! How family quarrels huddle themselves out of sight at the sound of the visitor's knock. How—but I may as well leave these moralizings till I write an essay against "outward appearances."

Suffice it to say then here, that the outward appearances which would lead one to suppose that all was *couleur de rose* in the interior of that extravagantly-bedecked little dressing-room—the soft glowing rich hue shone not in the soul of its lovely mistress—all was blank desolation there, and grey despair.

"The coward!" she kept on reiterating from between her clenched teeth—"the coward! not to give me a word of recognition or comfort; to be so careful of the dignity of that pink and white piece of delicate china, that he must act his lie even when we were alone together. I'll *make* him feel;—I'll *make* him speak; I'll—" she had not time to say what else she would do, for there came a knock at the door.

In a moment she had started up, and was standing before the glass with her hair let down and her face toned back to its normal state of lustrous beauty, and in another moment her voice was perfectly under command, and she was capable of uttering, with all her usual fascination of tone and manner, the words "Come in!"

And then the door opened, and Audrey Lorme came in, with a little leather case in her hand.

"Oh!" said Lady Lorme, languidly, "I thought it was Dickson come to take off my habit; I have been here ever so

long" (the time had seemed long to her) "waiting."

Audrey explained that she had merely come in for a minute to offer her wedding-gift—a trifle, and a long-delayed one; but Evesham had been commissioned to get it, and she had left the choice of it entirely to him, as in her (Audrey's) opinion his taste was good.

"Oh, faultless!" Lady Lorme assented quickly, and then she took the case and opened it, and gazed, as Audrey thought, with almost too absorbed admiration on the bracelet which reposed in it.

As a bracelet it deserved the enwrapped regard bestowed upon it—as a gift it deserved something more. It was a broad band of brilliants and opals, with a pendant locket thickly studded with the same stones.

"The locket opens in two places in a most peculiar manner," said Audrey at last, feeling that though it was an awkward thing for her to break the silence, it would be a still more awkward thing for her to allow it to continue unbroken: "it's a mysterious little locket; shall I show you how it opens?"

To her surprise Lady Lorme achieved the opening it even as she spoke.

"I must have pressed by accident on the right stone," she said. "Audrey, it is a magnificent present! I can never thank you sufficiently for giving, or Lord Evesham for getting it for me."

And then the two ladies kissed each other, after the manner of women when a present has passed from one to the other, and, indeed, on all the important occasions of life; and Audrey, feeling that she could now leave the room without embarrassment, sketchily stated that she wanted Robert to give her some money, as she probably should go to one of the neighbouring towns and buy something, walked out, leaving Lady Lorme still standing with the bracelet in her hand.

Presently she opened the door, and—it was a mean thing, but she was capable of worse than that—listened. She heard her husband shout out—

"Go to the library, Audrey, will you, and I'll be with you in a minute."

She watched that minute pass according to the clock on her mantel-piece with bated breath, and then she tore off her habit, and dressed herself in her voluminous crinolines and trailing silks, with a rapidity that would have caused Dickson's hair to stand upon end with great awe. And then she rushed down-stairs noise-



lessly, and into the drawing-room, where she found Lord Evesham.

She was by his side before he saw her enter, her hand was on his own, and she was flashing the jewels before his eyes.

"What made *you* select this as a wedding-gift from *your* affianced bride to *me*?" she asked, in a hissing whisper.

"I don't know," he answered doggedly, after an instant. "I was foolish to do it; I did not mean to hurt your feelings."

"You have not done so; now be quick in replying to all I may ask you, or down goes your fabric of happiness, for Audrey Lorme will come in and find us. Your bringing me that bracelet makes me think you more of a man than I did just now; it shows to me clearly and well that you remember what is past. Now—why did you leave me?"

"I obeyed your command."

"What! a woman's outbreak of impatience, and you took advantage of it: why did you conceal your accession to fortune and title, Frederick Compton?"

"What would have been the use of letting you know it?" he asked, impatiently. "We were separated—parted by your own will and wish. I had formed another attachment—that is to say——" he stammered.

"Go on," she interrupted, scornfully.

"That is to say, my love for you was weakened; I believed that you had ceased to care for me; there would have been folly under these circumstances in seeking to renew the dream that you yourself awoke me from."

She thought for a moment; he was a lord—rich, with a place in the land far higher than any mere baronet could attain; then she spoke.

"And I love you still, Fred! Heaven help me! *how* dearly I can never tell. One word of soothing for the poor wretch who has blighted her life, under the impression that it could never be re-united with yours. Had I been a free woman—were I a free woman—would you fulfil the vow you once made me?"

Poor Lord Evesham was in a pitiable place: he was in the house of a friend, and that friend's wife was making love to him and raking up old memories of the days gone by, when he had thought she was going to be *his* wife. Added to which, the girl to whom he was betrothed was liable to come in at any moment. She wasn't free, and there was not the remotest possibility of her being free till he was himself bound to the girl he now

most dearly loved, indissolubly; he had been passionately attached to the lovely Leonie; there could be no harm, he thought, in telling a white lie, since it would soothe her.

"Yes, I would," was the result of his cogitations; and then they heard footsteps approaching, and Lady Lorme was herself again, and able to go forward and show the "beautiful present" to her husband.

Sweet little woman! who would have thought—here, again, outward appearances were so fair—that she nourished a black pain and a black crime in her heart, as she stood talking leisurely to Audrey, and Sir Robert, and Lord Evesham, and Meph. She caught up the white Skye in her arms, and disregarding his cross growls, carried him to the door to see his mistress off. She was quite bright, and sparkling, and vivacious. No one would have thought that she had been clenching her hands, and tearing her hair, and moaning up in the privacy of her own room ten minutes before. Still less would any one have thought who witnessed the clinging affection with which she hung on Sir Robert's arm—have deemed that five minutes before she had been passionately adjuring another man to tell her that he loved her still, and informing him that her marriage had blighted her life. Consummate little actress! how admirable her tact would have been if she had not a soul to be blackened by such falsehood, to be lost through such vile deception and trickery. She even gaily called out a laughing order for some lollipops to Lord Evesham, and merrily wished them a pleasant drive. And then she went back into the house with her husband and entreated him not to leave her all the afternoon—or at any rate, if he must go out over part of the land, to let her walk with him. In fact, if Sir Robert Lorme had not believed before that my lady adored and would go through fire and water for him, he would have been justified in believing it from this date.

Later, when the dull November day was closing in, she went to the glowing turret-room again, and Dickson was summoned, and the shrine was brilliantly illuminated, and then Lady Lorme achieved a ravishing toilette.

The robes she wore were always rich and rare, but to-night she was resolved to excel herself, and to dazzle the man who had confessed that he loved her still, even when the beauty he had once idolized had

been simply set off by the riding-habit. "Would not that beauty win his heart yet more through his eyes," she thought, "when set off by splendour?"

So my lady was robed in a clouded white *moire*, covered with a light running pattern of delicate white velvet leaves; and over this she wore the tiniest white velvet Zouave jacket, embroidered with the matchless gold tracery of Corfu; this jacket was fastened at the throat with a diamond and opal clasp, and its sleeves

falling wide and open from the elbow, left one lovely arm entirely bare, while on the other sparkled Audrey's present to her —yet not Audrey's present either, for *that* she had safely locked away in a drawer. Besides, in this locket, had she opened it, might have been seen a pair of exquisitely-painted miniatures; and the painting on the one side represented with rare fidelity the face of Lord Evesham, and the painting on the other side the face of Lady Lorme.

(To be continued.)

### 'TIS SWEET TO BE ALONE.

'Tis evening, and the stars are forth,  
The glory of the night,  
Casting o'er loneliness and gloom  
A soft, poetic light.  
Evening, that shuts us from the world,  
Stills each discordant tone;  
And whispers in a gentle voice,  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."

'Tis evening, and the feverish toil,  
The hurry and the strife,  
The restless conflicts and cares,  
That weary us of life,  
Have ceased a season, and we feel  
The influence of the hour  
Fall on the heart as early dew  
Falls on the parched flower.

All, all is silent, and the stars  
That gild the vaulted sky  
Look down upon my solitude  
In speechless sympathy.  
A gush of music fills my soul,  
And leaves a lingering tone  
That seems an echo of my thoughts,  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."

To be alone? Yes, when the heart  
Is swayed by hopes and fears,  
Foreshadowings so strangely wild,  
And dreams of unborn years.

When all the melody of life,  
Embodied in a tone,  
Has lost its music to mine ear,  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."

When flowers lie scattered at my feet,  
And roses fade at noon,  
When friendship's tie is severing  
Life's dearest, holiest boon,  
When not a ray from yonder sky  
Can cheer this weary one,  
I say, in bitterness of heart,  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."

It is not that I do not prize  
The tear of sympathy,  
Or that I deem all valueless  
Kind words friends offer me;  
But there are feelings, yearnings, all  
To other hearts unknown,  
And when they steal upon my soul  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."

I would not lighter hearts should know,  
Or share in my distress;  
I would not breathe a tale of woe  
To mar their happiness;  
But 'tis not that I e'er would scorn  
Friendship's congenial tone;  
O no! though there are seasons when  
"'Tis sweet to be alone."



## PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.\*

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ORNAMENTS IN RICE-SHELL-WORK.

THE term "shell-work" may, perhaps, suggest to our fair readers those gay, and sometimes gaudy, but often very striking groups of brightly-tinted shell-flowers, which we meet with at most watering-places. These certainly form showy ornaments for the table or mantelpiece, but are scarcely adapted for ladies' work; the plaster, stiff wire, rough colours, and actual hard work, being matters by no means fitted for

"Delicate and dainty fingers!"

The shell-work we propose to teach is a very different affair, its lightness and purity of look adapting it peculiarly for wreaths, or sprays for the hair or dress, and the materials of which it is composed rendering it an elegant drawing-room occupation, as well as one calculated to call forth the artistic taste and inventive powers of the worker; for it is capable of infinite variety.

We shall divide our instructions into two branches—viz., the "Simple," and the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work."

The shells used are called "rice-shells," from their resemblance to the grains of rice; they are brought from the West

Their Latin name is *Voluta Nivea*. Those who would study economy, and do not mind making a pilgrimage to East Smithfield, will often obtain them very cheaply from those miscellaneous dealers who purchase the foreign shells and curiosities brought from abroad by sailors. A pint of these shells will go a great way.

Before we can set to work the shells must be cleaned and prepared. For this purpose, the first thing to be done is, with a strong yet fine-pointed pin, to free each shell from any grit or dirt which may have accumulated in the interior. Next, with a strong, sharp pair of scissors, a bit of about the size of a pin's point is to be clipped off from the extreme tip of each shell, so as to leave a tiny hole there, not larger than the eye of a middle-sized sewing-needle. This is a manipulation requiring care, as, if it is roughly done, too large an opening will be made, and the symmetry of the shell will be destroyed. Neither should the worker stoop over the shell while clipping it, for, if the bit of shell snapped off were to fly into the eyes, it would occasion much irritation and pain. Practice will soon enable any one to clip the shells rapidly and evenly.

In order to set about rice-shell-work systematically, it will be necessary to have a dozen little square card-board trays or boxes, about three or four inches square, and two inches deep. These can be easily made from white or coloured card-board, and should be so contrived that they may fit into one another, and all be contained in one large tray or box of similar material, covered by one cover.

As the shells are cut, let them be sorted into three divisions, the small, the middle-sized, and the large shells. When all are clipped, put them into three separate basins; pour over them cold water enough to cover the shells, and to stand about an inch above them. Into this water put soda and mottled soap, in the proportion of half an ounce of each to a full pint of water; the soap should be shredded. Cover the basins, and set them on a hob, or in an oven, or near a good fire; stir up the whole occasionally, and let



HEAD-DRESS OF RICE-SHELL-WORK.

Indies, and sold by measure, or by the box, at most conchological repositories.

\* In compliance with the wishes of our lady readers, we resume "Parlour Occupations," a series of practical directions in useful, elegant, and ornamental art, which commenced in our first volume. The articles already published comprise instructions in "Transparent Glass Painting for Windows;" "Flower Painting;" "Illuminated Glass Painting;" and "Illuminated or Vellum Painting."

it remain until the water is scalding hot, not longer. Then rub the shells gently with the hands, and pour off that water; and having rinsed the shells, add a fresh supply of water, and put in only soap this time. Let it again stand by the fire until hot, stirring it occasionally; then again rub the shells gently between the hands, pour off the soapy water, and rinse them thoroughly with clear cold water.

Now lay a soft, folded towel on the table; put about a table-spoonful at a time of shells on this towel, and turning another fold of it over, rub them gently, but sufficiently to free them from moisture. Have ready a silk handkerchief, and remove them to this, and polish them with it, and then transfer them to one of the boxes, and setting it on the hob, let it stand there until the shells feel warm, shaking it occasionally in order that all may be equally dried. They will now be ready for use, and ought to have a pearly, white, polished appearance.

Take notice that too much soap or soda, or too great a degree of heat in the water, or too long a soaking, will make them look yellow; while too much heat when drying will crack them or render them brittle, and too little will leave a moisture about them which will tarnish the other parts of the work.

The next important item to the shells is the silver wire. This is bought on reels, by the ounce, and can be obtained of any of the large gold and silver bullion fringe-makers and wire-drawers in the city. As "crochet cotton" is doubtless well known to most of our lady readers, we will compare the different sized wires required to the different numbers of this cotton of similar size. The coarsest silver wire we ever need would be about the calibre of No. 10 cotton; the next about that of No. 16; and the finest about the size of No. 24 or No. 30. The two latter are those chiefly used for leaves, flowers, &c., the coarsest being generally only employed for the stem on to which the various component parts of a wreath or spray are to be grafted, or for baskets, or ornamental groups; our aim being lightness, not only of appearance but of weight, we use the thinnest wire we can, consistently with firmness.

The largest shells are chiefly used for baskets; the middle-sized and small ones for flowers and leaves. Each kind is to be contained in its own box.

Into another of the boxes cut some two or three hundred lengths of the middle-

sized wire, each piece measuring about two-and-a-half inches.

Having now made all our preparations, we will set to work, and see how all the various separate portions of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article are made, and how they are put together.

This cut shows the manner in which every shell required for leaves or flowers must be prepared. We call it "wiring the shells." In order to effect it, the shell must be taken between the finger and thumb of the left hand, with its point towards the tip of the finger, and its opening turned upwards; then one of the two-and-a-half inch lengths of wire, which we directed should be prepared, must be taken in the right hand, and one end of it passed in at the point, and out at the opening of the shell, and a third of it drawn through, and then turned over on itself; the folded wire being then held between the thumb and finger of the right hand, the shell must be turned round and round until the wires are sufficiently twisted together, to hold the shell firmly. In a very short time this manipulation will become so familiar that it will be performed with astonishing ease and dispatch.

Keep the wired shells sorted, laying the smaller ones in a box to themselves, and the middle-sized ones also in a box to themselves, and with the shells all towards one end; for when we come to make up the flowers, &c., it is astonishing how much time will be saved by our being able at once to put our hands on the portion we need.

Having thus wired a hundred or two, or more of shells, according to the purpose we have in view, we next proceed to make them up.

A leaf like the one represented, may be



made of any number of shells, from five



to fifteen, or even twenty-five. A very small shell should be chosen for the apex, and then the pairs graduated so as to increase in size towards the stem. They should all be picked out, and laid ready for use before we begin to form the leaf.

Take the small central, or top shell between the finger and thumb of the left hand, allow the shell itself and about an eighth of an inch of the twisted wire to project above the finger, and have the opening of the shell turned towards you. Take the first pair of shells and insert one on either side of the central one, leaving about the tenth of an inch of twisted wire between the shells and their junction with the wire of the middle shell; then, with the finest wire, bind them all together by twisting the fine wire neatly round and round the stem, for the distance of nearly a quarter of an inch, when the second pair of shells are to be added, arranged, and bound on in like manner, and for a similar distance; continue thus all the way down, leaving the wires between the shell and the stem a little longer at each pair, keeping all the openings one way, and taking care to bind the stem firmly and compactly, and especially to avoid leaving any projecting ends or points of wire, as these not only look untidy, but are excessively inconvenient if the work is intended for wear.

The flower bud is formed by taking one of the lengths of wire, threading a shell on it, and then a small Roman pearl bead, and then a second shell, and twisting the wire to keep them all firm. It will be perceived by the engraving that the bead comes between the two points of the shells, and that both openings lie in the same way.

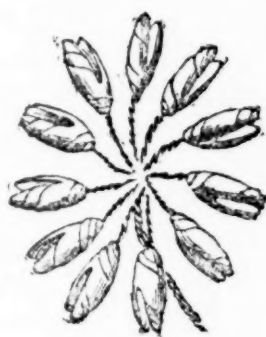
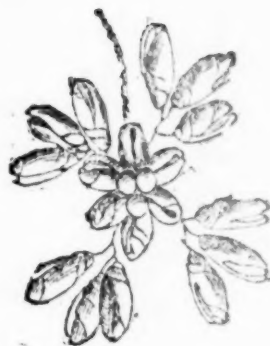


This is what we term a "single" or "simple flower." It is composed of five wired shells of equal size; the openings are all turned inwards, and the wires bound together immediately below the points of the shells firmly and compactly, all the way down to the very extremity.



This double flower is composed of seventeen shells—viz., twelve small ones, and five of a middle size. The five are arranged as in the single flower; the twelve are made up into four leaflets of

three each, put together in the way a leaf is commenced; these are bound on to the flower, being arranged evenly round it, and so as to leave about a quarter of an inch of its stem above their junction with it, and the same length of wire between the pair of shells in each leaflet and the stem. Bend them into their places when the flower is completed.



Another variety of flower is here given, composed of twelve small shells, so arranged as to leave half an inch of wire between the point of each shell and the place where we begin to bind it; all the openings face upwards. The shells are to be arranged like the spokes of a wheel.

Wheat-ears may be made of any number of shells, from eighteen to thirty, and



of either small or middle-sized shells. One is taken as an apex, then a pair set one on either side of it, then one in the centre; then another pair, and so on, binding them on, almost close to the point of each shell, and putting in here and there three-quarter inch lengths of the middle-sized wire, to resemble the beards.

This is a representation of an ornamental group; the shells chosen for it should be the large ones. Three lengths of wire (middle-sized), measuring about four or five inches, must be cut off. A



shell is threaded on each wire, the wire folded double, a twist or two given to it just to maintain the shell in its place, and then the double wire wound round a good-sized pin to give it that spiral form. The three, when done, are bound together at the bottom for about a quarter of an inch, and mounted on an inch or two of the coarsest wire.

In binding leaves, flowers, &c., the fine wire should not be cut off until the leaf, or whatever it may be, is complete, as it is desirable to avoid ends and roughnesses.

We could amplify these notices, but we consider that the engravings will be sufficient to show our readers the kind of groups that can be arranged, and suggest to inventive and tasteful minds a multitude of other combinations.

With regard to their adjustment into sprays, or wreaths, we can say but little, because that is so much a matter of taste. A light and graceful appearance should be aimed at, and the work neither crowded too closely together nor left too straggling. It will often be advisable to mount a flower on a couple of inches of the coarse wire, in order to lengthen the stem, and it may then be grouped with a bud, or with spiral shells; but no rules can be laid down in an optional matter like this. The foundation stem, or that from which all the sprays of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article hang, should be of double coarse wire; and the stems of the sprays of single coarse wire. All are to be bound on with the finest wire, and as neatly and as lightly as is consistent with firmness.

Care must be taken not to tarnish the wire by too much handling, especially with warm hands, or by unnecessary exposure to the atmosphere. When not in use, the reels should always be kept enveloped in silver paper.

The leaves of various sizes, the flowers of different kinds, and the other portions, should be consigned each to the boxes appropriated for them, as fast as they are made, and not all heaped together in one inextricable mass.

This pleasing art is well worthy the pains and patience of all

"Who in work both contentment and happiness find."

Having now described the whole process of preparing the shells, and making all those separate portions necessary to



SPRAY IN RICE-SHELL-WORK.

form a wreath, we beg to observe that the same instructions apply equally to the present branch of our subject; but then we only spoke of the "Simple" form of this work, or that composed merely of shells and silver wire. It is doubtless the most chaste, from its extreme purity; but it is also the most perishable, for we all know how quickly silver tarnishes; it likewise is not so convenient for wear, especially in the hair, for, be as careful as ever we will, we cannot entirely avoid roughness and projecting points.

The "Composite form," which we are now about to describe, admits of the ornaments being made to match, or contrast with, or set off, any hue of dress or complexion. In the making of composite rice shell-wreaths, &c., various materials are brought into use; as, floss silk; fine wire-chenil; roman-pearl beads, and



beads of a similar kind of coral colour, turquoise, pink, green, or yellow; flower seeds; velvet or satin, or silver leaves; and silver bullion.

To make a wreath, and a set of sprays for a bridal dress, we should use white floss-silk, white chenil, and silver bullion. The shells are to be "wired" as directed; but, in making them up into leaves and flowers, instead of using the fine wire we use the floss-silk to wind or bind them; and thus, instead of the wires being all exposed, they are hidden, and the stems present a smooth silken surface.

For making a simple, or single-flower, we use the five shells as before, but we cut half an inch of silver bullion, thread it on one of the cut lengths of wire (of which we directed there should always be a supply), fold it into a loop, twist the wire to keep the bullion firmly in form and place, and put this in the centre of the flower, arranging the five shells round it, and binding the stem with the silk.

In making the "double-flower" we use twenty instead of the seventeen shells before directed; viz., five for the flower, and fifteen for the five leaflets of three shells each; in the centre of the five shells we



DOUBLE-FLOWER.

put the loop of bullion just described, and between the flower and the leaflets we arrange five loops of fine wire-chenil at equal distances, as in this cut, allowing each loop to project nearly half an inch, and binding them on with the fine wire; the leaflets are then arranged round the stem so that the centre shell

of each one appears between and just beyond each two loops; the whole is bound together with silk, and the stem covered to its extremity. The "bud" may either have a loop of chenil standing up on each side of the shells of which it is composed, or it may be formed solely of two or three loops of chenil bound on to a stem of wire with floss-silk. When the flowers are coloured, by adding chenil and beads, or seeds to them, green leaves and green buds have a very pretty effect.

The leaves for the bridal ornaments we were speaking of may either be composed of shells and wound with white silk or silver, or white satin or velvet, or crêpe

leaves may be used. We need scarcely add that silk must be used to bind all the parts together.

Let us imagine now that a *brunette* desires to dress her hair and decorate her snowy ball-dress with wreaths and sprays, &c., of scarlet or coral colour.

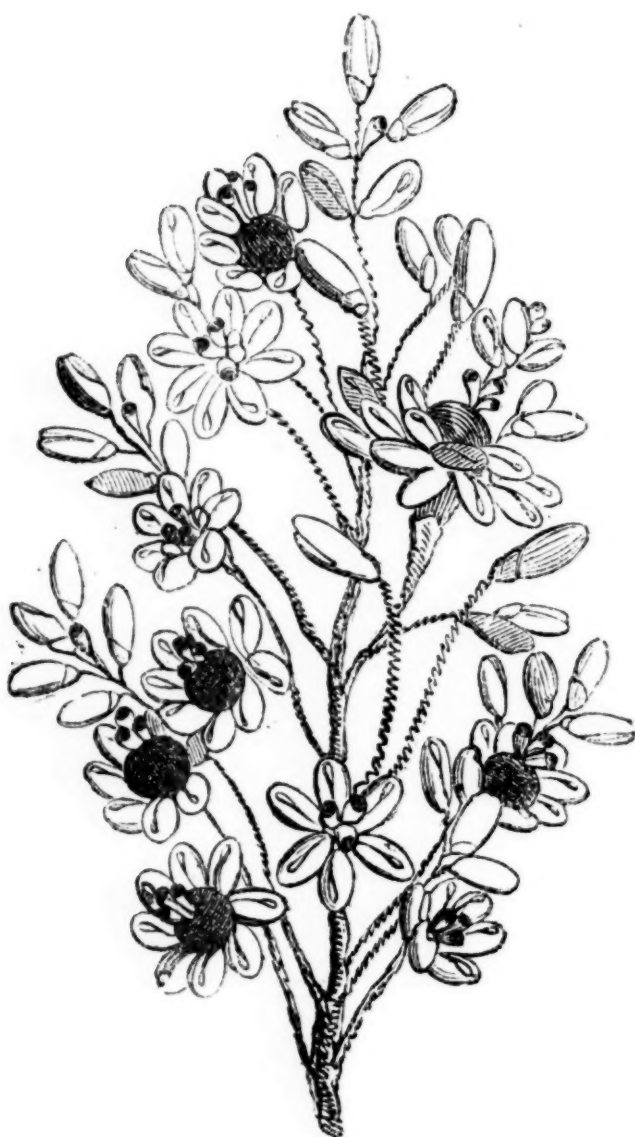
The shells must be prepared and wired in the ordinary way, and half a dozen reels of floss-silk, and a knot of chenil of the desired hue, and four strings of small coral-coloured beads, and two of beads about the average size of peas, got. These beads must each be threaded separately like the shells, but on rather shorter lengths of wire, and the wire folded and twisted to make it hold its beads firmly. One of the larger beads should be put in the centre of every double-flower, and three of the small ones in the centre of every single-flower. The flowers may be made simply with the five shells and five loops of chenil, omitting the leaflets. If the leaves are to be made of shells, the stems must be bound with this coloured silk; but velvet, or satin, or tinsel leaves of the same hue may be substituted for, or intermixed with the shell leaves with good effect.

Ornaments for blue, pink, green, or maize *toilettes* may in like manner be formed *en suite* by substituting beads, silk, and chenil of the chosen shade for the colour we have given. Mourning wreaths, &c., may likewise be made by using black silk, chenil, and beads; or gray silk and chenil with pearl beads, and gray or white satin leaves.

When once our readers have begun to carry our directions into practice they will perceive how possible it is to create an infinite variety of tasteful articles, all differing in style, form, and hue. Coronets, wreaths, and head-dresses of every conceivable pattern may be made; sprays for the dress of any size, length, or shape; bouquets for the waist or bosom; trimmings for the *corsage*; tiny wreaths to put between quilled ribbon or *blonde* for the purpose of ornamenting gloves, or sleeves, or the top of the dress; flowers for caps; studs or buttons for the front of a dress; in short, more things than we have time or space to name. And all these may be made very economically, for less than one-third of the ordinary cost of such decorations.

We have given, at the commencement of this article, a cut of a spray, or rather of a portion of one, for want of space compelled us to shorten it; it has green

velvet leaves ; the flowers are surrounded by chenil loops, and have in their centres flower seeds ; it is wound with silk.



BOUQUET IN RICE-SHELL-WORK.

This cut represents a small bouquet to be worn brooch-fashion in the bosom of the dress ; it is composed of shells and turquoise beads, and wound with light blue silk. The leaves are of shells, and gradually increase in size towards the end of it.

The advantage of using silk instead of the fine silver wire for binding the stems, &c., is, that not only are all points and inequalities thus smoothed over, but with ordinary care the articles wear much longer—for even if the small portions of silver wire left exposed do tarnish, they cannot mar the beauty of the whole, forming then so very trifling a portion of it, instead of the leading feature, as they do in “simple rice-shell-work.”

We said just now that studs or buttons could be formed with shells ; we will now explain how this may be done.

Cut out a set of circular pieces of white cartridge-paper, or very thin card-board, of the size it is wished the buttons should

be ; from the diameter of a crown-piece to that of a shilling is the ordinary scale. Have ready wired some middle-sized, and some small shells, and a pearl or coloured bead the size of a pea for each button.

With a good-sized pin perforate a circle of holes, about a third of an inch in, all the way round, and pass the wire of a middle-sized shell through each, bending the shells down, so that they lie evenly round with their backs upwards, and their points projecting just beyond the edge of the card-board. Without disturbing the wires on the wrong side, now make another circle of perforated holes, and put in another round of shells, bending them so as just to overlap the outer ones. Still leave the ends of wire, and pierce a third circle of holes, and into these put small shells, and bend them in like manner, to fit on to the former rounds. Three circles will generally be sufficient for a good-sized button. Pierce a hole in the centre, and put in the wired bead, which will fill up and complete the surface. Now carefully flatten down the wires at the back, and cover the back with silk, arranging any shells which may have become misplaced afterwards.

The floss-silk may be obtained at any large Berlin wool shop ; it is sold on small reels, of which from two to six or eight will be required, according to the quantity of work which has to be wound.

The chenil is procurable at the same place ; one knot goes a great way. It is the small wired chenil we use, not the fine embroidery chenil.

The beads are sold at most fancy repositories. It is not the crystal glass, or the seed bead, which we use, but those French coloured glass beads that have lately been so much worn. It is not absolutely necessary that they be only round : for there is a long, or rather, an oblong variety, which is very effective.

The leaves and flower-seeds may be bought at any artificial florist's ; but the best way is to obtain them from the makers, then they can be ordered of any colour or pattern.

There is a small pink pearly bivalve shell, one of the *Venus* tribe, that can be combined with the rice shell with very good effect. These are to be obtained of most conchologists. They must be cleaned ; but as they cannot, from their form and fragility, be rubbed dry, the moisture must be evaporated from them by gentle heat. A tiny hole must be pierced in each one with a strong but fine



needle, by laying them on a soft cushion and then perforating each shell separately. They must then be wired. A very graceful and elegant wreath may be made by forming flowers and leaves of rice shells, and groups or flowers of these tiny rosy-hued shells, and winding all the stems with very delicate pink silk.

A circular wreath of simple daisy flowers has a very chaste and graceful appearance; or these flowers may be combined with the wheat-ears with good effect.

But we have said enough to open the path to our readers; and once entered therein they will find the work infinitely suggestive, and offering scope for every graceful and tasteful vagary. So we will only add a little word of advice—aim at lightness, not only of appearance, but of actual weight, and never crowd or load any ornament with too much work. The leading principle of artistic excellence in every department of art is simplicity; and this may be attained by close and severe attention. The eye is most pleased when it can retain at a glance the chief points of attraction.

We have hitherto only described those rice-shell ornaments which are adapted for wear, it is time we proceed to describe some of those ornamental articles for the drawing-room which can be manufactured, and which from their delicacy, lightness, and rarity are admirably adapted for presents.

Baskets of various kinds and forms may be made, either of the shells only, or of shells and card-board. Perforated card-board is the best when that material is used, as it saves trouble, and forms the pattern more evenly.

If we would make a card-basket or tray, for the reception of visitors' cards, the requisite number of pieces to form the article must be shaped out from the coloured perforated card-board, and the pattern or arabesque which is to be worked on it with the shells, pencilled. Coloured card-board should be used, because that throws up the pure white of the shells. Having joined the different pieces together which form the basket, by sewing them with fine chenil, or silk twist, we take about half a yard of the finest silver wire and attach it to the basket at the place we purpose commencing the pattern, and bring it through one of the holes or perforations just there. We then thread a shell on it, and pass the wire through another hole, so situated, as when the

wire is drawn tight, to cause the shell to lie in that direction which will make it fall into its right position in the pattern. The wire must then be returned to the right side again, and another shell threaded on it, and the same manœuvre gone through; or, if it be intended to work a shell pattern inside and outside the basket, a second shell must be threaded on the wire before it is returned to the right side, and that adjusted into its place by a similar proceeding to the one just described. It is, however, difficult to manage the two patterns at once; one is sure to mar the other to a greater or less extent; therefore it will always be best either to make the basket very open and tray-shaped, and to work the pattern on the inside, which will then be the only one much seen; or else to make it rather close and upright, so as to show chiefly the outside, and to work the pattern there.

Baskets may be made of unperforated card-board by gumming the pattern with a very thick solution of gum-dragon, and then sticking the shells on in their proper places.

In all kinds of baskets made with rice-shells, the back of the shell is to form the surface, and the opening to be turned inwards.

The basket, of which we have given a cut, is composed of shells, and the coarsest of the three sizes of silver wire. It is made in lattice-work, or squares, and requires some art to mould, or shape it into form.

We commence at the bottom and with the central square. A length of wire, measuring twelve or fourteen inches, must be taken, and the small shells used. Thread four shells on the wire, arranging them so that the point of the first meets the point of the second, and the end of the second meets the end of the third; while the point of the third meets the point of the fourth. Push them along the wire to within about an inch of the end, then bend them into a square, and twist the short end of the wire firmly and neatly with the other, and cut off the superfluous bit. Now thread three shells on the wire, so arranged that the end of the first and the point of the third shall meet the corresponding end and point of that shell of the square already formed, which, when these three are bent into their positions, will constitute the fourth side of this second square. Loop the wire through the corner of the foundation square, and we have the second completed.

A certain firmness, divested, however, of tightness, is requisite in performing these manipulations; for if the shells are jammed too closely together, the work will have an uneven, stiff appearance, whereas if they are left too loose the fabric will never set in form, and will look slovenly. The drawing the wire through the corners of the preceding squares, in order to complete the one which

is being worked, too, is a nice operation, which must be gently done, or we may crack the work; and securely and neatly managed, or the squares will not be firm and compact.

Three shells are now again to be symmetrically threaded, and formed into a square, and fastened down to the central one. Two other squares are then to be formed in like manner, and we now have



BASKET IN RICE-SHELL-WORK.

five, or one on each of the four sides of the foundation square. All the sixteen shells used for this should be small, and as nearly as possible of a size.

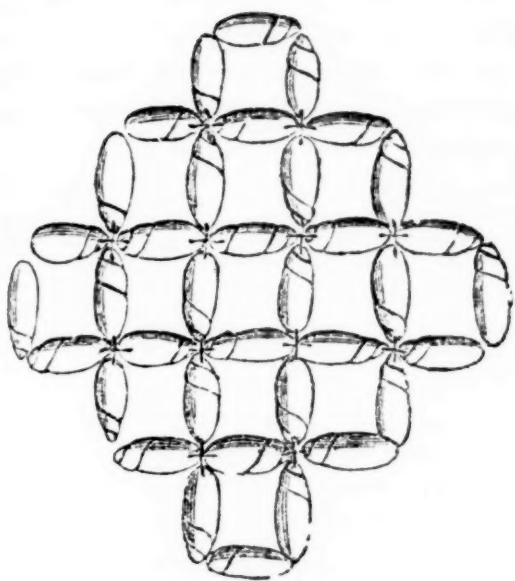
The wire is now passed up through the inside of the shell nearest to it, and it will be found that the next round of squares will be formed, first, by threading two shells, and bending them into position, and fastening them down at the corner, over the place where the preceding round has left us two sides of a square, and then by threading three shells, and bringing them into shape, where we have only one side ready for us. The two shells, and the three shells, used alternately, will produce another round, consisting of eight

squares. Care must be taken to use shells of equal size for a round, although in each fresh round the size of the shells should be in a slight degree increased. The backs of the shells must all lie one way, and the openings the other; the latter constitutes the inside of the basket, as they do not look so uniform and handsome.

The following engraving will give an idea of the appearance of the fabric in an early stage.

When it is necessary to take a fresh length of wire it must be joined on close to the corner of a completed square, by twisting it firmly and neatly with the end of the length just used up, and cutting off the superfluous point.





The third round is formed as the second, by using alternately the two and the three shells as required to complete the squares.

The number of rounds which are to be worked for the bottom depends entirely upon the size which we design to make the basket. In general, these three, or at any rate four rounds, will be sufficient to make a very pretty-sized one.

The next round is to be worked exactly in the same way and with exactly the same sized shells as the last one at the bottom, and after it is worked it is to be turned up, like a rim, all round. This commences the basket itself.

These rounds are now to be added with the small shells, and shaped into form; and then the middle-sized shells, in rounds of gradually increasing size, are to be used for about six rounds; and then the large shells, in gradually increasing size, are to be brought in use and continued until the basket is finished.

It will soon be perceived, while working, that it will occasionally be necessary to miss a square, or to add one or more here and there, in order to preserve the raised, and opened, and rounded form requisite for the oval of a basket. The symmetrical arrangement of the points and ends must be carefully attended to, or else the star-like combinations, which add so materially to the appearance of the fabric, will be marred or lost.

A pair of tweezers, or very small nippers, may be used for twisting the wire when fastening on a fresh length, as the fingers will thus be saved, and additional firmness obtained.

Having raised the basket-work to the required height, which, when the bottom consists of four rounds, should be about six inches, a piece of round silk wire, either white or coloured, and exactly the

size, but not larger than the circle of the top of the basket, must be taken, and firmly attached to the edge of the basket with middle-sized wire; this is to give shape and firmness to the work, and to this another piece of wire is attached, to form the handle.

The basket must now be trimmed, and for this purpose we make two light and graceful wreaths, one long enough to go round the top of the basket, and the other as long as the handle. The single flower, the bud, the spiral group, and leaves of seven or nine shells each, are what will be required for an ordinary-sized basket. When the wreath is made in simple rice-shell-work, the stems must be twisted, and the wreath bound together with fine silver wire, and attached to the handle and to the circular wire with the same; the silk wire used must be white.

If, however, the wreath is to be made in the "composite" style, light flower-seeds or small glass beads may be introduced into the centre of the flowers, and the stems may be wound, and the wreaths put together with floss-silk, and then they are to be attached to the handle and circular wire with fine chenil. The following combinations are pretty and effective: beads or seeds of pink, or yellow, or coral, or blue, and the stems of the flowers and buds wound with silk to match, the stems of the leaves wound with green, and the wreaths attached in their places with green chenil. There should not be more than two colours, the green and one other, used at a time, and these should be delicate shades; for the shells have so pure and light an appearance, that anything in the least degree showy or gaudy spoils the effect of the whole.

Pendant from below each end of the handle, should be a grape-like bunch of shells, not set on so closely together as in the wheat-ear, or so far apart as in a leaf, and reaching about half-way down the basket.

When completed, the article should be placed under a glass case to preserve it from dust and injury, and a few wax or artificial flowers may be tastefully arranged in it with advantage.

A square basket, or a long, straight-sided one, or one in almost any given shape, may be made in this lattice-work, by manufacturing each piece separately, and in the required shape, and then lacing them together with silver wire, chenil, or twist. There is, however, no trimming

more graceful, or better adapted for them than the wreath.

If thought fit, the wreath, however, need only be put round the top of the basket, and the handle made of a succession of squares of the kind we have described.

Light wreaths, either of "simple" or "composite" rice-shell-work may, with very pretty effect, be entwined around alabaster vases or baskets.

For wedding-cakes, rice-shell wreaths and bouquets, with silver bullion in the flowers, are both tasteful and appropriate.

Intermingled with groups of the wax, or artificial, or feather, or paper flowers, the shell-leaves and double and daisy flowers look very pretty.

As the shells never wear out, when

any ornament is crushed, or soiled, or tarnished, it can be cut up, the wires picked out, and the shells, when washed and dried, will be ready to be used again and again.

But we are sure that we have suggested quite enough to our readers to enable them to devise for themselves many other pretty and fanciful uses for this work; and we feel convinced, that when once they have overcome the first difficulties of learning it, they will find pleasure in seeing the graceful articles that will, as it were, develop themselves under their busy fingers.

And so we now take our leave of this subject for the present, commending it to the favourable attention of those who may have taken the trouble to peruse what we have written.

## SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

WHEN one considers the immense consumption of the particular article of commerce, whose name we have placed at the head of this paper, one cannot but feel grieved at seeing so much money vanishing away in dust and smoke. On beholding the regions where the tobacco plant is cultivated, we have some difficulty in conceiving that these vast and verdant plantations are actually engulfed in the nostrils of man, or consumed between his teeth. Let us just suppose for one moment, that the custom of using this product were not established among us, and that a traveller were gravely to inform us that he had seen in the course of his wanderings a savage people, sometimes inhaling through the mouth the smoke of a certain vegetable matter in a state of combustion, which smoke was afterwards puffed out again, and sometimes filling their noses with the same matter in a powdered state; should we not laugh at such a strange custom, and even shudder when we considered what must be the state of civilization in a country wherein such a barbarous custom prevailed? Yet the habit of constantly witnessing even the most extraordinary things renders us callous to their singularity, and none is amazed now-a-days at the aspect of those noses like smoke-begrimed chimneys, nor at those portable volcanoes named pipes, which fashion propagates every day and

in such profusion, that at the present epoch of "progress" in which we have the happiness of living it is by no means rare to see young gentlemen of tender years who are but just beginning to master the rudiments of a polite education sucking most resolutely the end of a pestiferous pipe or the stump of a foul cigar.

To enter the lists, however, against a habit so general would be sheer folly; we shall therefore merely endeavour in this paper to seek out the bright sides of the question for our readers' amusement.

Snuff purges the brain they say, and when we cast our eyes on the pocket-handkerchiefs, the shirt-fronts, and the waistcoats of habitual snuff-takers, we must admit that this is an assertion which it is impossible to deny. Around them all bear traces of this purgative regimen; the paper on which they write, the books they read, render, we will not say a striking, but a marked testimony to the truth of their words. It is just possible that the delicacy of those individuals—particularly if they be of a sensitive organization—whom they thus admit into the confidence of their cerebral treatment may occasionally suffer by the sights and sounds which meet their observation, but then since we are assured that their heads are purged, we must not be too exacting as to the means employed, knowing that they have their reward.



Then again, there is a certain degree of art required in order to take a pinch of snuff in an irreproachable manner—to carry it gracefully to the nose, to aspire it without accompanying the act with an unpleasant noise, to avoid scattering on the ground too great a quantity of the dusty particles; all this we say indicates a man *comme il faut*, and distinguishes him from those grosser individuals who cram their snuff up their nostrils with a loud snoring noise, striking their dirty reversed thumbs several times against the blackened orifice, and who, if they remain seated for any length of time in one spot, leave ever a sort of cloudy “trail” behind them. All this is bad taste, and there is a certain merit in avoiding these shoals.

Snuff-taking unites human beings, and this is doubtless one of its brightest sides. It unloosens the tongue, as old Horace would say, sets in motion the ball of conversation, and thus establishes a certain degree of sociability between two men who would otherwise have perhaps remained perfect strangers to each other to their own mutual disadvantage. How frequently have these apparently trivial questions—“Do you take snuff, sir?” or “Will you do me the honour?” &c., &c., &c., been the exordium of most agreeable conversations—the commencement of a pleasant acquaintanceship—the origin of a mutual esteem. How frequently has a friendship between two men, increasing with their years and ending but with death, taken birth in the snuff-box of one of the parties. And this is not all; after having united individuals in the bonds of mutual esteem, it reconciles them when they have quarrelled, and more than one rancorous thought has found its tomb in the very box which was the cradle of the original friendship.

The snuff-box is eminently diplomatic, it forms a portion of the ministerial coun-

tenance, it is an indispensable adjunct to the statesman; and so true is this, that we find kings bestowing them on those fortunate individuals who have been so blessed as to attract their notice, without ever dreaming of informing themselves as to the fact of the recipient being a snuff-taker; it is, as it were, a species of seduction on their parts made use of in order to propagate the consumption of a weed the duties derived from the importation of which make such a pretty little figure in the “Budget.”

It has been affirmed also that snuff excites the imagination; but this opinion we must venture to doubt, since we have seen individuals who carried enormous snuff-boxes possessed of but a very moderate supply of brains. The snuff that keeps them awake does not prevent them sending their auditors to sleep.

In the category of snuff-takers there exists a class which may be termed piratical snuff-takers; such are the individuals who supply themselves with snuff without purchasing it, regaling themselves with this luxury at the cost of others. This very numerous class makes use of a thousand bad arguments to excuse its importunity, such for instance as the fear of contracting a bad habit; the dread of infringing the commands of an exacting spouse, &c. These individuals, like pirates, are ever on the look-out to waylay the regular and, as we may call him, licensed snuff-taker. The sound made by an opening snuff-box is for them a certain call—their fingers, which are by turns plunged into all sorts of receptacles, pass in review all qualities, from rappee to Virginia; and in the evening, should they be fortunate enough to have had a good day's cruise, their nasal orifice is begrimed with divers specimens of all the snuffs in the world extracted from the various boxes they have rifled during the day.

G. J. K.

## THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE soft, clear notes of the French horns began toning out one of Chopin's wild mazurkas, sounds like a lark's song, thrilling and sweet; and presently rang in the reedy vibrant harp threads, the fine carol of the flute, the gay greeting of the viol, then the clang of the cymbals, and "the kettledrums throbbed proudly."

It was the night of Mrs. Shannon Grey's famous fête. All the world was there; that is, all the world of Mrs. Shannon Grey—a gay, great world enough indeed, on that night, even for that lady's ambition.

A famous fête given in honour of her son—in honour and happy jubilation, for Shannon Grey was a hero at Shannon Hill. And he deserved it. Wounded at Manassas, taken prisoner at Leesburgh, released, and returned again to share in the victory of Roanoke: he shared, too, in its suffering, and came home unwillingly, with honorable mention and discharge, to nurse a shattered limb and a wasted body back to life, if not to health again. A splendid natural physique had worked the wonder which no one had dared to expect; and on the first of May he found himself once more an able man, and by all indications on the road to the old perfection of strength.

And this recovery Mrs. Shannon Grey was now celebrating while the month was yet in its first days of May-bloom. For this she had decked Shannon Hill with triumphal banners and fluttering flags, turning the lawns and garden into a fairy land of illumination, and invoking the presence of the lovely and the brave.

A hero! Perhaps you don't think he carries out the idea very forcibly as you see him now—a tall, slight-looking young man, rather superb in his air, slowly pulling off a violet-coloured glove from a white hand, and the hand sending forth an amethystine glitter where a ring of strange device is lurking. And all the time he is talking the lightest nonsense in the most graceful though self-assured manner to a lady by his side. Perhaps you think him a trifle supercilious. Perhaps under that charm of grace you fancy you see a cool, unpromising disregard, and a lordly sort of indifference which verges on self-love. This may be the indication; and sup-

posing it a true one, is it very strange that constant adulation from his cradle up, the world's pomp and glory should have the effect of self-centring at first, and then of weariness and disgust? Yet perhaps the indication is all astray.

But while we speculate the horns steal out into that wild mazurka.

"Hark!" And Shannon Grey actually has the audacity to lift a finger of silence to the pretty lady's talk there.

"Hark!—that's a wonderful thing—beads of dropping water and distant bells. Don't you hear them?"

The lady patted a little foot impatiently, beat time to the music with a black fan on a white snow-drift of an arm, and—wished that Shannon Grey would remember what mazurka measures meant. She heard no beads of water, nor distant bells in the swelling sounds.

At last he remembers. A long sigh, a gaze that comes back from some invisible field of fancy, and he puts out a hand.

"Come."

Slightly autocratical you think, and your impressions return with full force; but see how the lady takes it. A brilliant smile, a ready hand to meet his, and they go whirling off into the circling mazes.

If he is spoiled, who spoiled him? Who made him autocratical and self-centred?

And while you ponder this question on this suggestion, Mrs. Shannon Grey comes up with an anxious face, in which is a gleam of anger.

"That Clara Snyder to set him dancing on that weakened limb!" and, breaking her indignant soliloquy short, she sent out a flutter of handkerchief for a signal of distress. So on the second round the young gentleman slid into a walk with the words—

"Dear Lady Clara, my good mother is in some dire perplexity, which only her graceless son can settle, evidently. She has been hanging out flags of distress for the last three minutes. You know it breaks my heart to leave you!" And he relinquished the "dear Lady Clara," with the most beaming smile, to a glittering young officer who stood conveniently near.

And the good mother fell upon him with caution and reproof, all of which he turned

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a heedless ear to—listening, instead, to the beads of dropping water and the distant bells in that wild mazurka of Chopin's. The lady caught the heedless look. A little shake of the arm she held and a sharper tone brought him back.

"Shannon, why will you not listen? Dr. Belmont says the knee is yet weak, and that you *must* not use it needlessly; and there you were whirling round with that romp of a Clara Snyder! How could you?"

"My dear mother"—Mrs. Grey's avoirdupois was a long break into the second hundred, and the stateliest woman in the room—"how could you invite such a vulgar personage as a grown-up romp?"

"What ever are you thinking of, Shannon? She is Rensselaer Snyder's daughter! There isn't better blood, you know."

"Oh! I beg pardon. I forgot for a moment. Of course, whatever she does is fine."

"Now, Shannon, you are sneering. I know that innocent air."

"Innocent! Is it innocent? Three young ladies told me to-night that they thought I was a delightfully-wicked fellow."

"Shannon!"

"They really did. 'Delightfully-wicked'—that was the phrase; and they said it with a series of little giggles, and a flirting of little red fans. Now isn't it a temptation for any young fellow to forswear innocence when such charming creatures declare for wickedness in this hilarious manner?"

"Come, Shannon, leave your sarcasm and those silly girls; by-the-way, they spoil you, Shan——"

"To be sure they do—make me conceited and vain—an insolent, insufferable young puppy; and they think it's very fine. There isn't better blood, you know, than the Shannon Greys!" And with a sudden real look—a look of disgust and disdain—he flung the flower Miss Snyder had decked his button-hole with out of an open window.

And then his mother returned to the point of attack. "Now, Shannon, do remember. You run great risk, you know; don't trifle with your coming strength. I should so hate to see you limping round all your life! It would quite ruin your splendid figure. You're a perfect Shannon!—all my family have just that tall, erect figure. I can't bear to think of its becoming anything less. You are the only son, you know—the last of the

name; and you must be careful that you don't do it discredit."

The look of disdain settled into something inscrutable. No anger, but a tired, haggard expression, as it were; and the eyes went searching off again into invisible distances, listening to the beads of dropping water, the distant bells.

"Remember"—came the motherly caution once more, as they neared a group of girls—"remember that by one waltz, perhaps, to-night, you lose your chance of waltzing for ever."

"And my chance of serving my country too," he said, in a low voice.

"How absurd you are, Shannon! Why can't you be serious?"

What could Mrs. Grey want? There couldn't well be a graver face, a more serious air, than her son's presented then; but perhaps she knew "his ways," and this was one of them.

The wild mazurka had changed by this into a soft sliding waltz—one of the Weber wonders: close clinging chords and clustered semitones, the flute-tones rising in a species of single harmony, aloft, and clear, and lonely, while the harp-strings threaded passionate notes of wailing, and the winding horns sobbed meaningly between.

Leaving the gay group of girls with a wordless apology of smile and bow, the young host hurried on, and rested at last underneath the spreading banners which hung from the wide arms of an elm in the garden-grounds. There, where the coloured lamps rocked resplendently in the branches of the trees, making a mimic paradise out of the "leafy tide of greenery," he seated himself more like a man who was hunted down by cruel circumstances than a young lord in his domain.

And the horns and harps, the flutes and viols, the silver shocks of cymbals, and the melodious roll of the kettle-drums wafted out to him in softened cadences. Perhaps as he listened he heard again the beads of dropping water, the distant bells, for the face smoothed itself into placid calm.

Beads of dropping water and distant bells. Hark! This was not it. He listens, and hears a fine, sweet undertone weaving words into the flute-tones—a voice like a bird on bough, singing solely for its own pleasure; words sweet as the music changes—a dulcet flow of soft syllables, strung liquidly together—a perfect dryad's song, suited to the hour.

The listener kept breathless silence.

The night was still: not a leaf stirred; not a branch or blade rustled: only the distant clangour of the musicians, and the near thrill of this wood-nymph strain. It ceased with the last winding flute-notes; and then, from some dainty perch, the nymph alighted on the smooth sward—a dark, slight figure, in a mantle of green.

The concealed watcher laughed inaudibly, with secret glee. Clearly it was a veritable dryad; the colour was orthodox—a mantle of green. From what tree did she slip? He had half a fancy to call out to her, but changing his mind, followed softly in her fleet footsteps. Entering the door of a side-hall, he saw her disappear up the broad stairway, and turned himself away by a shrouding curtain-fall to wait.

A moment, and she came again, the mantle of green laid aside—a dark, slight figure in her attire—floating lace of black—but a white lily in flesh-tints. He let her pass in, and then, following closely, sought his mother. The stately lady stood talking blandly with the best blood in the country, Rensselaer Snyder.

The son put his head down at the back of her ear with a whisper—

“Who, and what is she, little mamma?”

The bland sentences arrested in surprise.

“We were talking of Mr. Snyder’s niece, Mrs. Dupont, Shannon,” was the warning answer; and Mrs. Grey thought the boy had been taking too much wine.

The “boy” shook his black locks with impatient merriment.

“No, no; I mean the dryad—the small white elf there, in black, with a diamond star at her throat.”

“Oh! some one that came with the Lovells—their cousin, I believe, a Miss Dane.”

He drew her hand over his arm in his wilful way, and said, for apology to Mr. Snyder—

“You must come and present me to the young lady, mother. I ran against her just now in the hall, and must make my excuses.”

“If you had been at your post earlier in the evening, Shannon, you would not have missed her. But where have you been all this time?”

“Listening to a nightingale—a bird on the bough, mamma. And I saw it fly down from its perch in a plumage of green, and flutter in at your door. It was either that or a dryad. Do dryads sing, mamma?”

“You’ve been drinking champagne, Shannon.”

“No, on my honour, nothing but the dew from the wood. The wine of the dryads. Yes, she has fed upon lilies and dew, I perceive—nothing else.”

“My son, Miss Dane,” and the gracious lady, with a word or two of affable courtesy, moved away, leaving the “son” to “make his excuses”—mythical excuses!

To the self-possessed young autocrat a new feeling had come—half embarrassment and half uncertainty. And all because the small white elf in black bowed to his rather elaborate greeting with a simple, slow bend of honest indifference. He had made not the least impression on her. She looked at him as blankly as if he had been a block of wood. Then she had one of those provoking exteriors which seem by air and expression to signify an unconscious self-isolation. Her very naturalness was sure evidence.

Shannon Grey had met a new experience. Where should he begin with her?

His native audacity at length came to his aid.

“Did you wet your feet in the grass?” he asked, demurely.

She waited a moment to wonder, then remembrance came, and with it a little low laugh like a tinkle of bells.

“No, I ran quickly,” she answered. “How did you see me?”

“I was wrapped in a banner out there, and heard a song. A dryad slipped its bark and came forth. I knew it by its mantle of green,” he replied, gravely.

The cool face began to wake to enjoyment. These fancies suited the girl’s nature.

“Yes, it was an ash,” she answered, slily.

“‘Young ashes pironetted down,  
Coquetting with young beeches.’

“I didn’t find my beech, however.”

“He followed you in,” was the swift, smiling response.

“Oh, is that it?”

He didn’t half like the laughing ease with which she took his fine speeches, but she had an odd charm for him for her very singularity.

And here, again, the band began that same Weber waltz, and she broke out archly with the sweet humming words she had sung in the garden—just the lowest thread of a voice, yet clear and intelligible; and ceasing, she beat her foot upon the floor in rhythmic measure. Was she



thinking, as Clara Snyder had thought, and wishing he would remember what dance music meant? There was hardly impatience in the beating foot, or in the listening face. He bent down to look in it, and said:—

"I wish I could ask you to waltz with me, but I am not quite sound of limb yet, and my good mother gets into a fever of alarm if I try it."

She glanced up questioningly. "Oh, you have been ill—my cousins told me. Wounded, were you not?"

"Yes."

Her manner changed now; from impassible she became eager, earnest.

"I don't care for the waltzing!" she exclaimed; "but if you are not tired of telling the story, talk to me about the battle. I am so interested!" And her eyes lit, and her cheek kindled colour.

"Which battle?"

"Which? How many have you seen, Mr. Grey?"

"I was at Manassas, at Leesburg, and at Roanoke."

She clapped her hands together applaudingly, and with a real gesture of delight.

Half an hour ago Shannon Grey would have fled from the "pretty interest" of the young ladies of his acquaintance in disdain. But this interest was so real, so intense, that he went back to the old scenes with a thrilling pulse. Her clear, intelligent questions, her magnetic sympathy led him freely on; and he told his last and largest experience—the battle at Roanoke, with its splendid victory—in accents of enthusiasm, which roused all the slumbering fire in those watchful, eager eyes upturned to his.

"And it was here I got my worst wound," he went on. "It was just at the last, when I was leading my men on to the final attack, and they were already shouting with triumph, when I felt a shock, a trickle of something icy and stinging, no pain at first, nor until long after—then another shot, and my horse fell under me, carrying me down. There I got the ugly crush which made the wound ten times worse; but I'm all right now," he added, with a blush and a laugh at the personalities he had been betrayed into by the swift sympathy of his companion.

"Ah, but you should have seen the endurance, the uncomplaining courage of our men on that campaign," he proceeded, with glistening eyes. "One poor fellow

falling near me, I stooped to give him aid if I could, and he cried out, 'Never mind me, captain, turn me on my side, and go on. I shall soon be where it's all right, and our men will make it all right here.' Another had lost his cap, shot off by a musket-ball, which inflicted a flesh wound, and with his head bound up with his handkerchief, which was dripping blood, he pressed on with undaunted courage."

As he paused, she said—

"And you went again, and yet again to these bloody fields. I like that—it shows persistence, earnestness, determination. I believe in the meaning of those men who return after their first battle, and you were wounded on that first, too. It does you honour, Captain Grey."

A colour like a girl's came into his cheeks at this simple, honest praise. It touched him because it *was* simple and honest—not a particle of flattery; she regarded him not as a young gentleman who revelled in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but a man who had done his duty. Then, again, she goes on—

"Why did you go at all—tell me, will you? Was it zeal, patriotism, real earnest belief in the need of you? But pardon me, I have no right to ask."

He hesitated only a moment, then answered—

"Yes, Miss Dane, I will tell you why I went, though I am afraid it will not satisfy your idea of earnestness."

"When that first call came for troops a year ago, I will do myself the justice to say that my heart thrilled at the need. Then the long wait was filled for me. Here was unending excitement, real life, for the false one I had lived daily; for I had no vocation for politics, literature, or any of the million interests wherein other men flung themselves readily, and since my college days I had sunk into that detestable thing—an idle man, without an aim. I cannot say that the present crisis gave me a decided aim. It gave me occupation, excitement, which roused, and did not pall. And if you will pardon the egotism, Miss Dane, I think I have been a more earnest man since the experience."

"I do not doubt it, Captain Grey. Ah!" and she shook her head with a wistful look of pain, "you think we women know nothing of that feeling—the want of reality—the purposeless existence in trifles. I know it fully, and have yearned to do something that my heart thrilled to do. Very selfish, we may

argue, when there is so much to be done in the world; but it's nevertheless a stubborn fact." Then, in a lighter way, "Yes, we may do something, we women; we may bind up the wounds, we may scrape lint, and roll bandages, and prick our fingers black making tunics. I've done all three of the last; but it don't give us the glow which your work does, or at least it does not to me. But don't argue from that, Mr. Grey, that I am emulous of becoming *la fille du regiment*. Don't think me unwomanly, however, if, when I read how this brave fellow led on to some deed of valour, or that one saved a column by personal sacrifice or risk, if I wish for a moment that I might feel the thrill, the glow that he felt. A wiser woman than I, says—

"Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares  
You flash your souls out with the guns,  
And take your Heaven at once."

A shadow here fell upon them. Shannon looked up to meet his mother's face, bland and smooth, but with a fixed purpose underneath. A gentleman bore her company.

"Miss Dane," the placid voice said, "will you let me present my nephew to you—Mr. Richmond, Miss Dane;" and thus she broke the *tête-à-tête*, and triumphantly returned from the field of operations with the refractory Shannon. "I am ashamed of you, Shannon!" she cried, in indignation. "Here are forty girls you haven't spoken twice with, and your guests every one! What are you thinking of, spending a good half-hour talking to that insignificant little Miss Dane, while such girls as the Ranleighs and De Laney are before you?"

"Miss Dane—what's the matter with Miss Dane, mother?"

He was told that Miss Dane was a nobody—not in so many words, Mrs. Grey was not so vulgar as that; but a few careless sentences, and Shannon Grey knew that Agnes Dane was but a third or fourth branch of the Lovell family, and that distant boon of blood crossed by a *mésalliance*. Her father had been a small trader in the West India Islands. Dying, he left his daughter penniless, at the mercy of her mother's relatives. She never waited for that mercy, but took her destiny in her own two small hands, and was working it out bravely by the daily use of gifts and graces that were her inheritance and education. In a word, Agnes Dane was the under-teacher in a girls' school, and

spending her vacation with the Lovell cousins.

All this Shannon Grey got in a breath or two as he walked down the room with his mother.

"Blood, good blood—what does it mean, mother? When I talked with Miss Dane just now, I thought she might have been descended from heroes. When I talk with Lou Ranleigh, or the little Rensselaer Snyder, I think of cockneys and snobs invariably; I suppose because they mark the contrast so vigilantly by lofty scorn of parvenues, more implied than spoken. And so I as invariably make a savage of myself, and get autocratical, as you call it—lordly, and insolent, and satirical; and they bear it. Bear it! They accept it, and smile, and flatter, and fawn, because I am Shannon Grey, the owner of Shannon Hill, and the oldest family in the country. They think I am the first gentleman in the land, even then when I am an insufferable coxcomb. Do you think I can forgive them for causing me to make such a fool of myself? Bah! how weak I am!" and he shook his shoulders with an impatient indignation, adding: "Look at the little dryad there; she would turn her back upon me in a twinkling if I dared put on such airs to her. I vow she's the only real girl I ever saw—real, and honest, and true. I think the cross of the blood works well."

"You'd better offer yourself to her at once," sneered Mrs. Grey.

"She wouldn't have me; don't fret, mamma. She's for my betters."

And then with a half laugh:—

"Mamma mine, if you ever break up a *tête-à-tête* in that way again, I'll waltz with every girl in the room till I get a limp for life. See if I don't! You don't believe me? I'm talking nonsense? Clara, Clara Snyder, give me the other half of my mazurka, or I shall never know happiness in this world."

A hand caught in passing, an imperious order to the musicians, and he went whirling away with the flattered little Rensselaer Snyder, while his mother bit her lips in mortification.

Three swift turns, stopping at the end in the neighbourhood of Miss Dane, with the words for only her ear in a semi-tone:—

"I've been disobeying orders and running a risk to pay a debt of passion, Miss Dane. My temper is uneven, you see. I shall never make one of the heroes you were envying. But come, have pity on



me; come into the garden, Maude, and sing me the song of the dryad. They're going to play the Weber in a moment."

She laughed, shook her head.

"No, I can't exorcise evil spirits; besides, I'm going now. Good-night!"

"Going? I wish I was going. May I come and see you, Miss Dane, and talk war?"

"Yes, do; nothing pleases me so much."

Mrs. Grey sighed relief as the Lovells bade their adieus, taking the dryad with them. She did not hear that final arrangement; but when later she saw her son cloaking Lou Ranleigh with the most devoted air, and talking the veriest nonsense that nobody could hear but the lady in question, her spirits rose. That would be a fine link for her chain—the Shannon Greys and the Lowdon Ranleighs.

In the meantime, however, Shannon Grey was quite unconscious of his air or his words—force of habit, you see. And this was the hero? You don't believe in him? Wait.

Agnes Dane, sitting by the low fire of wood branches, dipped into Mrs. Browning's *Last Poems*, while the Lovell cousins grouped round for hearing. She had read "Bianca among the Nightingales," that plaintive, passionate protest, that loving reproach, wet all through with tears, in a voice that seemed to come between the Tuscan trees, straight up from the bleeding, broken heart of the Tuscan girl.

Across the fireplace, leaning against the mantel, Richard Lovell regarded her steadfastly. It was not difficult to read his thought if you had watched him while she read:—

"Sweet, above,

God's ever guarantees this Now."

And through his words the nightingales

Drove straight and full their long-clear call,

Like arrows through heroic mails,

And love was awful in it all,

The nightingales, the nightingales."

But there was no one there to watch. They watched instead the eager, flushing reader, for the Lovells were very fond of cousin Agnes; *they* thought there was none like her. To them the cross of blood went for nothing. Whether Lovell or Dane their hearts took her in, and their homes wanted her; but Agnes liked her free life, and lived it.

She read on, and still moveless and absorbed Richard Lovell regarded her.

Look into the other faces. In "The Nightingales" they saw Bianca. In

"Nature's Remorse" the unfortunate young queen whose soul

"Was bred by a throne."

But Richard Lovell saw, over and above all, Agnes Dane. Do you read the meaning?

It was a rainy day, the day after the party at Shannon Hill, and no one was expected; so the time was all their own.

"Read 'Parting Lovers,'" Kate asked, "after 'The Nightingales.'"

She was at the very verse she had quoted last night to Shannon Grey, when a roll of carriage-wheels in the avenue sent Richard's steadfast eyes from their watching to the window. The next moment he held the door open.

"Grey, we needed but you," was genial Dick's hearty cheer.

The others welcomed him cordially, gave him a place by the fire, and the reading went on.

Watching the reader now were two faces—two who saw only Agnes Dane.

Taking up the thread stopped for his coming, she went through the familiar verse:—

"Heroic males the country bears—

But daughters give up more than sons;

Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares

You flash your souls out with the guns,

And take your Heaven at once."

Lifting her head, she met the eyes of Shannon with a smile of recognition. They both remembered.

From that hour, that moment in that hour, Richard Lovell knew his rival—knew it before they dreamed it themselves.

He stooped; fresh boughs upon the dying fire, flung in with strong, fierce gestures, which sent a cloud of ash and spark far into the room, and the outer demonstration was spent for the time. That face that lifted itself had a new look of resolve, as—"Who shall win?"

And Shannon Grey, riding back to the "Hill" after his visit, laughed as he thought how the "nobody" was regarded at Lovell Place.

"She is pure gold there, at all events," he mused. "A proud little thing, too."

Proud! He little guessed her pride. It was pride to wound and slay in its unalterable decrees, and grand because heroic in its meaning.

This first visit of his was but the beginning of many others. Shannon Hill and Lovell Place were neighbourly estates,

and the Lovell guest a fresh new type to the world-weary heir of Shannon Hill.

The Lovells looked on, and drew their conclusions at this growing intimacy. Kate, the elder, exulted in the prospect; and they all knew the meaning before many days, and all liked it but one. Richard Lovell kept his secret, and fought his battle silently but gallantly.

Agnes Dane was inscrutable. She gave no sign but of simple natural pleasure, until one day a stone was cast into the balance. How many knew that the still, secret pride of the girl made the stone-weight double!

Dick Lovell stood by the window that day, and looked out through the thickening trellis-vine. That day—only the other day when along the telegraph-wires flashed the startling call from State to State for troops, more troops.

Dick Lovell, brave, and gentle, and strong—fit head and heart for a soldier—chafed and fretted in impotent rebellion at the unrelenting fate which held him fast in inaction.

You scarcely notice the defect as he walks across the room; but Richard Lovell, one of the handsomest men in the county, and as lithely built as Shannon Grey, carries a maimed foot under that polished boot. A twenty-years'-old accident to a daring boy riding roughly over a stone wall gave a limp for life, and consequent disability.

Looking out through the trellis-vine he hears the gate clang, and sees presently his neighbour of the "Hill" hastening up the avenue. A glance at the flushed, eager face, and Richard reads the resolve. Going out to meet him, he says:—

"You're off again, Shannon?"

"Yes, old boy; how did you know?"

"How did I know? I looked on your face, and saw a declaration of war. And your walk was fast getting into a double-quick. I'd give ten years of my life, Shan, to run as you did. Bah! what a useless fellow I am!"

Over the stalwart shoulder Shannon's arm flung with a warmth of cordial sympathy which told his appreciation, and down the garden the two went walking like school-boys.

"What regiment do you go in?" asked Dick.

"Oh, my same old regiment. Bless the boys! they've got a place for me yet."

"And your knee—you dare risk it?"

"Yes, Belmont wont insure me; he

says there are two chances—mine and his; and I take the risk. Good Heaven, Dick! I could not stay at home. How could I?"

His head thrown back as he thus ejaculated, what did he see that sent a warmer colour to his cheek, and a radiant smile flashing upward? Richard in a breath recognised the whole.

If Agnes Dane had flung down a rose at his companion he would not have been surer of the glance she sent from that window above them.

There was a moment's silence between the two young men, and then, with his usual impetuosity, and more than his usual blindness, Shannon began:—

"Dick, I want her."

"What!"

A swift, sharp ejaculation.

The other went on:—

"Your cousin; I want her for my wife. Shall I ask her, Dick? Have I any chance, do you know?"

Dick Lovell crowded down the angry tide, and answered:—

"Ask her? Yes, if you wish, of course."

Shannon, unnoticing, proceeded:—

"Sometimes I think—yet no, I cannot say. Dick, I have been the veriest puppy, but she has knocked all the conceit out of me. I am coward enough now—humble enough. But what a girl she is, Dick—so simple, so true!"

They turned into the house. Richard was giving a servant a message for Miss Dane—"Mr. Shannon Grey's compliments, and he waits for her in the library," when a carriage wheeled suddenly into view. A call from Mrs. Shannon Grey upon the young ladies.

The message was remanded for the nonce, and changed to a more general one; and into the drawing-room presently floated the three young ladies to receive Mrs. Shannon Grey and her son—the two Lovells and Miss Dane.

The call was not fifteen minutes in duration; but in that brief space of time, without absolute committal of her sweet outward suavity, Mrs. Grey had sent her javelin with unerring aim, and Agnes Dane knew the ground upon which she stood, the estimation in which she was held—but not a line of her face betrayed her. Who else but herself penetrated this insult, shrouded in silken sentences? She looked up and caught the blaze in the eyes of her cousin Richard. Then a glow for a moment warmed her heart. She stooped



swiftly for a fallen ribbon, and let her lips brush his hand in rising. That sudden acceptance of his sympathy, what did it mean? Half-an-hour later she stood with Shannon Grey alone in the library.

He had asked her to become his wife, and she had refused him. A faint glimmer of the truth flashed over him. With swift recall he brought to mind certain faltering words, and involuntary blush and smile, which had given him hope.

Incredulous of despair, he made a profound mistake in the next moment. Impulsively he asked, with a suspicion of the truth at his heart—

"Will you give me your reason, Miss Dane?"

A little dilation of the dark eyes, then sudden dropping ere the flash went out, and very coldly she answered:—

"I do not *wish* to marry you, Mr. Grey."

He could have cursed his folly now it was too late, for he saw at once the inference of his arrogance. He essayed apology and explanation; but he had no words to explain what he dared not mention—the dark suspicion of his mother, whose very suggestion would but double the insult.

Looking into the still, inscrutable face before him, he at length felt how immutable was its resolve.

Then all pleading ceased. Very quietly, very gently, he bent before her, with the simple sentence, "I beg your pardon," and turned to go. With a face of deep sadness she came to his side, and put out her hand.

"Forgive me," she said, less coldly. "Forgive me, if I have hurt you; but it was impossible that I could give you any other answer."

He began to speak, hoping he knew not what; but she fled past him with a scarce uttered adieu, and vanished up the stairway to her room.

There all the repressed emotion of the past hour had liberty of expression. But one sentence slowly uttered told the story. "How dared he think I would enter where condescension opened the door? *I!* He little knows a proud woman's pride."

Do not judge her. If she wronged him, perhaps she wronged herself. I told you hers was pride to wound and slay in its unalterable decrees, but grand, because heroic in its meaning. Such pride is inherent—a pulsation, a drop of the life-blood; and its violation is death.

With the turbulent tide seething in her

soul she left the house, and sought the thickest gloom of the garden. In this mood Richard Lovell found her. He bethought him of that swift glance, the stooping figure, the lips brushing his hand. He looked into her face now, and knew the hurt ached on.

Striking through the Lovell dignity, Mrs. Grey's javelin had touched a nearer nerve of the heart, and roused both passion and resentment within him.

He had hardly need to say, "I love you, Agnes," out there under the maples—her womanly sense had felt it long before; but the words: "Come to me, child; let the accident of my worldly position shield you in future. We are of one blood, though a century rolled between us; let us be of one soul—one life, Agnes." She was moved to the depths of her nature. "Here I am safe," she said unto herself. "Here, my love shall be honoured."

As generous in her gifts as she was unfaltering in her pride, she vowed herself to him there with tears and lavish humility.

If she has ever loved another she shall love me better, was the silent resolve of Richard Lovell. If unexact devotion, if sympathetic pride, could bring fulfilment, he would not be disappointed.

And again I say, do not judge her. It is by no means to be supposed that she had surrendered all her soul, her heart to Shannon Grey.

From the first she had seen him as the type of a class for whom she had no respect, no fellowship. Later, if his own words had given her a better view—later still, that one sharp shock had brought the slumbering suspicion back again; and his fatal question there in the library had sealed it.

Straight in from the garden Richard Lovell led his affianced wife, and presented her as such to his sister Kate. Kate looked surprised, perhaps, for she had looked for another wooer, but there was hearty welcome in her kiss; and as such things go, before the day was many hours older, it was known from end to end of Shannonleigh that Richard Lovell was to marry his cousin, Agnes Dane.

At Shannon Hill, a caller, idling over a Paris fashion-plate, communicated the fact between talk of tulle and lace. Mrs. Grey, sitting before her, thrilled through with sudden secret delight and triumph. Shannon, then, was safe.

Shannon! He rose up out of the deep

window, and quite unheeding his mother or her guest, went slowly down the path to the old study-haunt of his boyhood—the cedar-grove. There another battle was fought, a sharper conflict than the three for which he had been crowned before; and with what spirit, what courage he fought it, you shall see in the result.

Mrs. Grey waited tea for an hour, then sent her own away untasted. Where was Shannon? Another hour, and the bells were ringing nine from the village clock when he walked in. She remembered the stern white face that went out, and she waited for a sight of him now with a troubled heart.

“Did you wait tea, mother?”

She sent a swift glance up to him. The tones were quiet, almost gentle; the face quiet, too, but the weariest face you ever saw. He who had chafed and fretted like a spoiled child at the thwarting of a pleasure, now, at the thwarting of the grandest scheme of his life, showed solemn patience and humility.

A flutter of fear, a foreboding of she knew not what, crossed the worldly mother's heart. Dimly she felt the wrong she had wrought, and this new and noble way of forgiveness and forbearance was like a flame of fire to her.

By-and-bye he spoke again—the same weary quiet.

“Mother, I have joined my regiment.”

“Shannon!”

A piercing wail was in her exclamation.

“Yes, mother, I have meant it all along, when I should get strength enough.”

“But you haven't strength yet.”

“I think I have; at all events, I cannot sit down selfishly at so small a risk when such a need as this arises. I must go, mother—the country cannot wait; and men of my actual experience should be willing to hazard much to serve now.”

“Shannon”—her voice was husky and low as she leaned forward to address him—“Shannon, is there any other reason for your going? Does Agnes Dane send you away?”

For a moment there was utter silence; then he said:—

“Mother, this morning, when the news

came that more troops were wanted, I rode into the city and offered my services. Four hours later I offered myself to Agnes Dane, and she rejected me. It was just after your call, mother.”

Nothing more; not a reproach of any outward word or action. Speechless, Mrs. Grey had listened; but there was that at her heart which was fast becoming her punishment. Clearer and clearer grew the wrong she had wrought, as this solemn patience, this uncomplaining suffering became apparent to her. It was her only son—the pride of her life—and she sat abased before him.

Again he broke the silence.

“I know what you think, mother. I am a disappointed man, it is true; but not to ease a sad heart, to soothe disappointment, shall I lead on my regiment to-morrow. I tell you truly when I say that it is a long resolve. Perhaps, perhaps, who knows?”—he concluded, in a musing manner—“perhaps my country needs my whole heart.”

“And I, Shannon—have you nothing for your mother?” was the pitiful question, in broken tones.

He had risen up to go to his room, and, passing her, paused a moment, saying—

“And you, mother.”

A kiss, dropped softly down upon her cheek, was his offering, his seal of forgiveness.

Educated to selfish, worldly aims by a selfish, worldly mother—his tastes pampered by almost exhaustless wealth and the adulation which it brings—of a naturally impetuous temper, and inclined to personal pleasure, in the great trial—the one disappointment of his life—you see what courage, what brave and generous manliness, rose up to save and redeem.

And when, next morning, through the city streets, at the head of his men, marching on amidst flashing steel and fluttering flags, he went in obedience to his sense of duty, with a heart purged of envy and all uncharitableness, and learning even then by stout resolve to give his whole heart to his country, I say there went, though uncrowned in the days that are to come, *one of our heroes!*



## SACKVILLE CHASE.

## A Sporting Nobel.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER HEMISPHERE, IN WHICH IS INTRODUCED ANOTHER EQUINE HERO WHO WILL RUN THROUGH THIS HISTORY.

WE have described the scene of the steeple-chase at which Mr. Sparke and his friends figured, as being one of sylvan beauty, and so it was; but it was what might not inaptly be termed secluded beauty, because the views around were limited. Far different are the grand and golden savannahs of the United States, stretching as they do like verdant seas out upon the horizon, and being bounded thereby. Upon such plains great trees, which in England would form a thickly-wooded scene, are dwarfed, and seem, at but a little distance, rather to be lying upon them, springing out of the green earth. Everything in these regions is upon a giant scale. Where mountains rise, they roll their outlines, when seen from afar off, along the blue sky, and seem to be a belt thereon. Upon a nearer approach they resolve themselves into dark, mighty billows, rolling over the earth, and stretching out to heaven, while nearer still the pine trees and other timber look like feathers glittering in the sun. Great rivers, through whose channels vast volumes roll, swell on their course of miles told off in thousands—rivers across whose bosom no bridge that human ingenuity can construct will ever span. And on these rivers, and about these plains, and sweeping from these mountains, the wealth that nature gives and produces pours forth the wide world over.

Amongst such scenes as these the current of our history must for a short time flow, and we must revert to what in reality is its actual rise, following it down to the broad river that we have already opened, and to which it is the tributary.

We must go back twelve months before the time at which our first chapter opened, and we must not only go back, but far away—more than a thousand leagues away beyond the wooded fringe of the Ohio, to a rich spot in the plain of deep alluvial deposit—that strip of farming

land which is bounded on the one side by the great river, and on the other by the woody undulation which, as a mark, divides the character of the soil; that fertile plain which may be said to be the mine of wealth of the State of Kentucky in the United States, or was so once.

We are upon as fertile a spot as any in this fertile land, and the place is a gentleman's residence of no great extent, but evidently built for, as it is clearly occupied by, a person of comfortable substance in the world. The establishment may be described as of a kind of composite order. It is neither wholly a villa residence, nor is it wholly a farmhouse, but it has the characteristics and appliances of both. At the back of the house is an extensive farm-yard, round which are ranged farm-buildings of every description, including a range of substantial stables. The front of the house is of an entirely different character. It is covered with verandahs supported by trellis-work, and round the first story runs a trellised gallery. In the front of the house is an elegant garden, which in the flower season is a floral picture; and through this garden there is an ample carriage-drive up to the house, which from its front windows looks towards the arborescent-bounded Ohio, which is at no very great distance off, and to which access is easy.

The family are at breakfast at the moment of which we write. A small family it is, for it consists of the owner of the mansion, his wife, and a little girl.

A knock is heard at the door of the breakfast-room.

"Come in," the owner of the mansion says, and the door opening, a head is obtruded into the room. It is a jet-black head, with an immense gash for a mouth, between which are displayed two rows of very white teeth. This sable head gives utterance to the following sound, and then disappears:

"Yah, yah!"

"What can be the matter with Pompey?" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead, who was the owner of the house we have described. "There's some game going on, I guess."

"I'll go and see," cried the little girl, and she at once ran to the door, upon opening which she discovered a stalwart nigger who was the owner of the head before referred to, and who was laughing to himself until he shook again.

"Come in, Pompey," cried the little girl; "what ever is the matter?"

Answering at once to the invitation, Pompey stepped into the room, and grinning from ear to ear, and in fact all over his ebony countenance, he again gave vent to his previous sounds of "Yah, yah!" adding thereto the mysterious declaration of—

"He's come, Dockka, eyah! eyah! he's come!"

"Who's come?" inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"Massa told dis nigga to come and tell him as soon as massa was down, if anything happened."

"Well," said Dr. Peacemead, smiling, and eagerly. "Well, Pompey?"

"Wall, massa, him took place at one o'clock dis mornin', eyah, eyah!" cried Pompey, in great glee, clapping his hands, looking, as he did so, first at Dr. Peacemead and then at Mrs. Peacemead, the doctor's wife, and the little girl in her turn.

"And it's all right?" eagerly inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"All right, massa—nuffen couldn't be better," cried Pompey, still clapping his hands, and evidently much delighted.

"There, Amy, what do you think?" said Dr. Peacemead to the little girl.

"Oh! what, grandpa?" replied she, clapping her hands, and running up to Dr. Peacemead. "What is it that Pompey has brought me? I know it is something."

"So it is, my darling; and what do you think it is?" inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"Oh, missy!" joined in Pompey, "it am summat, it am," and he grinned with delight.

"What is it, Pompey?" said the little girl, running up to him. "Is it another greyhound? because if it is, that abominable Janet shan't have the care of him at all this time; for do you know, Pompey, she let the last one jump out of the window the day after we went to our house at Louisville; and although I had tied a piece of blue ribbon round his neck, we never saw him any more. Wasn't it cruel of her?" And as she was a very loquacious little girl, she didn't stop to

enable Pompey, who still stood grinning with pleasure upon her, a moment's time to answer her, but continued: "I know, Pompey, it's a nice little greyhound that you have brought me, and he can't run away here, can he?"

Dr. and Mrs. Peacemead looked on silently, but evidently much amused, as the little lady was thus rattling on.

"Eyah—no, Miss, it ain't no greyhound, eyah!" said Pompey.

"Come here, Amy," said Dr. Peacemead; and the little girl ran up to her grandpapa and put her arms around his neck.

"Do you know that Pompey has come to tell us," continued Dr. Peacemead, "that a beautiful little race-horse has been born in the night?"

"What! in our stables?" cried the little girl.

"Yes, in our stables," he replied.

"Oh, grandma!" exclaimed Amy, clapping her hands—"oh, grandma, a beautiful little race-horse born in our stables! Do you know, grandpa and grandma and Pompey, that last night Janet told me a fairy tale about a great prince who lost himself in a wood, and he was beginning to think he should never get to his palace again, when the fairy came out of an oak-tree and told the prince to shake one of the acorns off the branch, and when he shook the acorn off it turned into a beautiful horse that took him home to his palace. Oh, grandma, a beautiful race-horse born in our stables! Won't we go and"—

"Stop, stop, stop!" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead. "Where are you going to gallop to? Why, my little Amy, if the foal gallops half as fast as your tongue he won't lack speed, at all events."

"Never mind, my darling," cried the old lady, coming across to Amy; "what was she going to say, love?"

"Why, I'll tell *you*, Pompey, what I was going to say;" and she jumped from her grandpapa's knee, and running up to Pompey, said, "If grandpa has no objection, and I'm sure he won't have any"—

"Well—come—that's jumping at a conclusion," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Well, then, Pompey, suppose you bring the little young race-horse here, and let us look at him?" said little Amy.

Pompey grinned, and looked at Dr. Peacemead, and Dr. Peacemead smiled and looked at his lady, and the lady smiled back again and then looked at Pompey, who smiled upon all three.



"What for?" at length inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"Oh, that we may see the little love in the room," replied Amy.

"What do *you* say, Pompey?" inquired Dr. Peacemead of Pompey.

"Walla, Dockka, da coat is tarnation strong. Yah—he tarnation strong, he be, Dockka," said Pompey.

"Do you think it would hurt him to bring him in here?" Dr. Peacemead inquired.

"Walla, Dockka," replied Pompey, "him don't think it would. Dis berry fine room, windys all tight, an' no draf. Me an' Sambo can cover him up well and bring him slick along, if Miss Amy like to have him here."

"Run along then, Pompey, and fetch him!" cried Amy. "We've quite done breakfast, and grandma will be so delighted to see him; won't you, grandma?"

"I never did see such a child in my life," said the old lady, in an undertone, to Dr. Peacemead. "What will she say next?"

"S'all Pompey fetch him, Mas'r?" inquired Pompey, grinning with anticipatory delight, for he was highly pleased with the fun of the thing.

"Well, I suppose you must, if you think there is no harm in it," acquiesced Dr. Peacemead.

"There ain't no kinder sort o' harm wotsever," said Pompey, conclusively. "Pompey tak car ob dat."

"Very well, then, suppose we have him in," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Yah, yah! all right, Mas' Dockka," said Pompey, in high glee, and making an awkward obeisance, he quitted the room.

He proceeded at once to the stables in the rear of the house, and called lustily for "Sambo."

A voice which appeared to proceed from some hidden recess in the earth replied, "Hallo!"

"War be yo?" inquired Pompey.

"Oop in de lof, nummer six," replied the voice.

"Den you jis coom to de stall nummer one, and look kinder sharp," responded Pompey.

"Dam quick," answered the voice, which immediately merged into a whistle, and the whistle swelling into a volume, presently made itself manifest as proceeding from a short, thick-set, oily nigger, who was very nearly as broad as he was

long, and whose attire consisted of a pair of trousers and braces, the trousers being very short in the legs, short as the legs of the wearer were. This rotundity of black animation rolled rather than walked, and when he presented himself to Pompey in stall number one, he rolled on to some hay that was conveniently piled, and still continuing his whistling solo, looked at Pompey with an inquiring expression of countenance, if that could be said to take any expression where apparent immobility of feature was a striking characteristic.

"Everlastin' lark, Sambo!" said Pompey, when this individual took his seat on the hay heap.

Sambo left off whistling, and gave practical signs of intelligence by inquiring in a thick greasy voice, with a slight dash of the guttural in it, "Wot ar de game, Pompey?"

"Lissen to dis ar, now," said Pompey, almost ready to burst with delight; "listen to dis ar, now. Wot you tink, nigger? I goes in to Massa Dockka to tell him ob de foal, and wot does Missy Amy do? By gor she ab him in dar!" and Pompey shouted with laughter.

"Hab who in dar? hab who in war?" inquired Sambo, twinkling his little eyes, which looked like beads glistening on a black cushion.

"Why, de foal! yah, eyah, eyah!" roared Pompey.

"Gammon!" ejaculated the oleaginous nigger.

"Not nuffen on it," said Pompey; "and you and me mus' tak' him up at once to the Dockka and Missy Amy; so don't sit dar all day on dat dar fodder."

"Who's to get him away from de mar?" inquired Sambo.

"Oh, she'll be kinder quiet. You go and give him his milk, and den we'll skip him up to de drawing-room in a twinklin'," said Pompey.

"Come along," said Sambo, deliberately getting off the hay. "Eyah, eyah! here's a lark!" and his countenance broke into a laugh, that is, as near as his features could form one.

And the two proceeded to the stall where the foal was, and by dint of deception persuaded the mare that her offspring was going to have "his milk," and the interesting little stranger was carried into the breakfast-room, where Amy was awaiting his arrival with great anxiety. When the foal was introduced, Amy exclaimed—

"Oh, what a darling little thing! Oh, grandma, isn't it a darling?" and she went up to the foal, who stood like a lamb to be caressed.

"What a beautiful head!" said Amy. "And oh, what a dear little mouth!"

And then she ran up to Dr. Peacemead, and said in a whisper—

"Grandpa, let me kiss him! Shall I?"

"What, kiss a horse!" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead. "Well, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Oh, he has such a sweet little mouth," said Amy, "that I must kiss him!" and away she ran, and putting her arms round the foal's neck, kissed him.

And then the foal was paraded round the room, and there was not one there that admired him more than the old lady, who patted him and took his head in her arms, and played with him like a child.

"He's a remarkably fine foal," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Him jus' am, sa'," replied Pompey; "and Pompey have him notions 'bout dat ar colt."

"And look at his knees, grandpa," said Amy, stooping down. "What very large knee-caps, grandpa, he's got! What makes that, grandpa?"

"Lor', Missy Amy," said Pompey, "dem is one of his bery best p'int—ain't it, Sambo?"

Sambo's answer was in the affirmative, but it was expressed by a sound something between a groan and a snore.

"Dem 'ere knees, Missy Amy," continued Pompey, "shows him am fus'rater, that do, Missy. Did you eber see sich caps, Dockka, sa', in a foal?" he inquired of Dr. Peacemead.

The doctor admitted that he never had, and said that altogether he was one of the finest foals he had ever seen.

"Grandpapa," cried Amy, "I shall tie a blue ribbon round his neck," and off she ran to a workbox, and drawing therefrom a blue ribbon, quickly put it on the foal's neck.

"Well, really," said Dr. Peacemead aside to Mrs. Peacemead, "does it not almost look ominous?"

"What does?" inquired Mrs. Peacemead.

"That bit of ribbon," said Dr. Peacemead.

"How?" inquired the lady.

"The Great Derby of England is called the Blue Ribbon of the Turf."

"Well, what of that?" inquired Mrs. Peacemead.

"Why, that bit of ribbon upon his neck now may be the symbol of a greater blue ribbon for him in days to come."

"Oh, that is an idle dream!" said Mrs. Peacemead, laughing. "Why, in the first place, he is never likely to reach England at all."

"I don't know that," said Dr. Peacemead. "We cannot say what is in store for him."

"Well, there's one thing," said the lady, laughing; "if he is destined to shine in the Derby, I don't suppose I shall be there to see him."

"A few minutes ago, Pompey," said Dr. Peacemead, addressing the negro groom, "you said you had your notions about the foal. What did you mean?"

"Why, dis ar, sa'," answered Pompey, energetically, "dat if ever I see a foal what'll come a race-hoss, dat dar is one."

"He is promising, certainly," replied Dr. Peacemead.

"Promisin', sa—dis niggarr should tink he war. And him promises—mark de words ob Pompey, Dockka—him promises wont be nothin' to him performances." And Pompey drew himself up with the air of a prophet.

"Well, Amy, he must go back now," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Not till I have given him another kiss, though!" and little Amy again threw her arms round the foal's neck, and kissed him heartily.

"Now, Pompey, take him back to his mother," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Yah, Dockka—come along, him leetle pet," said Pompey. "Now den, you nigga Sambo, open dat ar door slick."

And the robust young nigger did as he was required, and opened the door for the passage of the colt. Pompey had led him as far as the door, when he was met by two gentlemen, one of whom exclaimed in a tone of pleased surprise—

"Hallo! why, Pompey, what have you got there?"

"All right, Massa Albert, him come in de night, you see."

"It took place in the night, did it?" said the gentleman addressed, who was a fine-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, and to whom, on his entrance, little Amy ran, exclaiming—

"Isn't it a little love, papa?"

"Good morning, Doctor," said the gentleman, advancing into the room, and shaking hands with the Doctor, and then with Mrs. Peacemead—"good morning!



but what is the meaning of the colt being here?" he inquired, smiling.

Dr. Peacemead explained to him how it was, and then the gentleman—who, we should have stated, was the son-in-law of Dr. and Mrs. Peacemead—exclaimed, laughing—

"Oh, Amy, Amy! you must not indulge in these fanciful whims when you come to visit grandma."

"She shall indulge in anything she fancies," said the old lady, fondly.

"You certainly will spoil her," said Amy's father.

"Oh, papa, and grandpa, and grandma, and Pompey!" cried Amy, heartily, "oh, do tell me what we are to call him!"

"Well thought of," said Dr. Peacemead. "We are a very good committee for the purpose—what shall we say?"

"Let grandma give her opinion. What shall it be, grandma?" said Amy's father.

But "grandma" declined the task, as being utterly unskilled in such matters.

"Well, then, you must do it yourself, I suppose," said Amy's father to Dr. Peacemead.

"Oh, I am as deficient as grandma here, in that respect," replied Dr. Peacemead. "No, you must settle it yourselves."

At this point little Amy was observed hastily to quit the room.

"Suppose we leave it to Amy," suggested Mrs. Peacemead.

"Agreed—so it shall be!" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead, in glee; "and I'll be bound she will select a better name than any of us."

"Here, Amy!" cried her father at the door. "Where have you got to? Come here."

"I am coming!" replied Amy, from another apartment. "In one moment, papa—only just wait for a minute!"

Her papa returned into the room, smiling, and said he had no doubt that Amy had some project anent the subject under discussion; and he was right, for in a few moments she came bounding into the room, with a book in her hand, exclaiming—

"I have got the name, papa!"

"Very good—we had just decided that you should give the name," said her father.

"And how do you think I found it?" she inquired.

They were of course, each of them, all curiosity to know.

"Why, it was the hardest word in my lesson yesterday," she said.

"And pray what was that?" inquired her father.

Before she could reply, Pompey, who had been standing with the colt's head in his arms fondling it, cried out, laughing out us he did so—

"Oh, Massa Arthur, that am nebber do!"

"What will never do, Pompey?" inquired Amy's father.

"Dat ar what Missy Amy say."

"What did she say that will not do?"

"Why, Massa, Miss Amy say—eyah! eyah!—dat she call 'em colt hard name. Dat nebber do to call 'em colt hard name. Eyah! eyah!" and Pompey was delighted at his own joke.

"This Pompey is getting quite a wag, sir," said Amy's father to Dr. Peacemead.

"Eyah! eyah! eyah!" laughed Pompey, immensely delighted at being designated a wag.

"Come, now, you are stopping little Amy. What is the name to be, love?" said Mrs. Peacemead.

Amy was looking at the book that she had brought into the room with her, and by the motion of her lips she was evidently spelling the word and pronouncing it to herself.

"Now, Amy, what is it to be—is it in that book?" inquired her father.

"I don't think I shall tell you yet," said Amy, quite coquettishly. "I shall keep you all in what governess calls suspense—s-u-s-p-e-n-s-e!" said she, laughing, and spelling the word.

"No, no, no! You mustn't be tantalizing," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Oh, but it's a very long word, grandpa," said Amy, still conning her book.

"A long word, eh?" said her father; "well, and so it ought to be, for you are a long time bringing it out."

"Suppose I let Pompey spell it?" suggested Amy, still looking at her book.

"Very well; let Pompey spell it," acquiesced Dr. Peacemead, anticipating something funny therefrom.

"A, R, B," said Amy to Pompey.

"A, B, C," said Pompey with a broad grin.

"No, no; not that," said Amy, pettishly. "A, R. What does that spell?"

"A, R," said Pompey, scratching his woolly pate, and looking at the colt as though he expected there to find a solution of the mystery which had been propounded to him.

"A, R," again said Amy, looking at the book. "What does it spell?"

"Begar, den, Miss Amy, dis niggarr nebber heard ob de name before," said Pompey, puzzled. "Am hayar his Christian name, Miss Amy?"

"That isn't his name," replied Amy; "that is only the beginning of his name."

"Den dis niggarr can't consider him nohow, and that's a fac', eyah, eyah!" said Pompey, decisively.

"A-r," said Amy's father. "Well, go on; what are the other letters?"

It was clear from Amy's manner that she was not a little puzzled with the word herself, for she was conning it over to herself. At length she said—

"Well, then, you spell it, papa."

"Very well; go on then: we have got Ar—" said her papa.

"B, I," continued Amy.

"B, I," said Mr. Arthur.

"Tra."

"Tra."

"T, O"—Amy was going on.

"Why, it's ARBITRATOR!" exclaimed Amy's father.

"And a capital name, too," cried Dr. Peacemead. "Arbitrator it shall be. Eh, Pompey?"

"Now, Pompey, the moment the name was pronounced, was observed to become suddenly serious, and when this direct appeal was made to him, he exclaimed—

"Oh, no, Miss Amy! Oh, no, Dockka! Oh, no, Massa Arthur! dat ool nebber do!" and he spoke quite in a desponding tone.

"Why not, Pompey? I think it is a capital name," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Oh, no, Massa, no! nebber say dis ar colt be traitor," pointing to the colt; "nebber say dat, Massa."

They all laughed at Pompey's mistake, and at his earnestness, and Dr. Peacemead was at some pains to explain the meaning of the name which it was proposed to give the colt. Pompey, although convinced of his error, had still some lingering doubts in his mind, for he continually turned the word over in his mouth, as though he had got a pebble there. It was, however, decided that the name the colt should bear should be that of Arbitrator, and this matter being finally settled and agreed upon, Sambo, who had been a silent spectator of the proceedings, once more opened the door, and the colt was led back to his anxious parent, who was doubtless wondering in

her stable whatever could have become of him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE YEARLING ARBITRATOR IS DISPOSED OF, AND SETS OUT UPON HIS JOURNEY IN LIFE.

WE shall not attempt to follow the equine hero whom we introduced in the last chapter through his babyhood. It is enough in that respect to state that he took his milk kindly each day (four bottles daily of the finest new milk from the best cows in the neighbourhood); that he was a fine hardy colt from his youth up, and that his beautiful chestnut coat brightened in colour as he advanced in age, until it had become what we see it now that he is a yearling, like polished satin.

Pompey has taken great care of the foal, and the yearling does him much credit. And isn't Pompey proud of his charge? He has nothing else to do but to attend to him, and the colt is seldom out of his sight, and never out of his thoughts. It is just twelve months since we introduced him—we mean Pompey, of course—and looking at him now, as he stands in the stable-yard with his hands in his trousers pockets, we can discover no difference in him. He is talking to another individual, whom we have seen before. This individual, who is standing at a little distance from him, is very short in stature, very stout in person, and exceedingly black in the face. It is Sambo, who has grown more obese as he has advanced in age, and consequently has in appearance decreased in stature. Sambo is leaning against the stable door-post, for, like many persons of stout proportions, he prefers ease to activity, and whenever the alternative is put to him he does not disguise his partiality for repose over exertion. Pompey looks a giant as he stands near to Sambo; but it is clear from Sambo's bearing that he does not consider that social superiority is to be measured by personal stature. He talks to Pompey with the air of an equal—albeit Pompey is in reality above him in position in Dr. Peacemead's establishment. Pompey is the chief groom in that establishment, and Sambo is his chief assistant. The two have a great opinion of each other, and they are at this moment at which we see them holding a discourse upon the merits of Arbi-



trator, who for the past twelve months has been under their joint care. As we have said, he has thriven apace, as we gather from the conversation of Pompey and Sambo, which we have interrupted by this description of the two.

"I tinks him better ebery day," says Sambo, in a tone which plainly implies that he ought to know, and that he is a judge in the matter.

"He's a wonnerful colt," says Pompey; "an' if I didn't know him nuffen ob de sort, I be dam if I shouldn't tink he was borned the ye'r afore las'."

"He's a big 'un, he am," acquiesces Sambo.

"Did you obserb his gallop dis mornin'?" inquires Pompey, with an air of dignity.

"Dis nigger kep him eye fixed on de colt," replies Sambo.

"And what you tink?" Pompey wishes to know.

"Why dat him fit to gallop ober de mountain and back agin," says Sambo.

"What a back him got!" says Pompey.

"What legs!" suggests Sambo.

"And then his neck—oh, golly!" exclaims Pompey.

"And such an 'ead!" continues Sambo.

This criticism of Arbitrator's points would no doubt have been continued, with continued satisfaction to the two, if the voice of Dr. Peacemead had not been heard exclaiming—"Pompey!" to which exclamation Pompey immediately replied by crying, "Here I be, Massa!"

And Dr. Peacemead was seen advancing from the house. When he came near to Pompey, that worthy dependent said—

"Good mornin', Dockka," and grinned.

Sambo turned his sleepy countenance towards the Doctor, and merely looked a salutation.

"And how is he?" inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"Lubly as Rosa, Massa," replied Pompey. "Him tuckin' in now like a alligator."

"Well, I want him to look all over particularly well this morning," said Dr. Peacemead; "for I expect some gentlemen to see him, Pompey."

Pompey was delighted to hear it—the gentlefolks he declared would see a sight as would do their eyes good.

Dr. Peacemead said he was glad to hear it, and he hoped the colt would be so considered in the country to which he was going. At this announcement Pompey

dropped his lower jaw, and in a voice almost tremulous, said—

"Him not gwine away, Dockka?—don't say him gwine away!"

"Why, he's been disposed of almost ever since he was born," said Dr. Peacemead.

Pompey looked very dejected, and as a relief to his feelings, he gave Sambo a slap on the side of his face which knocked his head against the door-post, and told him to go and see to the colt. Sambo, with a perfectly unruffled countenance, turned into the stable as he had been desired, and without saying a word.

"Why, Pompey, you didn't expect the colt was going to stay here all his life, did you?" said Dr. Peacemead.

"No, Dockka, him nebber taut dat," replied Pompey; "but 'ab Massa sell him?" he inquired.

"He is sold, Pompey, and for great achievements, I hope," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Might as well 'ab sold me wid him, Massa," said Pompey, dolefully.

"It is not altogether improbable that you will go with him," replied Dr. Peacemead.

"What, sell Pompey?—ole Pompey, Dockka?" exclaimed Pompey, in a tone of much greater consternation than that which he had used before.

"No; I did not mean that," said Dr. Peacemead, smiling.

Pompey brightened up again.

"But I think it not unlikely that they may want you to attend him to his embarkation."

"What am dat, Massa?" inquired Pompey.

"Why, he's going across the sea," said Dr. Peacemead. "In fact, he's going to England, Pompey."

"Oh! what will Missy Amy say, Massa?" inquired Pompey.

"She'll know nothing about it," said Dr. Peacemead. "She is now up in Louisville, on a visit, and when she comes back Arbitrator will be half way across the Atlantic."

Pompey drew a deep sigh and turned towards the stable. Before he reached the door, Sambo put out his head, and exclaimed—"Him 'ab done him feed!" and then drew it back again.

Dr. Peacemead and Pompey went into the stall together, and there was Arbitrator. How different in appearance to that which he presented on our first introduction to him twelve months before!

Then he was scarcely strong enough to support himself, and was so light that Pompey could carry him without much exertion. Now he is a noble steed, fully occupying the stall in which he is placed, and bearing out, indeed, all the encomiums of Pompey, both implied and expressed. He is as quiet as a lamb, and, at the time Dr. Peacemead enters with Pompey, there is a kitten playing on his back.

"He is a magnificent fellow, certainly!" exclaims Dr. Peacemead, in admiration.

"Oh, Massa, he be!" said Pompey. "Why not Massa keep him?"

"Why, Pompey—why should we keep him here?" argued Dr. Peacemead. "We have nothing in which he could distinguish himself here; but where he's going, Pompey, he'll gain a renown that will extend all over the world, and perhaps make you, Pompey, famous as well." And Dr. Peacemead good-humouredly smiled upon Pompey, who, notwithstanding, was dejected.

"Now, den, you stupid nigger!" cried Pompey, in a tone of authoritative superiority, "why don't you clean dat are rack out?"

This was addressed to Sambo, who, leaning against the side of the stall, was listening to all that was going on, but without the slightest expression upon his fat countenance except one of utter indifference to anything or anybody. Receiving Pompey's admonition with stolid imperturbability, he goes to the rack and listlessly cleans it out, while Arbitrator looks upon him evidently with an eye of curiosity.

While they are thus engaged in the stable, a noise of the tramp of horses is heard in the farm-yard, and Dr. Peacemead exclaims—

"Here they are; now Pompey, let's go out and receive them."

And accordingly Dr. Peacemead, accompanied by Pompey—Sambo is left in charge of Arbitrator—proceeds into the farm-yard, and there, as he said, were the three gentlemen he had expected. One of these, to whom Dr. Peacemead at once paid his respects, had dismounted. He was short in stature, but striking in appearance. No one, judging from his appearance, would have taken him for an American, and yet he had characteristics which were without doubt of American origin. If the scene had been in Italy instead of in one of the States of North America, an observer might have concluded that although an Italian he had

points in his appearance which decidedly were not Italian characteristics. His countenance was sallow, and if not absolutely wrinkled it was deeply furrowed. His features were small and angular, and such as would lead an observer to the conclusion that they belonged to one who was in possession of shrewdness with regard to the faculty of taking care of one's self. Although he had come to Dr. Peacemead's on horseback, yet he wore a cloak, that ugliest of all habiliments that a horseman can wear, and this cloak gave him the appearance of being shorter than he really was.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Bruggen," said Dr. Peacemead, shaking hands with this gentleman.

"Good morning, Doctor," responded Mr. Van Bruggen, who had rather a shrill voice. "I have brought Arbitrator's guardian spirit, you see," continued he, pointing to one of his companions.

The individual indicated had not dismounted from his horse, but remained at a little distance behind Mr. Van Bruggen. He showed in great contrast to this latter gentleman; for he was not only stalwart in build, but his personal attire was of a character well calculated to arrest attention. He wore upon his head a cap which was in itself a curiosity, as much from the fashion of its construction as the material of which it was made. At a little distance it had somewhat the appearance of the work of art which surmounts the Monument of London on Fish-street hill, and which is supposed, or at all events was intended by its originator, to represent a globe of flames, but which might just as well be taken to illustrate a gilded hedgehog comfortably rolled up. The cap which the attendant of Mr. Van Bruggen wore was neither fur nor woollen stuff, but appeared to be a compound of both. It was globular in shape, and was a kind of stunted cross between a grenadier's cap and the monstrous bear-skin headdress which the sword-bearer of the city of London is compelled on state occasions to make himself look hideous with. Whence it came, why its peculiar fashion had been adopted, and what its advantages were, were matters strictly confined to the foundation upon which at the moment of which we write the cap is resting. The wearer of this remarkable headdress was a swarthy individual, attired in a rough suit of coarse drab material, and his legs were incased in gaiters compounded of leather and a heavy woollen



mystery, which manifestly proclaimed defiance and were impervious to all kinds of weather.

Mr. Van Bruggen had designated this personage as Arbitrator's guardian spirit, from which we may infer that henceforth that noble animal is to be placed under the care of this gentleman. And such is the case.

"Well, Mr. Van Bruggen," says Dr. Peacemead, "I calculate you would like to see Arbitrator?"

"I think we should, Doctor," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "or rather I want Sweeney to see him. That's what you're come over for this morning, I think, isn't it, Dennis?"

This was addressed to the individual in the cap, who replied—

"Yes, I calc'late that's a fact."

Pompey has stood all this time near to the stable door, troubled in his mind at the notion of Arbitrator's going, a fact which is painfully confirmed by the conversation he has just heard.

"Now, Pompey, out with him!" exclaims Dr. Peacemead. "Don't be in the dumps, Pompey; as I told you, you shall go and see him off from New York."

Pompey with a dejected air turned into the stable, and then Dr. Peacemead told Mr. Van Bruggen, laughing as he did so, of the attachment entertained by Pompey for the colt.

"Niggers and colts often fancies one another," Mr. Dennis Sweeney ventures to observe.

"Is that so?" says Mr. Van Bruggen, laughing.

"Oh, one animal often takes a fancy to another," Mr. Dennis Sweeney says in confirmation of his previous remark. "But a nigger ain't the sort o' chap to take care of a thorough-bred, and there ain't no two ways about that."

Dr. Peacemead observes that if ever there was a faithful being in the world that character was Pompey, who had just gone into the stable; and what was more, there were few people who knew better the points of a good horse, or who could better take care of one.

Mr. Dennis Sweeney remarked that there might be prodigies in niggers as well as in pigs.

Mr. Van Bruggen takes no part in this brief ethnological discussion, but from the expression on his countenance we may conclude that he is not a little amused by it.

"Now den, dam stoopid nigger," Pompey is heard to exclaim inside the

stable, "why can't yo give 'em brush 'thout stannin' thar?"

We may infer that this admonition is addressed to the stolid Sambo, for no response is heard to it, and a hissing sound is immediately heard, which, from certain parenthetical interjections which are distinguishable, it is clear proceeds from the lips of Pompey himself, while in the act of giving Arbitrator his final brush over before introducing him to the company in the farm-yard. At length Pompey appears at the stable door leading out Arbitrator, upon whose appearance Mr. Dennis Sweeney gives vent to his admiration in these terms—

"Thunder and lightnin'! but that's the colt to go slick away like a tarnation flash."

"I think he's something like, sir. I calculate you'll have to travel a long way through the States to better him," said Dr. Peacemead.

"Magnificent!" exclaims Mr. Van Bruggen, who, though usually rather phlegmatic in his bearing, brightens up into something like enthusiasm, as he gazes upon the fine proportions of the equine hero before him.

"Walk him round, Pompey," said Dr. Peacemead.

Pompey, with quite an air of importance, did as he was desired, and it was clear that the more the party saw of him, the more they liked Arbitrator.

The visitors to Dr. Peacemead on this occasion, it will be remembered, were three in number. Two of them we have introduced to the reader, but the third has not as yet said anything for himself or the advancement of this history. He is a short shrivelled man, and he rides on a short shrivelled pony, and he wears a short great-coat, continuing below the tails of which are a pair of top-boots. While Arbitrator is being led round the farm-yard, this individual dismounts, and closely inspects the horse as he passes round.

"Well, what do you think of him, Mose?" inquires Mr. Van Bruggen of this individual.

"Stunning!" is the laconic reply of the gentleman addressed as Mose, that being the familiar for his actual name of Moses Flop, once a celebrated jockey, and still a first-class judge in equine matters.

"Will you take a spin upon him?" Mr. Van Bruggen inquired of this personage.

"I think I had better," he replies.

"Now, blackey," he continued, addressing Pompey, "just clap the saddle on him."

"Sambo," cries Pompey, "out wid de saddle, double quick;" and Pompey is evidently delighted at the spin that Arbitrator is going to have.

Sambo has brought the saddle out, and the bridle also, and while he throws the former on to the back of Arbitrator, Pompey adjusts the latter.

"Now, Massa," exclaims Pompey, in glee, "him all ready. Gib de genelman a leg-up, Sambo."

And the obese nigger proffers his services to Mr. Moses Flop, as that gentleman advances to Arbitrator. He is in the saddle in an instant, and says to Pompey—

"Just lead him out of the yard."

Pompey takes hold of the rein, and does as he is desired, and Arbitrator is led across the farm-yard, with Dr. Peacemead, Mr. Van Bruggen, Dennis Sweeney, and Sambo at his heels. The gate at the far end of the farm-yard opens into an extensive meadow, the circuit of which is a very fair gallop for a colt of twelve months old. The moment his feet touch the turf, the gallant animal pricks up his ears, and he begins to amble with excitement, or rather with an eager desire for action.

"Woo, boy! Steady, my little man," said Mr. Moses Flop, patting the arched neck of the beautiful steed beneath him. "Steady, little boy—steady!"

"Plenty of fire," Mr. Van Bruggen observes.

"He's got it in him; I can see that already," replies Moses Flop.

"Ain't him lookin' splendid, Dockka?" Pompey inquires of Dr. Peacemead, his eyes glistening with admiration as he gazes upon Arbitrator.

"He is. You are quite right, Pompey," Dr. Peacemead replies.

"Now then, little boy, off we go," says Moses Flop, and gathering the reins in his hand, with an almost imperceptible motion of his body he puts the horse into a canter, which very speedily advances into a gallop that brings out the stride of the noble animal in all its development. Graceful as the sweep of some great bird of the mountains, Arbitrator skims over the ground, and as he does so he is watched in silent admiration by the gentlemen standing at the gate of the farm-yard. Round the far side of the meadow he goes, the horse and his rider so gracefully steady that they appear part of each

other, and seem animated by the same impulse. Round the bend at the bottom of the meadow they come, approaching the farm-yard gate again, and still the party standing there gaze without speaking. Arbitrator and his rider are now close upon them again, and the horse is in the full swing of his stride. He comes on in that triumphant sweep, without the slightest semblance of exertion, and as he approaches the starting point, his rider, by a touch of the rein, so gentle that it might have emanated from the gloved finger of a timid maid, intimates to the animal that his task is done, and Arbitrator, as quiet as a lamb, stands at the bidding of his rider.

A murmur of approbation springs from the little party at the gate, and Pompey, in the exuberance of his excitement, gives Sambo a slap on the side of the head, and requests to be informed by that interesting individual, "if that arn't a sight to do a nigger's eyes good?" at which Sambo grunts, and merely says—"Pompey, don't do dat ar; it hurts," alluding, of course, to the vigorous mode which Pompey had adopted of calling Sambo's attention to the scene before him.

"Well, what do you think of him now?" Mr. Van Bruggen inquires of Moses Flop. That gentleman, still sitting on the back of Arbitrator, replies—

"Now, mark my words, Mr. Van Bruggen."

"I will," that gentleman says, laughing.

"Well, then; now don't you go to be gammoned," said Mr. Moses Flop.

"About what?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Why, this," replied Moses Flop. "When you've got him over there, don't you go to be gammoned into knocking him about—just let him win a race at Goodwood, say, and if he don't win the Derby, then my name ain't Moses Flop;" and that gentleman emphasized his declaration by a slap on the pommel of the saddle which made Arbitrator start.

"Hoorah!" roared Pompey. "Hoorah, Sambo!" and he again visited Sambo as before, at which Sambo, in a thick unctuous voice, cried "Hoorah!" too, to the intense enjoyment of Dr. Peacemead and his guests.

Moses Flop having dismounted, Arbitrator is led back to his stable, and as he walks away in the hands of Pompey he looks indeed the *beau ideal* of a beautiful race-horse—treading the turf like a



deer, and exhibiting a pattern of gentleness and docility.

"Now, gentlemen," said Dr. Peacemead, "I should fancy you must by this time be quite ready for some luncheon."

The proposition was evidently well received, for the whole party at once turned through the farm-yard gate, and Dr. Peacemead said to Sambo—"Now, Sambo, run on and tell them in the house that we are coming to luncheon."

"Yes, Massa; him do dat, by golly!" exclaimed Sambo, with unusual animation, smacking his lips after the declaration, and then rushing off across the farm-yard. This unwonted energy, however, made Sambo flounder about a good deal, inasmuch indeed that, attempting, indiscreetly for a gentleman of his proportions to clear a refuse mound, he tripped on the top of it, and rolled over into a quagmire composed of the highly-coloured drainings of sundry well-stacked manure heaps. The whole party roared at this mishap of Sambo's, and Pompey coming out of the stable just at the moment that Sambo floundered into his unsavoury bath, that enthusiastic gentleman, holding one side of his person with his left hand, pointed with the other at Sambo, and indulged in a roar of laughter which materially increased the merriment of the whole party. As they stood laughing at the plump nigger and the ludicrous figure which he presented, Sambo, who was the only one of the party who could not see the fun of the thing, raised himself from his recumbent position, and getting on to his feet, stood and gazed at the quagmire as though he were examining some natural curiosity.

"Why, Sambo, what on earth did you do that for?" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead.

Sambo looked down upon his soiled and now fragrant garment, and said—

"By golly, him in a mess!"

The truth of the declaration, on the part of Sambo, was beyond dispute; it was but too manifest to a plurality of senses.

"We must, it seems, announce our own advent to luncheon," said Dr. Peacemead, laughing.

Mr. Dennis Sweeney went up to Sambo, and looking at him with an expression of countenance which probably was intended for commiseration, said—

"I should advise you to go and get some lavender water. Lor', how he stinks—phoo!" and he turned away holding his nose.

Dr. Peacemead and his party at once proceeded into the house, and Sambo was left to the care of Pompey, who stood laughing in the most heartless manner at his companion. He indulged in a little badinage, too.

"Don't you tink you want a towel, Sambo, arter der bath?" he inquired, grinning with intense enjoyment.

"Dang if him knows what to do," said Sambo, in a tone of bewilderment, and holding his arms as well as he could out from his body.

At length Pompey took compassion upon him, and led him into an out-house where there was an unlimited supply of water, and as Pompey was seen shortly afterwards carrying a change of garments in the direction of that apartment, it may be inferred that Sambo had there undergone a course of ablution.

Dr. Peacemead and his guests are seated round the table in the dining-room, and they are engaged upon a substantial luncheon, which is spread out in profusion before them.

"Then you have made arrangements, have you," said Dr. Peacemead, addressing Mr. Van Bruggen, "to take him away at once?"

"I have not only made arrangements to take him away," replied Mr. Van Bruggen, "but he must be in New York this week to be embarked."

"Are they aware on the other side of his coming?" inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"I have to-day received a letter from Raikes," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "in which he states that everything has been arranged—the entries have been made in proper form, and a place has been provided for his reception. Raikes appears to be exceedingly anxious about him, and says he has many things to communicate to me which he cannot do by letter, and he urges me to return at once to England."

"Raikes, if I remember rightly, is a native of England, is he not?" inquired Dr. Peacemead.

"Yes, he was born in England," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "but it is a life-time almost since he left it."

"A tarnation smart fellow is Raikes, sir," says Mr. Dennis Sweeney.

"Yes, he has had experience of many sorts," said Mr. Van Bruggen; "and if they get over him in the old country, why they will only have one more to get over."

"Rather a close chap, isn't he, sir?" Mr. Dennis Sweeney suggests.

"Why, he can keep his own counsel," Mr. Van Bruggen replies, "if that is what you mean, and that is a quality that is very valuable in England."

"And anywheres else, too, I calc'late," says Mr. Dennis Sweeney.

"It is, indeed. I don't mean to infer that it is a quality appreciable only in England," continued Mr. Van Bruggen.

At this point Pompey made his appearance again, and announced that a man had arrived with, "by golly, sich a wonnerful big box on four wheels."

"Oh, it's the van," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "in which Arbitrator is to travel to New York. I brought it myself specially from England."

Dr. Peacemead said he had never seen one of these machines, and he was very desirous of examining it.

"One parting toast, then," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "and then we will go and look at it."

They all filled up their glasses and rose from their seats.

"The toast is this," said Mr. Van Bruggen: "Arbitrator. May he arbitrate successfully on the Downs of Epsom in that tourney whose guerdon is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf!"

They all heartily drank the toast, and Mr. Dennis Sweeney made an addendum to it by exclaiming—

"And may he show his tail to the whole lot!"

To which Mr. Moses Flop said—

"Hear, hear; that was the point."

They all then proceeded into the farm-yard again, and there they saw the big box on wheels which had excited Pompey's wonder.

"A capital contrivance!" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead, examining the interior of this vehicle. "Why, you might take a horse all over the world in this, and he wouldn't be any the wiser by his change of location."

"There's nothing new in that," said Mr. Moses Flop. "We've had 'em in use in England for this twenty year or more."

"Strange that we have never had them over here, isn't it, Mr. Van Bruggen?" said Dr. Peacemead.

"Why, we haven't the same need of 'em here at present," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "or of course we should have had 'em long ago."

"And that's a fact!" observed Dennis Sweeney.

Pompey was very curious to examine

the inside of the van, too, and he came up to Dr. Peacemead, and in a whisper said—

"What am it for, Dockka?"

"Why, Pompey, that's to be Arbitrator's carriage," replied Dr. Peacemead. "He's to be a gentleman, you see."

Pompey clapped his hands and declared that that was the tarnationest best fixin' he'd ever see, and then relapsing into dejection he whispered again to the doctor—

"Den him is gwine, Dockka?"

"Going! Yes, he's going now. So you go and get his travelling clothes on."

And Pompey turned away with a sigh and entered the stables.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

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the air, as though he were suddenly seized with a desire to have a pugilistic encounter with the iron monster that was hissing and fuming at no great distance from him. Arbitrator snorted too, and his nostrils were distended as though in defiance of what he doubtless considered a shrieking antagonist ahead. In vain did Dennis Sweeney try the arts of persuasion which he knew as being applicable in such cases—in vain did Moses Flop address Arbitrator by the endearing and coaxing terms of “gently, little boy—so ho, my little man!”—blandishments of this kind were of no effect upon Arbitrator in his then state of excitement. Even the voice of Pompey, rendered tremulous, it must be acknowledged, by the attitude the horse had assumed, was not to Arbitrator’s ears as that of the charmer; albeit it was an affectionate and familiar one to him. Still did he snort defiance to that iron foe that was menacing him with its steaming hiss, and still did he battle with the air with his fore legs, as though squaring at his antagonist.

“Take care that he doesn’t back on the rail,” said Moses Flop to Dennis Sweeney, who had got firm hold of the long leading-rein.

“I’ve got tight hold of him,” replied Dennis; “but we shall do nothing with him until that infernal engine has gone away upon its travels.”

As though the monster in question had heard Dennis’s exclamation, it gave a louder shriek than before, and with labouring breath started away again upon its journey, and then Arbitrator became comparatively quiescent. As they had to wait a short time for the arrival of the train that was to convey the party to New York, Mr. Van Bruggen, who had been a silent spectator of the behaviour of Arbitrator, directed Dennis Sweeney to take the horse to a certain stable refectory which he indicated, and Arbitrator was conveyed thither accordingly. In the meantime Mr. Van Bruggen, accompanied by Moses Flop, strolled into the town. It was pretty well advanced into the afternoon when they returned to the railway station, and the shades of a spring evening were beginning to deepen over the land. They found Dennis Sweeney with Arbitrator waiting for them, the steed having been fully equipped in travelling costume. Mr. Van Bruggen and Moses Flop examined him all over to see that everything was right, and having satisfied themselves thereof, Mr. Van Brug-

gen directed Dennis Sweeney to place the colt in the van.

“What sort of an animal do you call that?” inquired a voice close behind Mr. Van Bruggen.

Mr. Van Bruggen immediately turned round, and observed that the person who had put the question was a very tall, spare, and rather peculiar-looking individual. Everything about him appeared to be long. He had long legs, long arms, a long body, a long neck, but not a long head. His long legs looked longer perhaps than they really were in consequence of their being encased in trowsers that fitted so closely that they gave the legs which they encased somewhat the appearance of big sausages—each leg a couple of big sausages connected at the knees. His arms also belonged to the sausage family, but were of smaller bulk and not quite so elongated. The encasement of his neck, too, was exceedingly tight, and over it was turned down his white shirt-collar. His suit was of a sporting character, and on his head he wore a hat made after the fashion of an English wagoner’s, that is, dome-shaped at the top, and fitting close to the head, with a broad flat brim. His face was whiskerless, but he had the outline of a moustache, whose colour was indefinite, and whose growth was stunted.

Such was the individual who had exclaimed close in Mr. Van Bruggen’s ear, “What sort of an animal do you call that?”

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“A thorough-bred race-horse!” exclaimed the gentleman with the sausage legs; “why, you haven’t got such a thing in all these United States of America.”

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“I fancy that declaration is about as near the mark as the other,” said Mr. Van Bruggen, mildly.

“Why, they told me that your Kentucky riflemen out here could shoot through the eye of a needle, but strike me stark naked on the spot if I wouldn’t

"Why, he can keep his own counsel," Mr. Van Bruggen replies, "if that is what you mean, and that is a quality that is very valuable in England."

"And anywheres else, too, I calc'late," says Mr. Dennis Sweeney.

"It is, indeed. I don't mean to infer that it is a quality appreciable only in England," continued Mr. Van Bruggen.

At this point Pompey made his appearance again, and announced that a man had arrived with, "by golly, sich a wonnerful big box on four wheels."

"Oh, it's the van," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "in which Arbitrator is to travel to New York. I brought it myself specially from England."

Dr. Peacemead said he had never seen one of these machines, and he was very desirous of examining it.

"One parting toast, then," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "and then we will go and look at it."

They all filled up their glasses and rose from their seats.

"The toast is this," said Mr. Van Bruggen: "Arbitrator. May he arbitrate successfully on the Downs of Epsom in that tourney whose guerdon is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf!"

They all heartily drank the toast, and Mr. Dennis Sweeney made an addendum to it by exclaiming—

"And may he show his tail to the whole lot!"

To which Mr. Moses Flop said—

"Hear, hear; that was the point."

They all then proceeded into the farm-yard again, and there they saw the big box on wheels which had excited Pompey's wonder.

"A capital contrivance!" exclaimed Dr. Peacemead, examining the interior of this vehicle. "Why, you might take a horse all over the world in this, and he wouldn't be any the wiser by his change of location."

"There's nothing new in that," said Mr. Moses Flop. "We've had 'em in use in England for this twenty year or more."

"Strange that we have never had them over here, isn't it, Mr. Van Bruggen?" said Dr. Peacemead.

"Why, we haven't the same need of 'em here at present," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "or of course we should have had 'em long ago."

"And that's a fact!" observed Dennis Sweeney.

Pompey was very curious to examine

the inside of the van, too, and he came up to Dr. Peacemead, and in a whisper said—

"What am it for, Dockka?"

"Why, Pompey, that's to be Arbitrator's carriage," replied Dr. Peacemead. "He's to be a gentleman, you see."

Pompey clapped his hands and declared that that was the tarnationest best fixin' he'd ever see, and then relapsing into dejection he whispered again to the doctor—

"Den him is gwine, Dockka?"

"Going! Yes, he's going now. So you go and get his travelling clothes on."

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“Why, they told me that your Kentucky riflemen out here could shoot through the eye of a needle, but strike me stark naked on the spot if I wouldn’t

shoot any of them for their skins," said the stranger.

"You are not an American, I see," said Mr. Van Bruggen, who was amused with the person who had thrust his conversation upon him, notwithstanding the braggart tone in which it was conveyed.

"An American!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of scorn. "No; I should think not. I come from a land of monarchy, thank my stars!"

"England, of course," Mr. Van Bruggen suggested.

"Yes, England; and I shall go back to it more satisfied than ever. Ah! there's nothing like monarchy and an aristocracy, you may depend upon it."

"To those who have never known anything else, very likely," said Mr. Van Bruggen. "But was your visit to the United States with a view to study our institutions?" he inquired.

"Yes, partly," said the stranger.

"And how long have you been in America?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Oh," said the stranger, sweeping his walking-stick over his head, as if to imply that distance was a matter of little consequence to him while upon his travels—"Oh, I have been here three weeks, almost."

"And you have in that time studied the institutions of America, have you?" said Mr. Van Bruggen, in a slightly sneering tone.

"Oh no, I haven't. I had no necessity to do that," said the stranger, lightly.

"Indeed," cried Mr. Van Bruggen. "Pray, may I ask how that was?"

"Why, haven't we had all our great novelists here!" said the stranger.

"Yes; they have been over here," acquiesced Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Well, then, haven't they depicted with a minuteness and a truth every phase of your institutions, and what does it all come to? Shall I tell you?"

Mr. Van Bruggen expressed his willingness to be enlightened upon the point.

"Bosh!" exclaimed the gentleman with the long body: and he did so with an emphatic adjective, a figurative garnish that he seemed very partial to. "A nice population you've got here," he continued; and then he expressed himself to be ready for perdition again, if the only free and independent citizens of the United States were not the bo'hoys.

"You have, I presume, then, been

thrown a good deal amongst them," said Mr. Van Bruggen, slyly.

The long gentleman said—

"Curse me if I could help myself; I think they're like mosquitoes here!"

"Every nation has its peculiar classes, I believe," mildly suggested Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Yes; but these bo'hoys are such an unmitigated set of hounds that I'll tell you what I should like. Shall I?"

Mr. Van Bruggen expressed his willingness to hear.

"Why, I should like to see all their heads rolled into one, and then I should like to give 'em a punch on the head that would knock 'em into smithereens."

And he laughed at his own conceit.

"What a country this is!" he continued; "here have I been at this hotel here"—indicating with his stick the establishment he referred to—"here have I been in this hotel for four-and-twenty hours, and strike me stiff at once if they can make a cup of Badminton."

Mr. Van Bruggen thought there must be some mistake. Had the gentleman made himself clearly understood?

"Understood!—no, of course not; how should I?" he answered. "You don't suppose that anybody in this country knows how to mix Badminton, do you?"

Mr. Van Bruggen thought that a diligent search might discover such a person.

"Impossible, my dear fellow—utterly impossible. You may take it from me that that cup is the real touchstone of an English gentleman—nobleman and gentleman, I ought to say. It is that that will distinguish him from the vulgar ass, the low snob, the plebeian muff, the wandering adventurer, and the miserable pauper."

"Well, I am glad to learn how to test the British nobility," said Mr. Van Bruggen, with the faintest possible indication of a sneer.

"It's infallible, my dear fellow. Let your hotel-keepers, having first thoroughly studied how to make Badminton, make it a rule in hot weather to ask every traveller on his arrival if he would like to have some Badminton. If he says 'No,' let them expel him at once—kick the snob out there and then. If he declines to take the divine mixture, known to the elite only as Badminton, they may be sure he is no peer."

Mr. Van Bruggen hinted that, perhaps, they might not care much about having peers at all.



"There it is again, you see. Here am I, a nobleman in England; and I'll be blest if I don't find that nearly everybody that travels is an honourable here."

Mr. Van Bruggen laughed at this, and said he presumed they must be born to it.

"Oh, not at all. That's where it is, you see. In England a man is born to a title, and it is respected accordingly; here a man assumes himself to be an honourable, and consequently nobody believes him. Why, will you believe it, at most of the hotels that I have been to, they actually suspected me—suspected me, the son of an earl in England; and yet you'll contend that you've got institutions here. What did I come over here for—tell me that?"

Mr. Van Bruggen said he really couldn't; he didn't know.

"Of course not; how should you? Fashionable movements are not recorded here," said the long stranger, warming with his subject. "Why, I do believe that I might travel with my dogs and my double Manton all through these starred and striped States, and the different public people—I mean at the public-houses—would pay me no more attention than if I was one of the ornithological species that swim in these great slimy, muddy rivers that run through this country."

Mr. Van Bruggen ventured to remark that he did not think anything ornithological inhabited waters of any kind.

"There you show the lamentable ignorance that is prevalent in this benighted country. If there is nothing ornithological in the waters, I should like to know what you would call a whale?"

And the tall stranger looked down upon Mr. Van Bruggen as though he had thoroughly and completely shut him up.

"I came over to this country to hunt the prairies and shoot buffaloes," he continued, with great volubility. "I found the buffaloes, it's true; but what are the prairies? A lot of flat fields, nowhere staked out. If I had 'em in England, I'd devilish soon turn 'em into fields, I can tell you. And as to your Indians, don't talk to me about them! Why, you can see better Indians than you've got on your prairies any night at the Victoria Theatre in London. Your buffaloes are the only things you have to be proud of; even them you can't appreciate, for nobody ever shot a buffalo until I did. And now that I have taught 'em the way, I don't believe they'll know how to follow it. All this,

of course, comes of not having a native aristocracy and a legitimate monarchy."

"And a national debt, and a heavy taxation," suggested Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Of course; you've just hit it. A nation with its enormous national debt, its revered aristocracy, and its glorious monarchy, is about the proudest spectacle the world has seen since Alexander the Great, with his Roman legions, conquered Great Britain."

Mr. Van Bruggen ventured to say that that was very likely.

"Where are you going to take that thing?" said the stranger, suddenly breaking off, and pointing to Arbitrator.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said Mr. Van Bruggen in a whisper, and with a manifest twinkle in his eye; "but knowing that he never can be appreciated in a country like this, without an aristocracy, I'm going to take him over to England, where there is an aristocracy that can appreciate him, and consequently where there is sure to be honour and fair dealing."

"My dear sir, I highly appreciate your motives—give me your hand, sir; you're a man after my own heart!" exclaimed the stranger, offering his hand to Mr. Van Bruggen. "I am returning to England myself; we'll go in the same ship, and I'll introduce you in the proper circles over in the old country. Here's my card;" and he handed Mr. Van Bruggen his card, on which was inscribed—

LORD BELFLEUR.

Mr. Van Bruggen said he should be happy to have Lord Belfleur's society on the voyage; and probably, he added, he might in some way or other be enabled to reciprocate the kindness which the noble lord had promised to favour Mr. Van Bruggen with in England.

"You are going by this train, I suppose?" said Lord Belfleur.

Mr. Van Bruggen intimated that he was.

"All right!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur; "I'll just go and see that my precious dogs are properly attended to, and join you again in a minute or two;" and he strided off in the direction of the town, his arms swinging about like a windmill, and his legs appearing like stilts.

Moses Flop had listened to the conversation which had passed between Mr. Van Bruggen and Lord Belfleur, and had taken no part in it himself; but when Lord Belfleur strided away, he advanced to Mr. Van Bruggen, and said:—

"You've got a specimen of the British aristocracy at last, sir."

Mr. Van Bruggen laughed and said:—

"No, no, Mose; I've been in England, you know, and I'm not to be imposed upon. I had known this Belfleur before, although he did not know me. Indeed, I once met him on an occasion that will not easily be effaced from my memory. The occasion was no other than that of a cock-fight. It was the first (and I will take care that it was the last) exhibition of the sort that I ever witnessed. I had been invited by the owner of a delightful domain, about ten miles from London, to spend a day with him in the spring of last year; and having fixed the time, he said he would show me a sight that I should not easily forget. He kept his word. His estate was about a couple of miles from the railway, and I, in company of one friend, went from London to the nearest station, and had a delightful walk through delicious lanes, the hedges of which were just budding out with the wild flowers of spring. I enjoyed that walk, and would have willingly prolonged it; but half an hour brought us to the park-gates of the estate of my friend. Beyond those park-gates stretched a straight avenue, upon a slight descent, at the bottom of which was a lake-like moat, which, at some distance from it, almost encircled the house of the friend to whom I was about to pay a visit. From the house down to the miniature lake descended the gardens, beautifully laid out and variegated with spring flowers, the odours of which on that spring morning filled all the air around with a delicious fragrance."

"I think I know the place you are describing, sir," said Moses Flop.

"I have no doubt you do," continued Mr. Van Bruggen; "and I am sure you know the owner."

"I have never been to the house," said Moses Flop; "I have only seen it at a distance."

"It is a curiosity, I can assure you," said Mr. Van Bruggen, "and many a legend, I have no doubt, could be picked up in connexion with it. It is an elegant country residence now, but I am told that it was originally built before the time of Cromwell, and was occupied by one of his captains as a small stronghold. When its present proprietor took possession of it, it was a mere barn and outhouse, with a dilapidated farmhouse attached to it. He has, however, converted it into the elegant cottage residence it is at present by reno-

vating walls, building additional rooms, and generally modernizing the exterior. Well, as I was telling you, on the occasion of my visit, when we arrived at the lodge-gates, we discovered evidences of an unwonted gathering. Carriages, filled with persons of high rank, were pouring down the avenue towards a tent-like kind of outhouse that stood in one corner of the farmyard that was behind the house. Towards this spot I with my friend proceeded, and upon arriving at it we found what we soon ascertained to be a cockpit, about a dozen feet square, round which were ranged seats for the spectators. Amongst those spectators were some of the highest, and, by courtesy, some of the noblest persons in the realm. Nearly every person present was a member of the peerage or in some way connected therewith, and prominent amongst them, a kind of master of the ceremonies of the day, was this individual who has just left us. The sports, as they were called, very soon commenced, and I shall never forget the sickening sight they presented. A young earl, with two or three noble companions of his own degree, attired specially for the occasion, watched the agonies of the sport with a gusto which might have animated a savage. This young earl had made a match to fight a certain number of cocks against an equal number belonging to another cock-fighting nobleman. Lord Belfleur himself carried each bird into the arena in a blue bag, and himself attached the steel spurs—instruments as sharp as a razor or a needle's point—to the legs of the belligerent birds. As the birds were placed face to face with each other, they immediately commenced the display of the instincts of their nature. They rushed at each other with a fury that might truly be designated as impetuous, and as they dashed at each other, the thudding sound of the collision of their bodies might have been heard a hundred yards off. The deadly instruments with which their legs were armed very soon began to make an impression, and the blood of each bird poured from the head and neck in streams. A well-directed blow would drive the spur right up to the hilt through the neck of one of the birds, and the two for an instant would be thus locked together, unable to move, and panting, with their mouths filled with blood, on the ground. Then would Lord Belfleur go calmly into the arena, draw the spur out, and place the cocks in opposition again, playfully remarking, as he returned to his place,



that one eye of their opponent was out. Again the horrible contest was renewed, but with much abated vigour, owing to the exhausted strength of the belligerents. Their necks drooped upon the ground, and they gasped for very life—their heads lacerated, their wings broken, and their very sight gone. Suddenly, one of them makes another effort, jumps over the head of his antagonist, strikes out the spur as he does so, and Lord Belfleur and his noble friends exultingly proclaim that the other eye of their opponent is cut out. And so it is. The wretched bird, lately—only two or three minutes before—full of animation and high spirits, lies on the ground horribly maimed, with his almost equally maimed antagonist standing over him, pecking at his head. One of the rules of these frightful orgies is, that a certain number must be counted after one bird ceases to show signs of action before the other is declared the conqueror. This operation is gone through, and then the antagonistic bird is lifted up by the legs, and carried out of the arena dead. I quitted the place in disgust, and wandered about the beautiful grounds; but the scene in the cockpit was continued throughout the day, and as each bird had its eyes plucked out, or was killed outright by the deadly spur, Lord Belfleur and his friends had fresh belligerents to supply their places."

"The van is stowed away on a truck, sir, all right," said Dennis Sweeney, coming up to Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Very good," said Mr. Van Bruggen. "Now, then, let us go and get our tickets," and he turned towards the office for that purpose.

When they arrived in the office they again encountered Lord Belfleur, who was engaged in an altercation with the railway clerk on the subject of the relative speed of railway trains in different countries. Lord Belfleur was declaring his readiness to wager his body and limbs, and throw his eyes into the bargain, to run against any railway train on any railway in the United States, and beat it in a four-mile spin.

"Well, sir," he said, addressing Mr. Van Bruggen, "I suppose this train that we are going by will come up some time or other."

Mr. Van Bruggen expressed his opinion that possibly the train might arrive within that period.

"But it's impossible to calculate," said Lord Belfleur; "although in this blessed

country they seem to me to calculate everything;" and then he laughed loudly at what he believed to be a good joke. "But I say, Mr. — Oh, by-the-by, I forget what you said your name was," he continued, going up to Mr. Bruggen.

"Van Bruggen is my name," replied that gentleman.

"What!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur, "you don't mean to say that? Well, I'm blest if I'm not glad to see you! How are you? I've heard so much of you that it's quite delightful to see you. Shall we have a cup of Badminton at the next station?"

"I suppose," replied Mr. Van Bruggen, smiling, "after what you told me this afternoon with regard to the testing virtues of that compound, I must not, for my own credit's sake, say no."

"But you like it, don't you, now?" inquired the long aristocrat.

Mr. Van Bruggen confessed that he did.

"I knew," said Lord Belfleur, "that you were not the man to say 'No' to Badminton."

At this point the whistle of the engine was heard, and Lord Belfleur exclaimed, "Here's this blessed train at last!"

Mr. Van Bruggen and his newly-made acquaintance proceeded to the platform, and when the train came up they took their places in the same carriage.

Lord Belfleur was very voluble on the journey, and descanted disparagingly upon the scenery through which the train passed.

"I hope you don't call those monster mole-hills there ornaments to the country, do you?" he inquired, pointing to some conical hills in the distance.

Mr. Van Bruggen thought their peculiarity was very striking, and decidedly gave a character to the scene.

"A devilish bad character it has for its place!" cried Lord Belfleur, laughing, for he believed that he had made another joke.

"Now, tell me," said Mr. Van Bruggen, smiling, "is there anything at all in the country that you have found to admire?"

"Upon my soul! I don't think there is," replied Lord Belfleur.

"Have you reached as far as Niagara?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Oh, yes; I've just come from there," Lord Belfleur replied.

"And what do you think of that?" Mr. Van Bruggen desired to know.

"Ah, now there I was gratified beyond measure," Lord Belfleur acknowledged.

"Well, come, I am glad there has been something here to gratify you," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Ah, but shall I tell you why?" added Lord Belfleur.

"Pray do!" said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Well, now, it was a most unfortunate thing that you mentioned that same Niagara—unfortunate for you, I mean."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Van Bruggen. "How?"

"Why, if ever there was anything that proved the difference between the manners of your country and the civilization of the old country, it is Niagara," said Lord Belfleur, decisively.

"In what way, may I ask?" said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Why, Niagara on our side of the falls," he said, "is grand, sublime, beautiful, stunning! On your side, what is it?—pooh—disfigured by houses, trees cut down, and the hand of man discernible everywhere. Why, the roar isn't half as great on your side as ours—it's, in fact, democracy and monarchy exemplified. So, when you are talking about the natural curiosities of your country, don't bring up Niagara."

Mr. Van Bruggen quietly asked Lord Belfleur how he got up to Niagara.

"Oh, I took a carriage, of course, right up to the Falls," he replied.

"Then I presume the road along which the carriage passed was one of the disfigurements of nature caused by the hand of man on our side?" said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Well, I don't see how you are to take a carriage up to Niagara without a road, you know," said Lord Belfleur, rather disconcerted.

"You met with a population in the district, I suppose," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Why, of course; what a question!" answered Lord Belfleur. "Don't you meet with a population everywhere in these United States?"

"Then I presume, as they are not altogether a wild race, they must inhabit houses?" suggested Mr. Van Bruggen.

"I suppose you don't expect me to contradict that declaration," said Lord Belfleur, rather pettishly. "I only wish Niagara was as near London as Mont Blanc is—what a splendid rendezvous for the aristocracy it would be, to be sure!"

"Supposing, always, that they confined themselves to the Canadian side," said Mr. Van Bruggen, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Oh, that they'd be sure to do; no fear of that," replied Lord Belfleur.

The conversation would no doubt have been continued to the advantage of the representative of the British aristocracy, if the train had not stopped at a refreshment-station.

"Glorious!" exclaimed that worthy gentleman. "Now, then, my dear fellow, I'll mix you a Badminton with my own hands."

The train stopping just at this moment, Lord Belfleur strode off to the bar of the hotel, beckoning Mr. Van Bruggen to follow him, which he did; and when he arrived at the bar he found Lord Belfleur grasping a bottle of claret with one hand, and shaking the other clenched at the black waiter.

"Did you ever know such an infernal country as this?" he exclaimed to Mr. Van Bruggen, as that gentleman came up. "I'm blessed if they have got a cucumber in the place."

Mr. Van Bruggen inquired if that was a calamity.

"A calamity, my dear fellow! How can you make Badminton properly without?"

Ultimately it was decided that they would merely drink the bottle of claret as it was, and wait until they got to New York, where Lord Belfleur said he would mix a cup of Badminton which should lubricate the cockles of Mr. Van Bruggen's heart.

(To be continued.)



## "I WILL THINK OF IT."

"I WILL think of it," said a young man to a friend who had been giving him some excellent advice concerning his habits of life. The fact was, he had acquired the practice of indulging in intoxicating drinks; and, as an inevitable consequence, he was fast losing his standard in the circle of society which had ever welcomed him as one of its first members, and, besides, he was fast tending towards that whirlpool of dissipation which swallows up so many victims, destroys so many hopes, makes desolate so many homes, and sends so many to an untimely grave! A kind word of advice, mingled with entreaty and sympathy, was spoken to him; the sure effects of his course pointed out, and a bright future painted in glowing colours if he would but stop short and reform before it was too late; to all of which he simply promised, "I will think of it." He did think of it, and was saved from the certain ruin that awaited him had he persisted in his debasing habits.

"I will think of it," said a merchant, in reply to the request of a pale, sickly-looking girl, that he would allow her an increase of pay for a bundle of work which she had just returned to his counter neatly done. It was not enough, she said, to support herself and sick mother. That night he did think of it, as he sat by his own cheerful fireside, and heard the storm raging without. And as he thought of it his conscience smote him for not having before relieved the wants of the poor and destitute from the wealth he had gained at the expense of so much suffering and misery. And when sleep closed his eyes there was before him the picture of a young girl sitting over a few embers, and stitching far into the silent hours of night, while upon a miserable couch lay the wasting form of the mother, suffering for the common necessities of life.

When morning came he hastened to a distant part of the city and sought out the home of the girl who had toiled on from day to day for the scanty pittance which he had allowed her. Their wants were at once relieved, and their home made comfortable. The daughter was no longer required to work early and late, and subsist on half rations, that her mother might have enough for comfort; but the generous donations of her employer enabled her to give her entire attention to

her invalid mother, who soon began to recover, and ultimately rejoiced in returning health.

Thus by a generous act was a portion of human suffering alleviated, while his own heart was made glad by the consciousness of having done something of the duty he owed towards his fellow-being.

"I will think of it," said a schoolboy to his teacher, who requested him to make better use of his time, and pointed out the advantage to be derived from a close application to study and a course of self-culture.

He did think of it, and from the inspiration of that moment was based the character of a great man. Early and late he was at his task, searching after the gems of truth and wisdom. No obstacles could turn him from his purpose, and right manfully did he struggle on, overcoming everything thrown in the way of his advancement. The weight of poverty could not keep him down, and at last he startled the world by the developments of some new and wonderful principle of science, and won for himself a name that adorned the pages of history in after-years.

"I will think of it," and a noble youth paused, as thus he spoke; and turning the matter over in his mind, was thus led to change his plans of life, and instead of embarking on board a man-of-war, in some subordinate capacity, he became the successful leader of armies, and the beloved chief of a great nation. His name became a household word throughout the land, and succeeding generations cherished his memory with feelings of gratitude and love.

"I cannot do it," and turning away from the temptation with this remark, he was saved. He was but a lad, employed in a large mercantile establishment in the city. In the transaction of business quite a large sum of money passed through his hands which could be easily converted to his own use without the knowledge of his employers. The temptation was great, so strong that he had resolved to take it, but just then the calm, sweet face of a pious mother seemed to intervene between the coveted treasure and himself, and the words of warning she had given him on her dying bed, "to stop and think before committing any wrong act," seemed to

again fall upon his ear. He did stop and think, and turned away unsullied, and in after years became the head of the firm, and was noted for his uprightness of character.

"Let me think this matter over;" thus soliloquized a youth, whose noble brow and expressive countenance bespoke a mind of no common order. In the heart of a great city, surrounded on every side by haunts of dissipation and scenes of temptation, was it strange that his quick, impulsive nature should sometimes lead him astray, and that he stood upon the verge of a precipice, which, if once passed, would be certain ruin to himself. Calmly he sat down and reviewed the past in all its different phases, and then, with the flame of hope still burning in his heart, he looked forward to the future, and resolved that henceforth he would live for some purpose; live in earnest, live for some good; and from that hour began his career upward to honour and fame. The pen was the weapon which he used in the great battle of life, and step by step he moved on, until his name became familiar throughout the land, and his noble talents had won for him an imperishable name.

And thus it is in every department of life, if we would only stop and think, how much trouble and sorrow we might save ourselves and others. Thoughtlessness is one great failing of the human race, and a vast deal of trouble it costs us. We often say and do things on the impulse of the moment that we would not do did we stop for a moment and consider what the result would be.

Carelessness and want of thought often inflict great injuries upon our fellow-beings, although it may not be intentionally done. We are, nevertheless, guilty of being the cause thereof. "Didn't

think" is certainly a great sinner in this respect. But we should think. That is precisely what our reasoning powers were given us for, and it is no excuse for us to make. And more than this, we should think upon every subject well before we act upon it; not act upon the first thought, and the next minute regret what we have done, but carefully consider upon the matter, and then decide calmly and dispassionately.

True, there are cases which require instant action in the premises, and one has not time for more than a passing thought before he must act. But such cases are rare and not to be taken as an example by any means.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead, was the eccentric Davy Crockett's rule, and a good one it is—one that will never lead us astray; and yet it is seldom followed. Men strike out at a venture on the waves of chance, and are tossed about here and there, until they are borne by a current of success into safe harbours, or else sink beneath the billows of misfortune.

Self-control is indeed a rare virtue, but one of noble qualities—one we ought to cultivate within ourselves, and instil into every youthful mind. But the only way we can hope to succeed in it is by controlling our thoughts, and allowing reason to exercise her powers.

Let the young, then, who are just forming habits of life which will, in a measure, govern their course in future years, forget not this important rule. Stop and think. Let it be firmly established in their minds, and influence all their future actions. It may save them many a sorrowing hour and bitter tear of regret.

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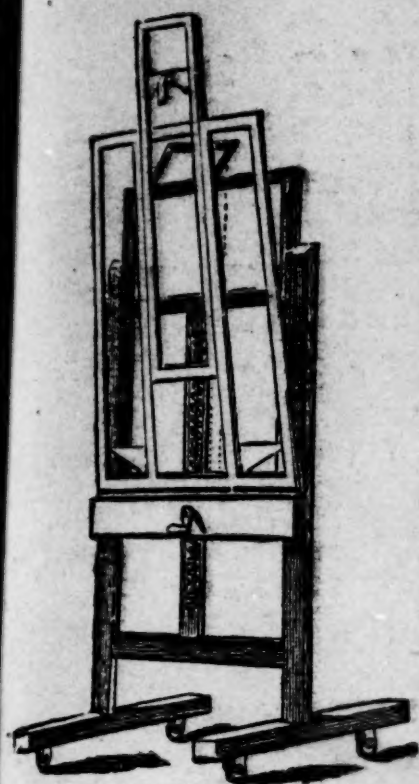
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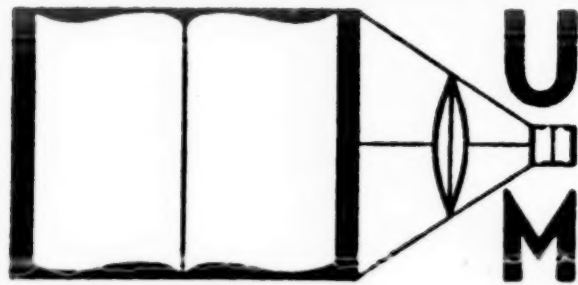
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